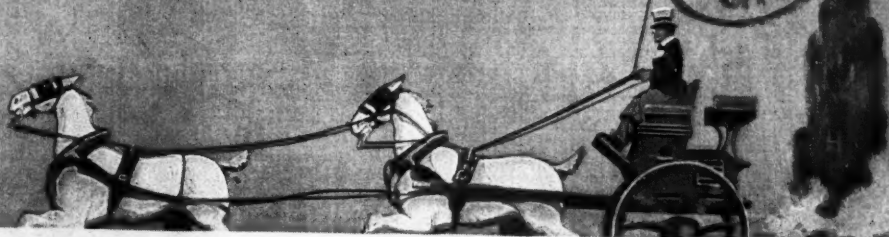


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THE MUNSEY




VALENTINE SANDBERG



AUGUST

**For
Sunburn**

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from exposure to the hot sun and wind of midsummer, and the skin is too tender to touch, gently cover the inflamed surface with Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream.

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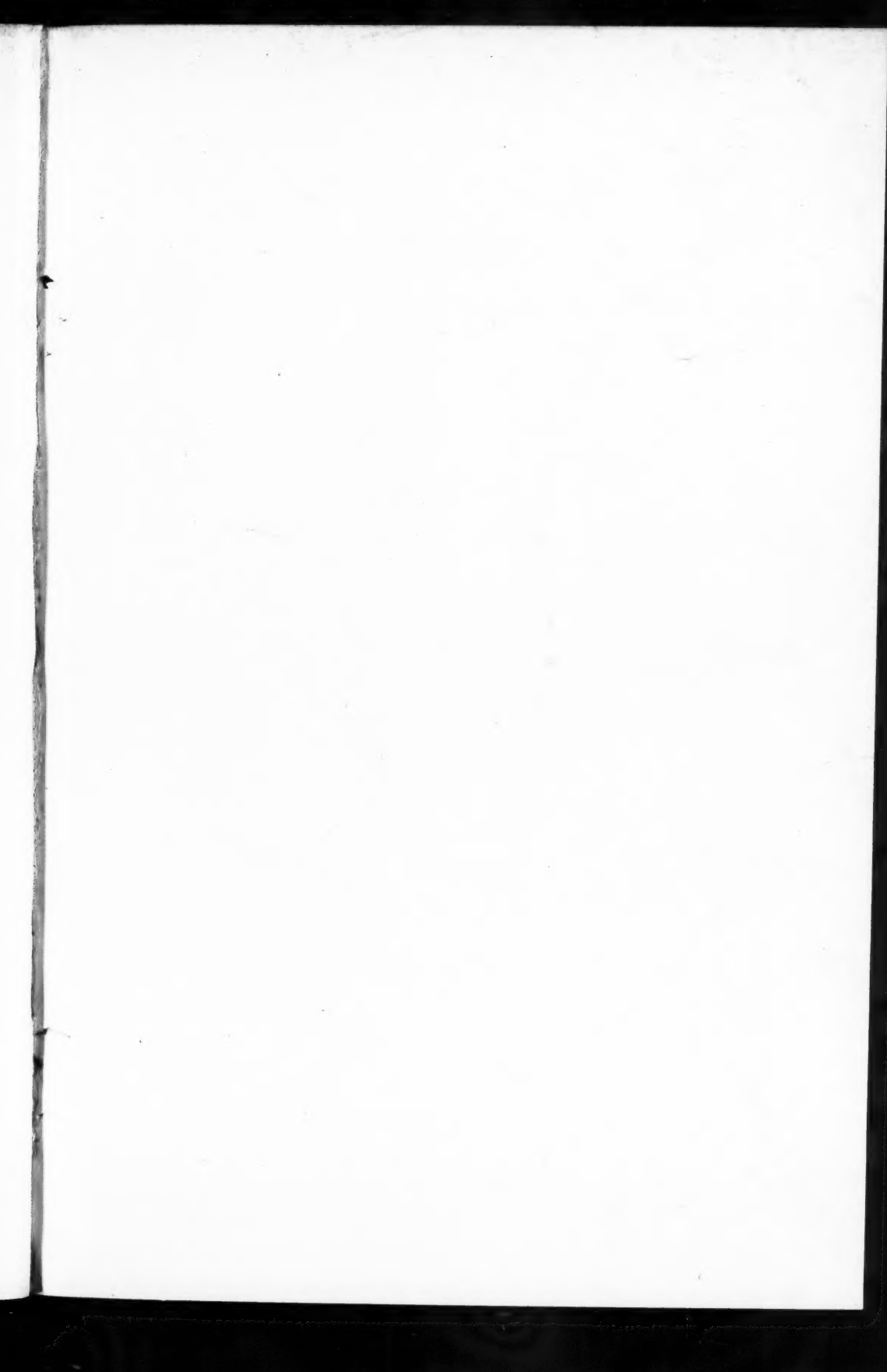
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THEODORE ROOSEVELT, TWENTY-SIXTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

From the portrait by John S. Sargent in the White House collection

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. xxxix.

August, 1908

Number V

THE WHITE HOUSE COLLECTION OF PRESIDENTIAL PORTRAITS

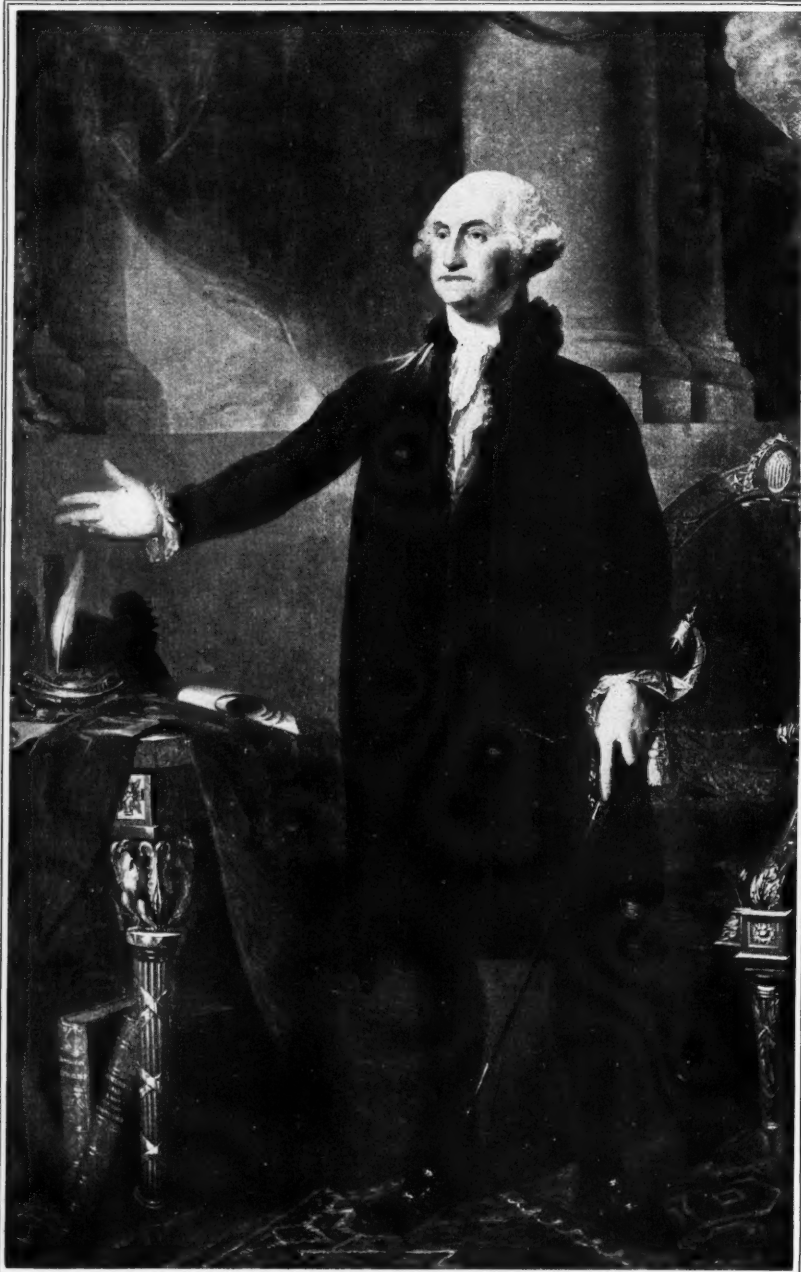
BY HELEN CORINNE HAMBIDGE

THE collection of portraits in the White House is almost unknown to lovers of art. Artists are not allowed to copy from it, and photographers have found it difficult to gain access to the rooms where the most interesting paintings are hung. Moreover, the rooms are not open to the general public, and admission is granted only by card and at stated hours. Hence, one of the most notable art collections in the United States, and one



MRS. JAMES K. POLK, WIFE OF THE ELEVENTH PRESIDENT OF THE
UNITED STATES

*From the portrait presented to the White House collection by
the women of Tennessee*



GEORGE WASHINGTON, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES—THIS IS THE PORTRAIT WHICH MRS. MADISON CUT FROM ITS FRAME WHEN THE BRITISH OCCUPIED WASHINGTON IN 1814

Painted by Gilbert Stuart, and restored in 1866 by H. N. Barlow

that has a very great historical interest, is practically closed except to a favored few.

The paintings which make up the collection are scattered throughout what is called the State Suite, that is to say, the Red, Blue, and Green Rooms, and they are hung without any reference to chronology or natural sequence. Even the famous portraits of Presidents Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln, and of Mrs. Washington, which once were hung on the walls of the spacious East Room—the one part of the White House which is open at all times to the public—were removed to the State Suite at the time when the mansion was remodeled and enlarged during President Roosevelt's first administration. Formerly the East Room was a plain and rather sparsely furnished reception hall, vast in size and somewhat bare, although impressive. It has now been converted into a sort of Marie Antoinette salon, and the paintings just mentioned seemed out of keeping with the general design.

The formal collection of Presidential likenesses began only with the year 1859, or rather, perhaps, with an act of Congress which was passed two years earlier. This act authorized a committee to secure a series of portraits of the Presidents of the United States, to be preserved in the Executive Mansion. It was stipulated that not more than one thousand dollars should be paid for any full-length portrait. The committee was also permitted to purchase any existing portraits of the Presidents from the brush of Gilbert Stuart.

The committee began its work at once, and purchased five portraits, for which, in 1858, Congress appropriated the sum of five thousand dollars. Since that time each successive painting that has been placed in the White House collection, and that was not a gift, has been ordered by special act of Congress.



THOMAS JEFFERSON, THIRD PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

From the portrait by E. F. Andrews in the White House collection

It is a singular fact that of the twenty-two portraits of the Presidents now gathered in the State Suite, quite a number are of unknown authorship. These canvases are not signed; but it is supposed that they are from the brush of

George P. A. Healy, one of the best early American portrait-painters of the French school. Healy was a native of Boston, where he was born in 1808. He studied in Paris under Gros and Couture; and though during the middle



ULYSSES S. GRANT, EIGHTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

From the portrait in the White House collection



MRS. ABRAHAM VAN BUREN (ANGELICA SINGLETON), MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE DURING THE ADMINISTRATION OF HER FATHER-IN-LAW, MARTIN VAN BUREN—IN THE BACKGROUND IS A BUST OF PRESIDENT VAN BUREN

period of his life he resided and practised his profession in the United States, he spent his later years in Italy and France. He died only fourteen years ago. He was a very industrious artist, and some of his best works are preserved in Faneuil Hall, in the Albany State Library, in the Metropolitan Museum and the Lenox Library in New York, in the Smithsonian Institution, and especially in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. Although critics find fault with his coloring, his manner is vigorous and his subjects appear to be

full of life, revealing their well-known characteristics.

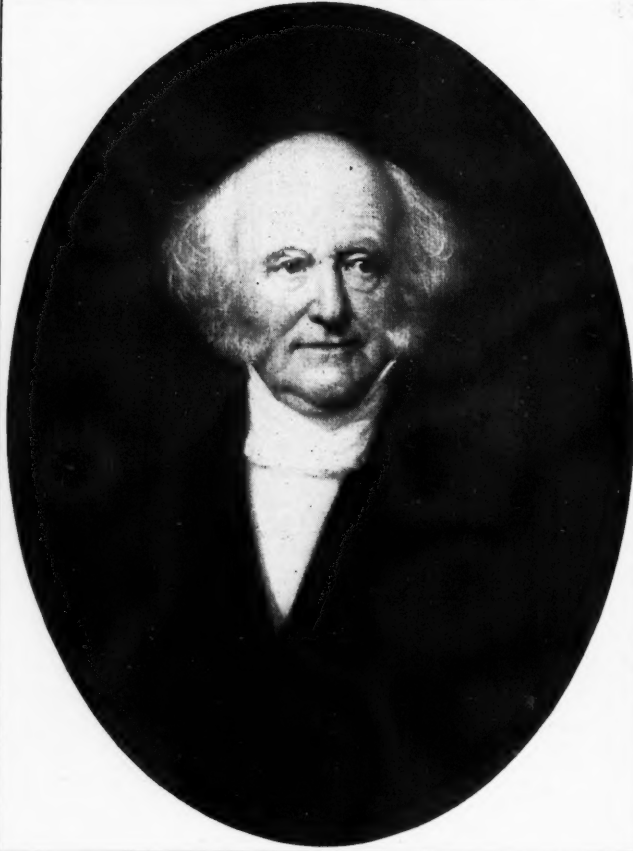
THE PICTURE THAT MRS. MADISON SAVED

The White House contains a historic likeness of Washington by Stuart, this portrait having been procured long before Congress authorized the rest of the collection. It hung in the East Room at the time when the British troops under General Ross dispersed the undisciplined Americans at the battle of Bladensburg, in August of 1814. President Madison was an anxious witness

of the fight; and as soon as the Americans retreated, he hastened back to Washington to secure the public records and make his escape before the invaders could take possession of the capital. Only a few hours remained, and Washington was in a panic; but

trait of Washington from its frame. After the war it was replaced upon the walls of the East Room. It had, however, been somewhat damaged; and long afterward, in 1866, it was restored and retouched by H. N. Barlow.

Washington appears to have been



MARTIN VAN BUREN, EIGHTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

From the portrait by George P. A. Healy in the White House collection

Madison's wife, the plucky little woman who is known to every one as Dolly Madison, kept her head. At the last moment, as her husband, with several members of the Cabinet, was hurrying from the White House, Mrs. Madison seized a carving-knife and cut the por-

rather fond of sitting for portraits. He once sat to five painters simultaneously—Charles Wilson Peale and four of his sons. This deserves mention as having caused the austere general and statesman to perpetrate one of the infrequent jokes which are recorded as



CHESTER A. ARTHUR, TWENTY-FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES—
THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MODERN PRESIDENTIAL
PORTRAITS

From the portrait by Daniel Huntington in the White House collection

coming from him. Wearied by the demands of the artists, Washington wrote to a friend:

Come and rescue me, for I am being Pealed on all sides.

The portrait of President John Adams is a copy made by an artist from an original Stuart in the possession of Mr. Charles Francis Adams. The two portraits of Jefferson were painted by E. F. Andrews, a student of Knaus and Bonnat, and belonging to the Düsseldorf school. Mr. Andrews did these likenesses in 1884, when he was director of the Corcoran School of Art. The painting of John Quincy Adams was from the brush of Healy, who also painted the admirable likeness of Martin Van Buren. This portrait was executed in Van Buren's old age, while he was in his seventy-sixth year. Mr. Healy visited the ex-President's estate, Lindenwald, at Kinderhook, New York, in 1858. It was one of the first paintings ordered under the act of Congress already cited, and is an admirable likeness of the astute Van Buren.

The portrait of the first President Harrison is a copy made in 1879 by E. F. Andrews from a portrait painted in 1840, from life, by J. H. Beard. Beard was a Cincinnati artist, and this portrait is especially interesting as one of his first attempts. He was only twenty-six years of age at the time, and was quite unknown. He died in New York, in 1893, having in his later years turned his attention to animal painting.

The likeness of President Tyler is a genuine Healy, executed at Sherwood Forest in 1859, three years before Tyler's death. That of President Polk has been ascribed to Healy, but it is unsigned. It is known, however, to have been painted in 1858, and must not doubt be a copy, as Mr. Polk at that time had been dead for nine years. President Taylor appears in a replica by Andrews, made from an original by John Vanderlyn, the protégé of Aaron Burr, and a pupil of Gilbert Stuart. Vanderlyn will be remembered as the painter of the huge "Landing of Columbus" in the Rotunda of the Capitol.

President Fillmore's likeness is another genuine Healy, painted at Buf-

falo in 1857. The portrait of Franklin Pierce was done at Chicago in 1858, but it is unsigned, and there is much uncertainty as to the identity of the artist; though it, too, may be a Healy. The unpopularity of President Buchanan caused a long delay in the acquisition of his portrait. Finally, however, a commission was given to Mr. W. M. Chase, who was obliged to rely upon an old engraving, after which he produced the painting which was placed in the White House in 1902.

FROM GRANT TO ROOSEVELT

There are two portraits of President Grant, both of them of unrecorded authorship. They are, however, exceedingly interesting, for the reason that of all the paintings of the general, these are probably the only ones which represent him in the garb of a civilian.

The likeness of President Hayes is from the brush of Daniel Huntington, who was president of the National Academy from 1877 to 1891, and whose portraits of many prominent Americans are well known. The full-length portrait of President Arthur, also by Huntington, is a very good representation of its subject, and was painted during his Presidency. It brought upon the President much good-humored jesting, owing to the fact that at the bottom of the picture—which did not appear in the photograph from which the engraving on page 587 was made—a fallen rosebud lies at his feet. This was thought to be a bit of preciosity on the part of the artist. President Arthur was versed in the niceties of social life. He was a man of the world, and fond of elegant surroundings. During his administration he entertained with more sumptuousness than any other President had done, dipping deeply into his private means to defray the cost of a mode of life which, as he felt, befitted the dignity of his office. The fallen rosebud was, therefore, laughed at by many of his critics, who said it showed him as the devotee of society rather than of statesmanship.

President Garfield's portrait, which is not a satisfactory piece of work, was painted by Andrews in 1889, seven years after the President's death.



GROVER CLEVELAND, TWENTY-SECOND AND TWENTY-FOURTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

From the portrait by Eastman Johnson in the White House collection

Immediately after the close of President Cleveland's first administration, his portrait was painted by Eastman Johnson, who likewise limned President Cleveland's successor, President Harrison. President McKinley was painted by H. D. Murphy, who at one time was

a well-known illustrator of magazines and books, but who studied portrait-painting in Paris from 1892 until 1896, winning a number of prizes at the Académie Julien, and who has since won distinction for his landscapes and marine views as well as for his portraits.

Of President Roosevelt there are three likenesses in the White House, the best known being one by Sargent, which is reproduced as the frontispiece of this magazine. It is not altogether

well, while it is fair, is not in any way remarkable, nor does it do justice to the famous President, who was, it must be admitted, an exceedingly difficult subject for any artist, and who deserved



MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, THE PRESENT MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE

From the portrait by Théobald Chartran, presented to the White House collection by the French Republic

a satisfactory likeness, but it is a painting conceived and executed in Sargent's most characteristic manner. The other two are by Chartran and Encke.

It is a subject of regret that the White House does not contain an adequate and wholly satisfactory painting of President Lincoln. The one by Cogs-

well, while it is fair, is not in any way remarkable, nor does it do justice to the famous President, who was, it must be admitted, an exceedingly difficult subject for any artist, and who deserved the attention of some great master of portraiture. Only a genius could transfer to canvas those lineaments which seemed at first sight so harsh and so forbidding, yet which were diffused with a wistful pathos and gentleness revealing the beauty of the soul within. No painter has ever quite succeeded in this

task. Of the sculptors who have attempted it, Augustus Saint Gaudens and Gutzon Borglum have been the most successful.

PORTRAITS OF WHITE HOUSE WOMEN

In addition to the portraits of the Presidents, there are quite a number of paintings which preserve the features of ladies who have figured in the annals of the White House. For a long while these canvases were hung on the ground floor of the Executive Mansion, but they were lately placed in an improvised gallery in the basement, now known as the East Corridor, just off the cloak-room. When this change was made, it led to much sharply expressed censure, since the gallery is below stairs, and badly lighted. Here are also some rather inferior busts of famous men.

These feminine portraits were not painted by order of Congress, but were gifts donated by private individuals. Among them is the likeness of Mrs. James K. Polk, which receives a good deal of admiration from visitors, and which deserves attention because of its elaborate costume, representing, as it does, the mode which prevailed in the early forties. Mrs. Polk, who was a very handsome woman, is represented as wearing a gown of crimson velvet and velvet snood with drooping pink feathers, while her neck is encircled by a string of pearls. This picture was given to the White House collection by the women of Tennessee, but there is no record as to the painter.

In the matter of costume, perhaps the most striking likeness is that of "Mrs. Major Van Buren," as she is styled on the tablet underneath the picture. Her husband was President Van Buren's son, and she herself was, before marriage, Miss Angelica Singleton, of South Carolina. She, too, was a beautiful woman; but she is attired in a manner which is in curious contrast to the fashion of the present day. She wears a plumed head-dress that is striking in the extreme. Nevertheless, a close inspection shows that the costume is really very dainty. The dress is of white mull, and the

little lace-trimmed sleeves are caught up with tiny pink rosebuds. Her handkerchief, however, makes one smile because of its size and texture. One might easily take it for a towel or a shawl, and it is very far removed from the filmy cobweb, foamy with lace, which one sees in the little hands of the modern *femme du monde*.

There is also a portrait of the young wife whom President Tyler married just before his retirement from office. She was then only twenty years of age, while the President was fifty-five. They were quietly married in New York, and then repaired to Washington, so that Mrs. Tyler, who had been a Miss Julia Gardiner, was the first bride to enter the White House as its mistress. The artist who painted this portrait was an Italian named Avelli, and the date of the work is about 1864.

In the gallery is a likeness of Mrs. Hayes, painted by Huntington, and presented by the members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. That of the first Mrs. Benjamin Harrison was given by the Daughters of the American Revolution. But the gem in the collection of the women who have presided over the White House is universally acknowledged to be the late Théobald Chartran's portrait of Mrs. Roosevelt, a gift from the French Republic.

There is just one likeness of a woman which has not been consigned to the ill-lighted basement gallery. This is the portrait of Mrs. Washington—who was never mistress of the White House—by Andrews, which has the honor of hanging in the State Suite, on the wall of the Red Room, near the Stuart portrait of her illustrious husband.

One must regret that all these portraits cannot be arranged in their proper order, and so as to display them to the best possible advantage. Whatever may be the artistic merit of some of them, they are of immense interest; and as the years go on this interest increases and makes the whole collection an almost priceless memorial of those men and women whose names are inseparably linked with the history of the republic.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Sargent portrait of President Roosevelt and the Chartran portrait of Mrs. Roosevelt were engraved from photographs by Frances Benjamin Johnston, of Washington; the other illustrations accompanying this article from photographs by Leet Brothers, of Washington.

MRS. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY AND HER WORK IN SCULPTURE

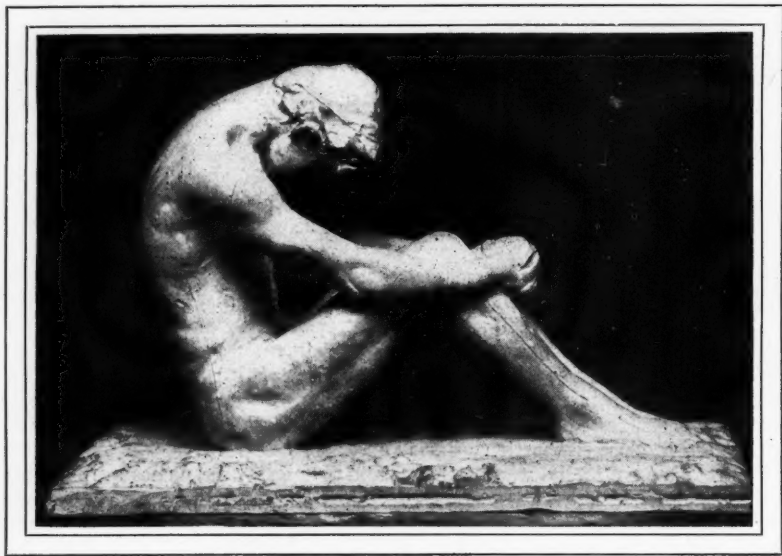
BY S. M. HIRSCH

WHEN Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney was enrolled as a member of the Art Students' League, some years ago, her friends not unnaturally set it down as the passing fad of a fashionable woman. The fact that she had chosen to interest herself in sculpture, instead of painting, made it seem only the more likely that she would soon throw aside her studies. Sculptors are very unwilling to admit that a woman can be successful in the plastic arts, which, as they believe, belong to men far more than painting does, and demand the sureness and the strength of touch that are especially masculine gifts.

Before her marriage, Mrs. Whitney was Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, the eldest daughter of the late Cornelius

Vanderbilt. As a young girl, she had been rather noted for her expensive tastes, and for other tastes which, though not expensive in themselves, she had gratified with great profusion and even lavishness. So, as a young matron, her interest in sculpture was classed with her fondness for costly bric-à-brac and for fine horses.

She long ago proved that her taste for modeling was much more than a fad—that it was the true expression of an artistic nature. She became a regular and industrious student under James Earle Fraser. She took a studio in a little Bohemian corner of New York known as Macdougall Alley, where there is a colony of sculptors and painters, among them such artists as Edwin Deming, who devotes his attention to In-

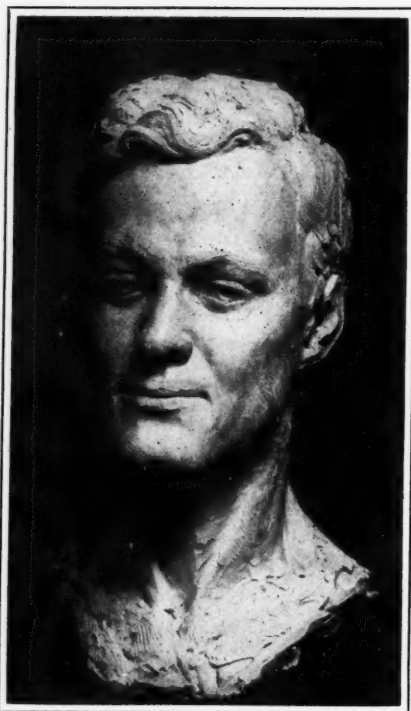


A FIGURE STUDY MODELED BY MRS. WHITNEY



MRS. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY (FORMERLY MISS GERTRUDE VANDERBILT)

From a photograph by Bradley, New York



PORTRAIT BUST OF S. M. HIRSCH MODELED
BY MRS. WHITNEY

dian subjects, and Fraser, Mrs. Whitney's teacher, who is best known for his admirable portraits of children. Here she worked steadily and without any attempt at pose. Her studies of the nude show an admirable handling of her subjects from the standpoint of anatomy. They exhibit the influence of her knowledge of the archaic, especially in the manner of treating strong, broad muscles in the figures of youths and athletes.

At the Pan-American Exposition, held in Buffalo seven years ago, much attention was attracted by a large statue which stood in front of the New York State Building, and which was one of the first works to be exhibited by Mrs. Whitney. It was called "Aspiration," and was a male figure of heroic proportions, advancing with outstretched arms and with head thrown back, as if gazing upward, thus suggesting humanity's desire for higher and better things. The subject was handled with

much feeling, and showed excellent technique. After this, no one again applied the sneering adjective "feminine" to Mrs. Whitney's sculpture. That she is now taken seriously as an artist is shown by the fact that at the last annual competition held by the Architectural League of New York she received the first rank among exhibitors by the award to her of a special prize. The design submitted by Mrs. Whitney



"PAN"—A FIGURE MODELED BY MRS. WHITNEY
AS AN ORNAMENT FOR AN OUTDOOR SWIM-
MING-POOL. THE DESIGN OF WHICH
THIS FORMED PART WON A SPECIAL
PRIZE AT THE EXHIBITION OF
THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE

and her collaborators—an architect and a mural decorator—was intended for an outdoor swimming-pool. Her own work was a figure of the god Pan, shown in his most tricky and mischievous mood. In one hand he holds his pipes. In the other, which is raised to a level with his breast, he grasps a bunch of grapes, from which the water drops cool and clear into the pool below.

To the recent exhibition of the National Sculpture Society, held in Baltimore, Mrs. Whitney sent a specimen of her work which she had previously exhibited at the Academy of Design in New York, where it was an object of much attention. It represents the head of a young athlete; and though Grecian in treatment, it is characteristic of the American type of manhood. Some have believed that Mrs. Whitney was the modeler of the figures that decorate the balcony of the Hotel Belmont. This, however, is an erroneous impression. The caryatides there represented were designed by a French sculptor, M. Sal-lière; and Mrs. Whitney's relation to the work was only that of an assistant.

At the present time she is engaged upon several heads, and also upon a large group; but as to the nature of this last, she has so far made no an-

nouncement. She is a great admirer of Auguste Rodin, who has done so many famous things, among them the strange and striking Balzac monument, which has been equally criticized, condemned, and praised. Mrs. Whitney has been much influenced by Rodin's manner, and she does not hesitate at times to sacrifice small modeling and a pedantic realism in order to bring out what she regards as a true feeling for her subject, or to suggest a dominant idea.

Besides her studio in New York, she has other work-rooms at her country-place on Long Island and at her Newport cottage. In one or other of these she may be found more often than anywhere else, in spite of the fact that her social duties exact a great deal of her time. She was married to Mr. Whitney in 1896, and is now the mother of three beautiful children. A bust of her little son, modeled by Fraser, has attracted much attention. Mrs. Whitney herself has essentially the Vanderbilt face. A physiognomist would probably say that the distance between the eyes gives undoubted evidence of artistic tastes, and serves to explain the persistence with which she has carried out her ambition to succeed in one of the most difficult of the arts.

ONE GOLDEN MINUTE

ALL through the rain-slashed night I called
On rest, that held aloof,
The while the gusts danced mockingly
Along the ringing roof.

Gray dawn—and then, with shaken spears
And plumes blown out behind,
Came charging down the eastern slopes
The warriors of the wind.

One golden minute, in the east,
The sun sang through the mist,
And my heart leapt as leaps his heart
That goes to some glad tryst.

But right athwart the climbing sun
A sudden cloud-bank whirled,
And I fared forth with bitter jest
To face a sodden world.

So Love once smiled through dun despair
And showed me all life's grace;
So smiling, passed, and left to me
A sodden world to face!

Don Marquis

DESMOND O'CONNOR

A ROMANCE OF THE IRISH BRIGADE

BY GEORGE H. JESSOP

AUTHOR OF "SAM'L OF POSEN," "GERALD FFRENCH'S FRIENDS,"
"JUDGE LYNCH," ETC.

IN the annals of the famous Irish Brigade one will find no more romantic story of love and war than is contained in the passage from the life of Desmond O'Connor, hereinafter set forth. The scenes, selected from a career of singular daring and adventure, show how the count—O'Connor was created a count of France by Louis XIV early in the year 1709—saw the lady of his love in a vision, and afterward knew her in the flesh as Margaret of Anhalt. The tale deals with his relations with Gaston de Brissac, the noted duelist—treacherous friend and deadly foe—from their first meeting to the last fell encounter which so nearly cost O'Connor his life. The story is one of loyal friendship and implacable hate; of a truly chivalrous and unselfish love; of the devilish ingenuity of a mercenary and remorseless villain whose scheming well-nigh made a wreck of two lives. And over all broods the sinister figure of an omnipotent monarch, the aged Louis XIV, relentless as fate, the embodiment of human will, beneath the shadow of whose scepter lesser men and women strive to attain their ideal of happiness, and succeed or fail according as their endowments of character and courage arm them for the struggle.

This is the story, too, of Sergeant Con Quirk, humble friend and devoted follower of Desmond O'Connor—Con, whose name will be remembered whenever the Irish Brigade is spoken of; Con, of the merry heart and stirring song; Con, whose light-hearted courage cheered his comrades in many a retreat and inspired their spirits to the endurance that meant victory.

Names great in history entwine themselves in the adventures of Count O'Connor and influence his fortunes. The Dukes of Burgundy and Vendôme, the Marshal de Villars, the famous John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, meet and decide their issue on the plains of Flanders; and in these battles O'Connor bears no undistinguished part. But, mainly, it is the checkered love-story of gallant Desmond and the lovely Countess Margaret which flings a halo of romance round this epic of the struggle of three mighty empires.

I

ON a fine morning, early in the spring of the year 1708, M. Gaston de Brissac was pacing to and fro in one of the streets adjoining the Louvre, and earnestly debating with himself a question which seemed to him of the very first importance.

M. de Brissac had two conflicting possessions—debts and ambitions. He was more concerned to attain the latter than to discharge the former, but the one interfered with the other, and his present poverty hindered the satisfaction of either.

So far, he had done not too badly. Not yet thirty years of age, he held King Louis's commission as captain in the regiment of Navarre. He stood well with his superiors, and was even now preparing to rejoin his regiment for the campaign in Flanders.

He had fully recovered from a wound received at Ramillies, owing to which he had been invalided home to Paris, where he had been tenderly and affectionately nursed back to health in the

household of his kinswoman, the Countess of Anhalt. And since pity is akin to love, and since his fair cousin was barely nineteen and mistress of great estates, he had thought that the easiest way to end his difficulties would be to slip a ring on Margaret's finger, pay his debts out of the superabundance of her fortune, and gaily mount the ladder of ambition, thenceforward to be fitted with golden rounds.

He had little doubt of Margaret's answer when he should consider the moment auspicious for formally pressing his suit. He was not one to underrate his attractions; and, indeed, no one could have called them inconsiderable. He was handsome, brave, and reputed the best swordsman in the French army. His conquests in the court of Venus had been many, his repulses few.

In this case he started with every advantage. Nursed back to strength after a wearing illness under his kinswoman's eyes—almost by her own hands—it must be that she already felt an interest in him which it should be his business to kindle to a warmer feeling, if—yes, he acknowledged it to himself—if he dared.

De Brissac glanced up at the massive palace where at this very moment Margaret was being received in audience by Louis XIV, and shook his head. For Margaret, Countess of Anhalt, was a ward of the king, who claimed the right to bestow her hand in marriage. Gaston knew well that the claims of policy or of friendship would dictate the choice, while a comparative nobody—a poor captain like himself—would be regarded as a mischievous interloper if he dared to grasp at so rich a prize. And Louis had a short way of dealing with such as crossed his plans.

Yet the reward was great, and M. de Brissac's necessities were pressing. If he gained an audience of the king—and that he might well hope for, since Louis was accessible, on occasion, to the officers of his army—if he could gain an audience, and, throwing himself at his sovereign's feet, plead his services, his wounds, his love! It might be worth the trial. If done at all, it must be done soon, for in a week he must leave to rejoin his regiment if he would

be in time for the campaign about to open.

So, tossed to and fro between a hope that was scarce a hope and a dread that was very real, De Brissac paced back and forth, listening to the clock of St. Germain l'Auxerrois as it tolled the hours, and glancing ever and anon at the expressionless windows of the Louvre, wondering what was passing within.

Meanwhile, the Countess of Anhalt, who was present by command, stood, waiting to be addressed, in the crowd that attended the king's levee.

She was a very beautiful child—for she scarcely seemed more, in spite of her nineteen years. Her fair hair and blue eyes she owed to her Flemish ancestry; her pretty manners and gentle grace to her upbringing in the most refined court of Europe. She was slender and rather tall, and carried herself with a dignity and a modesty that well became the ward of a great king. The general expression of her face was trustful and somewhat timid—an expression which hardly accorded with a well-molded chin and a mouth that could set at times in lines of firmness. She looked pale, not because pallor was habitual to her, but because she was terrified by the unexpected summons to the dreaded presence, and knew not what to expect.

So she stood, nervously clasping and unclasping her hands, and with her eyes fixed on the king.

Louis, who overlooked nothing, saw her, but for some time did not notice her. He chatted easily with the princes of the blood, and had a word or two for most of those who were in attendance. At length he whispered something to Mme. de Maintenon, and the favorite turned her regards full on the shrinking girl.

Even then the king did not address her, though his eyes were fixed on her face. He summoned to his side one of the gentlemen present.

"De Louville," he said, "we were speaking of marrying you, I think?"

The Vicomte de Louville advanced and bowed.

"You were so gracious as to mention it, sire," he replied.

"These wild ways of yours must be amended, viscount; we are a Christian king, and ours is a Christian court. The duke, your father, has spoken to me concerning the life you are leading. This must end, *monsieur*, and end quickly."

The last words were spoken sternly, and the viscount bowed low without replying.

"We love and esteem your father. We also love and would fain esteem yourself. What is your age, viscount?"

"Twenty-four, sire," replied the young man.

"A suitable age—a suitable age," observed Louis, as if speaking to himself. "Well, we have found you a bride, *monsieur*—young, beautiful, richly dowered. I think the duke cannot say but I have redeemed my promise."

De Louville, a handsome young cavalier, colored and moved restlessly. The king regarded him closely.

"Well, *monsieur*," he said at length, "have you nothing to say?"

"Nothing, your majesty, save my humble thanks for the great honor you do me. But if I might be permitted to prefer a request—"

"Speak, then," replied the king, as the young man hesitated.

"I had hoped, sire, to be allowed to make this campaign. M. de Vendôme has promised me a place on his staff."

"We will not balk your ambition, viscount," said the king lightly; "but there are reasons which make this marriage we propose important. Still, that need not be a barrier. We have, thank God, many officers who possess loving and faithful wives. Venus and Mars were ever on good terms."

"Still, sire—" ventured the young man.

"Still, *monsieur*," interrupted Louis, "the king must be obeyed; and it ill becomes you to decline a dish before you know what lies beneath the cover. Margaret, Countess of Anhalt, come hither."

There was much pushing and craning of necks among the ladies and gentlemen of the crowded levee, to catch a glimpse of the destined bride. As the young girl came forward, there were nudges and whispers and even titters—

these last instantly hushed as the king's eye swept the circle.

Margaret advanced, pale as a lily, and dropped on her knees before Louis.

"Nay, *madame*," he said kindly, stretching out his hand and gallantly assisting her to rise. "It is we who should kneel in the presence of so much beauty. Nay, never tremble, but raise your eyes and look at us. You have heard what we said to this gentleman?"

Every one in the room had heard it. Margaret murmured a timid assent.

"It is fortunate you have to do with a guardian neither unreasonable nor cruel. Many in our place would have bestowed your hand for reasons of state and policy, heedless whether such reasons indicated as your husband some worn-out voluptuary or some repulsive hunchback. We are more considerate. We have chosen for you a young man, of the noblest blood in France, and handsome, is he not? Look at him. *Pardie*, many ladies have so acclaimed him."

With a shuddering sigh, Margaret found her breath.

"Mercy, sire!"

"What is this?" cried Louis angrily. "Mercy? Death of my life, am I not showing you mercy—mercy and charity, which is love? This is your bridegroom, *madame*; this, and no other. Advance, De Louville, and claim her."

The viscount stepped forward and took Margaret's hand. It was cold and trembling.

"If you love another, *mademoiselle*, say so," he breathed in a hurried whisper, "and I will die before I coerce you."

"I love no one," she murmured faintly; "but—I have never seen you till to-day, and I am, oh, so frightened!"

"You have won her to speech, at least," said Louis, who had watched this little scene attentively. "I know not what charm you have used, but she seems less timid. I leave her to your wooing, M. de Louville; and remember, the earlier the wedding the longer will you enjoy the fair lady's company before duty calls you to the side of the Duc de Vendôme."

This was a dismissal. Louis turned again to Mme. de Maintenon, and De

Louville led Margaret from the room. In the antechamber he paused.

"I cannot run counter to the king's commands, and still less can I attempt to force your inclinations. Will you tell me, countess, what you would have me do?"

She looked in his face.

"You cannot love me, *monsieur*; it is not possible."

"We are strangers yet, *mademoiselle*, but I will not say it is impossible. For you are very lovely."

She still looked at him, unshrinking.

"You love some one else? The truth, please, *monsieur*," she urged as he did not reply. — "You owe that to me!"

He hesitated a moment; then he nodded.

"I thought so," she said. "Well, viscount, I suppose we must meet again. It cannot be helped."

He bowed and kissed her hand. Then he resigned her to the care of the attendant who awaited her near the door — none other, indeed, than her foster-sister, Anne Van Rhyn.

"*Au revoir, madame*," he said.

"*Adieu, monsieur*," she answered, and was gone.

II

"DE LOUVILLE!" exclaimed De Brissac. "But he is notorious!"

He had met Margaret as she left the palace with Anne, and had escorted her to the old house, a relic of the days of the third Henry, where she lived with her grandmother. This venerable lady was the nearest of kin remaining to the countess, whose parents were both dead, and who had no brothers.

As they walked, Margaret had told her cousin of the scene at the levee, and of the king's commands. De Brissac reflected; and the more he reflected, the more difficult did the situation appear to him. In the fact that Louis had made and publicly announced his choice of a husband for the lady, he saw the downfall of such faint hopes as he had cherished of winning her hand for himself. Nay, more—the king's will closed with a door of adamant the road he had marked out to follow, and forbade him even to look in that direction.

Gaston knew too well what was likely to be the fate of one so insignificant and powerless as himself, should he dare to cross the path of the great king. But if he could not win the countess, with all her beauty and wealth, he was by no means prepared to see these pass irrevocably into the possession of another, if by any means he might prevent it.

He was quite ready to thwart the wishes of his sovereign, if he could do so by working underground and without undue peril to himself. And the most obvious means seemed to be to inspire a feeling of distaste and repulsion against her destined lord in the breast of his fair cousin. Hence his exclamation on hearing the name of the gentleman on whom the countess was to be bestowed.

"De Louville! But he is notorious!"

To Margaret these words were only a confirmation of what she had heard within the last hour.

"The king made no secret of that," she said sadly. "Indeed, he hinted that M. de Louville's life was a public scandal, and alleged this among the chief of the reasons that made him desire an early marriage for the viscount."

"And you will allow yourself to be sacrificed thus?" asked Gaston.

"Alas, what can I do? I did beseech the king for mercy, even kneeling at his feet, but he only laughed at me."

Had Gaston contemplated an avowal, his opportunity was here; but all his intentions had been changed by the occurrences of the morning. The man, other than De Louville, who would wed the fair Margaret now, in the face of the king's expressed determination, measured himself openly against Louis. De Brissac was the last in the world to run his head knowingly into the noose. He must abandon all thought of winning his kinswoman's hand. But her fortune—that was another matter, and, in his eyes, a far more important one. There was a bare possibility that this splendid dower might yet be saved for himself, and to this end a scheme of devilish subtlety was already taking shape in his brain.

No hint of anything save pity for his cousin's hapless fate showed in his face.

He continued to harp on the same string—De Louville's unworthiness—and struck a note which he knew would jar on Margaret's proud and refined susceptibilities.

"The king is the king," he said slowly, "and does as he wills. But can he know the nature of the chain in which De Louville is at present bound? Or is it nothing to him that he condemns the Countess of Anhalt to share her husband with the daughter of a washerwoman?"

Margaret sprang to her feet as if a scorpion had stung her.

"What do you mean, Gaston? The daughter of a washerwoman! Oh, you must be mistaken!"

"It is well known. Marie Corbeau, the girl is called. It is no secret. It is not denied. Love brings together all degrees—at least, in the opinion of the Vicomte de Louville."

"I will never do it," she uttered. "I will die first!"

"The king's commands, Margaret," he reminded her, watching her narrowly the while.

"I do not care," she cried impetuously. "There is something due to the woman as well as to the king. It is an outrage, an insult, a flagrant injustice. I will never submit!"

"What can you do?" he asked. "I but quote your own words, and Louis is all powerful."

"Help me, Gaston, I implore you. You are my kinsman. You will not see this crowning infamy put upon one of your blood!"

"You ask me to fight against Louis XIV?" he cried, as if carried away by her impassioned appeal. "Well, Margaret, I will do what I can. I incur terrible risk—we both do—and we are more likely to fail than to succeed, for we are challenging a mighty power."

"Thanks, cousin, thanks," she murmured. "I knew you would not fail me."

"But we must have a plan," he said. "This is no adventure to be undertaken haphazard. How much are you willing to dare to escape this degradation?"

"Anything, everything!" she cried wildly.

"And to spend?"

"My fortune, if need be, to the last penny."

"Much may be accomplished by means that are ample and by daring driven to despair," he mused. "Cousin, I see the faint glimmer of a plan which, if it succeeds, may save you yet. May I leave you now?"

"Go," she said, "and may the good God inspire your counsels!"

She extended her hand. He bowed over it and kissed it.

"Courage, Margaret," he whispered. "Nothing is lost yet!"

And he withdrew.

How Margaret spent the next few hours she never could recall. Her life seemed ruined. She sat in the midst of a wilderness of crumbling hopes, of outraged pride, of vain imaginings. She seemed to have lost her very identity, and to look pityingly on this tragedy as one viewing it from without. Surely it could not be on the shielded, cherished life of Margaret of Anhalt that such a blow had fallen!

Presently there came one to say that the Vicomte de Louville was without, and sought to speak with her. Her first impulse was to deny him admittance, but the interruption had roused her, and reflection came to her aid. She was young, and life had much to offer her. She knew that in opposing the will of Louis she risked both life and liberty. Suppose it should be possible to reconcile her inclinations to the king's demands, and to find her happiness in compliance? It might be that the viscount was maligned. Rumor leveled its shafts as often at the innocent as the guilty, and tongues in Paris were bitter and unscrupulous. For the worst accusation of all, or so it seemed in her eyes, she had but her cousin's word. Not that she doubted Gaston, but he might be so easily mistaken, misinformed.

The viscount was a handsome youth, gallant and courteous. His manner had pleased her. And she was fancy free. Never had her pulse quickened a heartbeat at the touch of any man's lips, though many had kissed her hand. Perhaps the viscount was no worse than other young gentlemen of the court, and life was worth a sacrifice.

She raised her head. During the minute that had seemed to her an hour, the servant had not moved. He was awaiting her orders.

"Admit the Vicomte de Louville," she said, and in a few moments he was at her side.

"I am come, *mademoiselle*, to pay my addresses in due form, in accordance with his majesty's commands."

Margaret felt chilled at once. That she should be compelled to force her affections seemed natural enough, but that her wooer should not be prepared to love her spontaneously surprised her not a little. She had been courted and fêted all her short life, and it had never occurred to her to view this enforced betrothal from the standpoint of the bridegroom.

"I am indebted for this visit, then, to compulsion, not to inclination," she replied. "Well, it is better so. At least, we meet on equal terms."

There was no disclaimer from De Louville. Margaret waited a moment for the reply that did not come, and then resumed.

"Since this alliance pleases neither of us, *monsieur*, is there any reason why we should form it?"

"A potent reason, countess," answered the young man; "an irresistible reason, and its name is Louis."

"Oh!" She twisted uneasily in her chair. "And if I refuse?"

"I shall, nevertheless, have the honor of marrying you."

"If we both refuse?" she persisted.

"That will not happen, *mademoiselle*. I am here to pay my addresses. Life is sweet at my age, and liberty, perhaps, sweeter still."

De Louville had put her own thoughts into words.

"But surely the king is clement and kind," she urged. "He would not exact our lives because our hearts do not beat in unison."

"Perhaps not our lives," he answered. "But the Bastille has many chambers, and the king will have his way."

"But his majesty would not—he could not—nay, he dare not proceed to such extremity!"

"The king does as he wills, countess, and is accountable to none."

"Except to God," she murmured.

"And God is a long way off," he rejoined. "We are in Paris, *mademoiselle*."

Margaret paused and considered. The Bastille! It was a reflection that had not occurred to her, and now, hearing it spoken of in the viscount's calm, passionless tone, it seemed very near to her, and worse than death itself.

"If I consented to marry you, viscount, it would be upon conditions," she said at last.

"His majesty said nothing of conditions. Nevertheless, let me hear them."

"Viscount," Margaret said suddenly, "do you know a young woman named Marie Corbeau?"

De Louville flushed, but he answered without hesitation.

"I do, *mademoiselle*."

"Do you love her?"

"Very dearly," he replied.

"Ah!" The countess drew a deep breath. "She is a washerwoman's daughter, I understand."

"*Mademoiselle* is rightly informed. Nevertheless, I love her."

"Your affections are highly placed, viscount!"

"It is Marie I love, not her parents," he replied. "She did not choose them. But I am waiting to hear your conditions."

"There is only one," Margaret replied. "It is that you will pledge me your word never to see this young woman again."

"I refuse it."

"Then there is no more to be said. I will not accept a husband whom I must share with a washerwoman."

"Then you refuse to marry me?"

"Emphatically. But allow me to hope," she added, "that my refusal will not compromise you with your royal master."

"Reassure yourself, *mademoiselle*. It is only on the contumacious my master's vengeance will fall."

"I conclude that your next step will be to acquaint the king with my contumacy, thus insuring yourself a pardon, and perhaps a more compliant bride," said Margaret with bitter emphasis.

"You wrong me, countess," the young man answered. "Judge that if I can be faithful to the girl I love in the face of beauty that might tempt St. Anthony, I could not be treacherous to you. Let events take their course. I will say nothing. At least Louis allows us a week or two for courtship, and meanwhile we both live."

He bent to kiss her hand, and quitted the room.

III

CAPTAIN DE BRISSAC'S thoughts were busy as he returned to his lodging after his interview with Margaret. It did not take him long to abandon the scheme that had first occurred to him. This was as simple as it was treacherous. It was merely to obtain as much money as possible from his cousin, ostensibly to provide for her escape, and to depart with it to Flanders, leaving her where she was.

But any considerable sum this device might yield—and Gaston de Brissac was not the man to play for a small stake—would infallibly be missed when an account was taken of the lady's dower. Margaret, betrayed by him, would not hesitate to declare to whom she had rendered it, and for what purpose.

"B-r-r-r!" said the captain to himself, shivering as with a physical chill when his reflections reached this point. "That would mean the Bastille at least. Louis punishes attempted treason as heavily as successful."

Arrived at his lodging, a second-rate hostel in the Rue de l'Arbre Sec, the gallant captain called for a bottle of wine and set himself to reconsider the problem from a new standpoint.

Since restored health had compelled him to relinquish the shelter of his cousin's hospitable roof, he had fared but indifferently. The squalor of his cheap apartment contrasted unpleasantly with the luxury he had left behind him. He cursed his fortune and envied his kinswoman, thinking how worthily he could have spent a few of her superfluous thousands.

Finding no inspiration in the first bottle, Gaston called for a second, and summoned to his councils his confidential servant—a man on whose fertile

brain and readiness of resource he placed much reliance.

This fellow, by name Otto Scharing, was a Bavarian whom De Brissac had picked up, out at elbows and starving, amid the débris of some wrecked town in Flanders. Moved by compassion, or it may be discerning in the fellow something above the common, Gaston had fed him, clothed him, and enlisted him as his lackey. Otto professed deep gratitude, and doubtless felt some. He waited on his master hand and foot, and his unscrupulous wits—for he was shrewd, intelligent, and unusually well educated for his class—were ever at his benefactor's service.

To this counselor De Brissac unbosomed himself, telling in a few words how his hopes of a wealthy marriage had been newly blown to the winds, and demanding of the lackey's fertile brain a plan by which he might secure, if not the lady, then the fortune, or at least some part of it.

"Leave it alone, captain," was the Bavarian's sage advice. "He must have a long spoon who would sup soup with the devil; but, *dennerwetter*, he would need a spoon of twenty fathoms who would pluck a morsel from Louis's dish!"

"But I tell you, man," replied the captain impatiently, "I must have money. When I have paid my reckoning here I shall have scarce enough to defray my charges on the road when I leave for Flanders. And you will have to stay behind."

This prospect did not please Otto.

"Let me think," he said, and buried his face in his hands.

"Ah, I thought that would sharpen your wits!" Gaston exclaimed triumphantly.

The other raised his head.

"Tell me, my captain. It is as his ward that the king claims to dispose of this lady's hand?"

De Brissac nodded impatiently.

"I have told you all that."

"Could you not fix a quarrel on this M. de Louville? I have known a sword-thrust remove many difficulties."

"Dolt," cried the other angrily, "is De Louville the only man in Paris? The king has many favorites. The

misfortune is that I am not one of them."

Otto Scharing relapsed into thought. De Brissac sat with eager eyes fixed on his face.

"If you carried her away with you?"

"I have thought of that. I dare not marry her. That would be a hanging matter. I might gain the few pistoles that I could filch from her like a lackey; but the risk would be almost as great. It is the fortune—the fortune I need. Fix your eyes on that, and think again, Otto."

"It is too difficult, *monsieur*. Her fortune will go to enrich her husband, and that, you tell me, will not be you. Unless—and the lackey gazed at his master with a sinister gleam in his eye—"unless she were to die unwed."

"Little chance of that. Why should she die? She is young and strong."

"Younger and stronger have died ere now, *monsieur*."

Gaston did not affect to misunderstand him.

"I am not going to stain my hands with my cousin's blood, if that be your meaning," he answered coldly. "You must devise some scheme a gentleman may entertain. And, to quicken your wits, I swear to give you a thousand crowns on the day I gain the countess's fortune, or any considerable part of it."

Otto's eyes glistened, but he made no reply. He was thinking hard.

Another pause. The captain filled a glass for his servant and pushed it across to him. The latter raised it to his lips, but set it down untasted.

"*Himmel!*" he exclaimed. "I think I have it. If she flouted the king's command and married another?"

"What other?" asked De Brissac, his mouth agape.

"Any one. Whom you will. What would be her fate?"

"Death, or the Bastille for the rest of her life. Of that there can be no doubt," answered Gaston.

"And in either case she would be dead—dead in fact or dead in law, what matters which? And her estates would pass to her next of kin."

"And that is myself. By my faith, I think you have hit on it, Otto!" De Brissac could not restrain his exultation.

"Drain your glass, my friend, that I may fill it again. I am the Countess of Anhalt's heir, her legal heir, and Louis may marry me to whom he lists once her fortune is mine!"

"Gently, master, we are only at the beginning. This lady scorns the Viscount de Louville. Does she love some one else?"

"Not that I know of," replied Gaston.

"And she is willing to trust herself to you—to fly in your company whither you choose to lead her?" pursued Otto.

"Not only willing, but eager. She implored me."

"Then she loves you," said the wily Bavarian.

"*Dame*, it would almost seem so," answered the captain, frowning in his perplexity. "And I may not wed her. It were but to share her fate."

"But let her ride with us to Flanders," urged Otto. "That much can be managed easily, and if we are careful, you run little risk. Among all the gallant gentlemen of the army, it will go hard if she does not meet one to touch her heart."

"Aye, and I shall be there to see that she meets the best and bravest," cried De Brissac. "Be sure that no likely wooer will lack my good word and encouragement."

"'Tis but a chance," observed Otto, "but the only one I can see. *Monsieur* does not wish to face a risk—"

"I can face many things," interrupted Gaston hotly, "but not Louis in his anger. And, by my faith, here is risk enough. I must contrive to carry these two girls out of Paris, I must—"

"Two, *monsieur*?" Otto broke in. "We were speaking of the Countess of Anhalt only."

"The countess will not travel without her foster-sister," replied Gaston briefly; "and, indeed, it is small enough attendance for a lady of her blood."

"Two!" repeated the Bavarian dubiously. "It doubles the risk."

"By no means," the captain urged. "What suffices to bring one out will suffice to bring two. Come, your plan, for I see you have one."

"It is simple," said Otto, shrugging his shoulders and moving his glass to

indicate that it was empty. "M. de Brissac, riding eastward to the campaign, carries with him a couple of pages in addition to his humble servant, Otto Scharting—and, indeed, it is small enough attendance for a gentleman of his blood," he concluded, smiling as he adapted his master's words.

"They must ride as pages, then?" mused De Brissac, knitting his brows.

"I see no other way," Scharting replied. "'Tis but an extra line on the passport. None will question."

"No," said Gaston doubtfully, "unless it be the countess herself. And if she is still in the same humor as she was an hour since, I think she will welcome the chance of deliverance, and not cavil at the means. At any rate, I will lay it before her."

"And a last word, *monsieur*," said Otto, as the captain rose. "Visit the lady now; arrange everything; leave nothing unsaid, for if you are wise you will not be seen at her house again, nor meet her elsewhere, till the day, or, rather, the night, that we ride out of Paris."

"Good advice, Otto. Then, when she is found missing, none will connect me with her flight."

"And beg the lady to take to her bed meanwhile, or, at the least, to keep strictly private, and give out that she is ill; so that there will be the fewer to see her and suspect."

"What the king resent this retirement and send to inquire?" suggested Gaston.

"No. What matters it to Louis how she passes the days of her courtship," replied the lackey. "It is the marriage he expects, and, having commanded it, he expects confidently. And one last word, *monsieur*. Bid her not to omit to come well provided with money. We may need much."

"Trust me," replied De Brissac significantly, as he quitted the room.

Left alone, Otto examined the bottle, and, finding that it still contained a couple of glasses, set himself contentedly to finish it.

IV

ANNE VAN RHYN tiptoed across the room which the two girls shared and bent over her mistress's bed.

"*Madame*, your cousin is not to be trusted," she whispered.

They were lying at a little inn, a league or two short of Bruges, at which they had arrived that night. The evasion had been successfully accomplished; none had suspected that, of the two pages who were following Captain de Brissac to the wars, one was the lady whom half the court was ridiculing as the destined bride of the washer-woman's protector.

They had crossed France without adventure; or, at most, they had met with only such minor perils as were common to this disturbed time, and from these they had emerged safely.

Of what had occurred in Paris since her stealthy departure, and of what the king had done when her absence was discovered, the countess knew nothing. No news had overtaken them. They had ridden fast, for they were magnificently mounted. De Brissac had seen to that, and money was not lacking, since she had given him a free hand.

But Margaret knew well that peril—deadly peril—was behind her, and before her the unknown. And in Gaston was her sole dependence. She had no one else. Little wonder that her cheek blanched and her hand trembled as she sat up in bed and grasped her foster-sister's wrist.

"What mean you, Anne? Not to be trusted—M. de Brissac?"

"Listen, dear *madame*, and do not raise your voice. I went down but now to seek some water to make your *tisane*. While I waited at the door, the captain sat at wine within, with that strange servant of his—the German. Indeed, I know not whether to call him servant or friend to *monsieur*, for sometimes he seems the one and sometimes the other."

"Otto! I know," said the countess impatiently. "Well, you overheard their talk, and what then?"

"Otto said that it would be dangerous to take you, *madame*, into the French lines, since the first express from Paris might bring orders for your arrest and return."

"And that is true enough, God help me. But I see no treachery in this, Anne—only prudent precaution."

Anne Van Rhyn continued, without heeding the interruption:

"To this the captain replied that he had assuredly no wish to place his own neck in jeopardy by bringing you within Louis's power; that you were a heavy care to him, and he wished he never had seen you. And then he fell to cursing and swearing, and Otto said it was a strange thing that, in all the chances of travel, you had won through scatheless. 'A fever, or a bullet, or an enterprising lover might well have rid you of her ere this,' he said."

"And then?" inquired Margaret.

"Nay, one brought me the water, and the door was closed and I heard no more," answered Anne.

"Well," Margaret said, after brief reflection, "I do not find much in all this. That my cousin brought me clear out of Paris, saving me in my extremity, and that he incurred deadly peril by so doing, we all know, and I bless him for it. Nor is it wonderful if, finding me a fresh embarrassment at every step, he wishes me dead and out of his way, or that his lackey should echo the wish. I think it would be better for him and all my friends if he had his will, for I am very miserable and friendless."

She began to weep softly. Anne took her in her arms.

"Nay, sweetheart," she said, kissing her, "there is a gay lover and a bright future awaiting you somewhere. I was wrong to come to you with this tale. The captain uttered no hint of harm to you. He was vexed, and in his impatience and perplexity he said words that meant no more than the oaths with which he garnished them. He has brought you thus far through this coil. It is for him to find the issue."

"No, he has done enough—he has done better than his word, for I asked him only to carry me free of Paris, and here I am safe in Flanders. No one must be asked to risk more on my account. There is the old castle of Anhalt; it can be no great way from here. It was in it I was born, and there all my childhood was passed. It is mine, and the land around it for leagues. Surely we should be safe there!"

"I do not know, *madame*," Anne an-

swered; "but here, on the very edge of the campaign, with armies moving all round us, I think I would fain be in a walled town."

"For good or ill, we must do something," cried the countess. "I must no longer be a burden on my cousin, or impatience may turn to hate and hatred lead to treason. We must shift for ourselves, Anne."

"And will you part from our company now, *madame*?" cried the other, aghast.

"Why not? We must have parted sooner or later, and no time so good as this, when we learn we are no longer wanted."

"I would I had held my tongue!" moaned the maid.

"Nay, you did right. I like your idea of a walled town. We will ride to Bruges. It is but a few leagues away."

"To Bruges, *madame*! But it is held by the English."

"And so the more convenient for me," responded Margaret. "My refuge must be sought where the fleur-de-lis does not fly. The English do not make war on women."

"We are to discard our disguises, then?"

"In a good hour," replied the countess, and there was a note of cheerfulness, almost of joy, in her voice. "Our mails are at hand, and I never was at ease in yon page's dress—not but that it becomes you mightily, Anne. Henceforth I am Margaret, Countess of Anhalt, in my native country of Flanders, and no subject of King Louis!"

She kissed her foster-sister and dismissed her to her own bed, but it was long before either of them closed her eyes. Both felt that great issues were to be faced on the morrow.

In the morning, Captain de Brissac was much astonished when the countess and her attendant presented themselves in the ordinary apparel of their sex.

"How now, fair cousin?" he exclaimed. "Have you grown suddenly weary of the disguise which has brought you so far in safety, or is this a mere whim?"

Margaret dropped him a saucy curtsy.

"Perhaps my costume does not meet

your taste, cousin," she said. "I have others above."

"*Ma foi*, I was not thinking whether this or that color suited you," he answered almost rudely, "but of what mine host and the servants of the inn will say, seeing the two pages of last night appear like ladies of the court this morning."

"I cannot go through life in a masquerade," Margaret said, laughing. "The sword was in my way, and other things incommoded me. Nay, Gaston, I will be serious," she continued as she saw him frown. "You have done all that is possible, and have redeemed your promise like a gallant gentleman. I am deeply grateful. But to-morrow or next day you will be riding into the French lines. I fear Anne and I should be ill-placed in your regiment. At any moment some one might penetrate our disguise—supposing we resumed it—and then we might as well have remained in Paris. We are still within reach of Louis's arm."

"That is true," answered De Brissac. "Otto, what think you?"

"The lady is right," answered the Bavarian. "While she is in your company her presence is an added peril to you, and none the less to herself. Have you any plan, *madame*?" he added, turning respectfully to the countess.

"This," she replied. "I will ride with Anne to Bruges, and take up my residence there. I am a Fleming, and my name and station are well known. While I live in a city of my country over which waves the flag of England, Louis cannot reach me."

"Excellent!" cried De Brissac. Then he turned to exchange a rapid whisper with Otto: "What if she marries one of these Englishmen? I am told they are brisk wooers."

"Your purpose is equally served if she marry the devil, so she does it without his majesty's consent."

"Your pardon, cousin," interposed Margaret. "May I not share your confidences, since I cannot but guess that they concern myself?"

"Certainly," answered De Brissac, turning promptly; but he hesitated to reply, for he had not his answer ready.

Otto was at hand, however.

"I ventured to suggest to the captain, *madame*, that it is by no means certain that the Brugeois will consent to receive you."

Margaret's countenance fell.

"Why should they refuse?" she urged. "I am their countrywoman, though I am so unfortunate as to hold estates in France as well as in Flanders. Bruges is not so far from Anhalt that her gates will be closed to one of my name."

"The countess is right," decided De Brissac. "We will presently ride to the city. I will speak to the gate under flag of truce. Here is a Flemish lady who fears to remain in her château on the eve of the campaign. She seeks the shelter of a walled town. M. de Vendôme gives her safe conduct through his lines, and orders me to see her bestowed in Bruges. They cannot refuse."

"And where is your escort?" demanded Otto shrewdly.

"My escort is at hand. I rode forward with the lady lest my appearance with any force should give rise to misapprehension."

"Excellent!" cried Otto.

"Thank you, cousin," murmured Margaret. "I shall never forget your goodness."

It was high noon when the little cavalcade rode up to Bruges, Otto in advance, waving a flag of truce. All fell out as Gaston had indicated. No difficulty was raised, and the two girls passed through the gate together. De Brissac swept the ground with his hat as he said farewell, and Otto's eyes glistened as he pouched the handsome *douceur* Margaret had given him. Then the two men mounted and rode away unmolested.

"It is a difficult matter," mused Gaston. "I have incurred a grave risk, though I think that that is safely overpast. But think you that I am any nearer to the fortune?"

"You are nearer by this much, *mon-sieur le capitaine*," said Otto. "Where she is now De Louville cannot approach her. It is impossible for her to wed the husband Louis has chosen for her, but it is possible for her to choose a husband for herself; and at her age,

and with her complexion, she will not be long a choosing."

The following evening M. de Brissac rode into the French lines and reported himself to his colonel. The army was athirst for news from Paris, and Gaston, as the most recent arrival, was plied with questions by his brother officers. But amid the budget of gossip he unfolded for the entertainment of the mess, there was no mention of Margaret of Anhalt, or of her betrothal by the king to the Vicomte de Louville.

Within a week of his arrival, Captain de Brissac was ordered with his company and other details of troops to furnish a garrison for Bruges. Three days after the countess and Anne had passed the gates, the town had been surprised by a stratagem, and occupied by the Comte de la Mothe in the name of Louis XIV.

On the same day, and by a similar bloodless contrivance, Ghent had fallen to M. de Faille. So, in company with the Irish Brigade, under Colonel O'Brien, and other troops, Gaston de Brissac retraced his steps to Bruges, marveling much at the strange chance which had brought him back to Margaret's side, and had placed her once more under the folds of the fleur-de-lis.

V

THE Irish Brigade furnished the major portion of the garrison thrown into Bruges to secure the position won by the fortunate coup of M. de la Mothe. This fine regiment had for some time been reckoned by Louis XIV as a *corps d'élite*, and he reposed every confidence in it. Its ranks were wholly filled by Irishmen under their own officers, who carried, of course, King Louis's commission.

Originally recruited from refugees of James II's Irish army, who had crossed the seas after the Treaty of Limerick, it had taken part in many of the battles of the great king's wars. In the field it had won golden opinions from the French generals, who were less emphatic, however, in their praise of the Irish contingent in bivouac or on march.

Its ranks, constantly depleted by war and disease, were as constantly recruited by young men who passed over to

France from their own country, where, persecuted in their religion and harassed in many ways, they found life intolerable. These emigrants were known as the Wild Geese, and their incessant southward flight added an element of no inconsiderable strength to Louis's army.

Bruges itself profited nothing by its change of masters. Taken and retaken repeatedly, now by the allies, again by the French, it occupied the position of the iron between the hammer and the anvil.

It was an uneasy refuge the Countess of Anhalt had chosen, and this she soon discovered. She had secured a suitable residence without much difficulty, for there were many deserted houses in the place, and her name and condition were well known. But ere she had fairly settled down, the French occupation gave her fresh cause of concern. Now that Louis's soldiers held the gates, she could not tell how soon information as to her whereabouts might reach Paris, leading, possibly, to her arrest and forcible return.

This anxiety did not last long, for in a short time a division of the allied army closely invested the town. Thenceforward no message to the outside world could leave Bruges, and it was but scanty news from without that could enter.

Now the roar of cannon furnished the constant accompaniment to Margaret's sad thoughts. There was a continual passing to and fro of armed men, making ready for a sortie, or on their way to and from the ramparts. Sights and sounds, too, even more terrifying to timid women, were not infrequent in the streets, for taverns were numerous and the garrison took its relaxations more or less brutally, holding Bruges as a conquered city.

As for Margaret, her sole pleasure was hope, her sole comfort religion. The little church by the canal near her house—she could reach it by water without passing through the streets—saw her with increasing frequency. De Brissac she seldom met. She fancied he avoided her.

It was in the third week of the siege, and scarcity had already begun to be

felt in the town, when Desmond O'Connor, captain in the Irish Brigade, attended early mass one morning in the church of St. Agnes. He was on his way to his quarters after a night spent on the ramparts—or, it may be, in dissipation, for the young captain was no prude. Seeing the chapel lighted, he entered, acting on his favorite principle that a soldier should seize every opportunity for eating or drinking, for loving or praying, since each chance that offers may be his last.

As he rose, after bowing before the high altar, his eyes lighted on Margaret. She was kneeling, her little hands folded in prayer. Her golden hair, just touched by a sunbeam that had strayed in through the eastern window, framed her white brow like an aureole. Her downcast eyes he could not see.

Desmond had never beheld so fair a vision. He thought he was gazing at a saint. Such prayers as he breathed were all of her—to her or concerning her. When mass was over, and she rose to go, he was standing near the font by the door, offering her the little brush wetted with holy water. As she touched it with her dainty fingers and smiled a courteous acknowledgment, he saw her eyes. They completed his enchantment. They seemed to him sad, yet inexpressibly tender and gentle.

She passed on and was lost in the crowd ere he realized that she was gone. Then he tried to follow, and spent an hour in running this way and that, seeking her; but she had taken boat at the canal steps, and all his quest was vain.

He had studied her face, feature by feature, and knew it by heart, though she was not conscious that she had seen him.

Desmond O'Connor returned to his quarters as hopelessly in love as ever was man of his nation. His *amourettes* with the Katharines, the Annas, or the Maries of the place were all forgotten, quenched in a new feeling as inexplicable as it was sudden, as tormenting as it was delightful.

Desmond was not yet twenty-six. He was moderately tall, and strongly built. His hair was black, and he had eyes of that gray-blue shade which so often

accompanies dark locks in the Celtic race. In short, he was a handsome young man, with a free hand and a kind heart, and of an impetuous courage that had earned him among his hard-fighting companions the sobriquet of the Lion of the Brigade. To him, war was a business; love had hitherto been a diversion, which came easily and was taken lightly. But this was different.

On his way home he chanced to encounter Gaston de Brissac. These two had struck up a kind of friendship on the march and in garrison, and O'Connor, lacking other confidant, poured forth the raptures that filled him. When he mentioned that he had encountered his divinity at the church of St. Agnes, his companion began to listen attentively. De Brissac knew it was there that his cousin worshiped; and the description fitted her. He exulted as he thought that through this young Irishman might lie the road that would lead him to fortune.

He gave no sign that he had recognized the original of Desmond's impassioned portrait. Once assured of the identity of the mysterious lady, he scarcely listened to the other's rhapsodies. He thought and planned, and when O'Connor paused, he was ready with advice.

"How do you propose to set about finding this paragon?" he asked. "I scarce imagine you will abandon the pursuit at the first check."

"Abandon her?" cried the impetuous Irishman. "Never, while there is breath in this body! I will search all Bruges, but I will find her."

"That were a slow process," objected De Brissac. "Besides, I doubt not she is a recluse of some sort, else you had seen her earlier. You must think of a better plan."

"I might question the reverend father at St. Agnes's," hazarded Desmond. "He must surely know where this lady lives."

"No doubt," rejoined De Brissac sarcastically, "and doubtless, also, he would be swift to tell you. You would get such answer from the good father as the shepherd would give to the wolf who came questing for his fattest sheep.

No; I think I have a better plan for getting the information you need."

"Out with it," cried O'Connor, "and by the faith of an Irishman, if it succeeds, you shall never be without a true friend!"

"Do you know Dr. Sidonius?" Gaston inquired abruptly.

"Heaven be about us! Do you mean the wizard?" and O'Connor crossed himself devoutly.

"I do not think he deals with black magic," replied De Brissac. "He gets his knowledge from the stars. At any rate, come it from above or below, I know of none more likely than he to direct your quest aright."

"Faith, if he can tell me who yonder lady is, and how I may come by speech of her, I'll ask no impertinent questions as to how he learned so much," Desmond exclaimed. "I'll seek the old devil-driver at once," and he made as if to be gone.

"By no means," said De Brissac, checking him. "To act thus precipitately were to imperil everything. You do not know the astrologer?"

"Troth, no," answered Desmond. "When I have leisure for a stroll by night, it is not on the stars my eyes are fixed. He must be approached warily, then?"

"Seek him to-morrow an hour before noon. They have their propitious hours and days, these readers of the heavens, and that will be one of them. And see that you do not visit him without something in your hand."

With a comical gesture, O'Connor turned his pocket inside out. It was manifestly empty.

"Faith, if only gold will buy what I lack, I must find some other way to come by it. Not six hours ago I spent my last crown in company with a dark-haired lass of Bruges, little thinking that my eyes were so soon to be feasted with a vision of celestial beauty. By the mass, if I can but win my way to that lady's side, I shall forswear all others, and be faithful to her alone."

De Brissac hesitated; he even fingered the purse in his pocket, but his hand came out empty. He was in funds at the moment, for he had not failed to make his profit on Margaret's

journey and equipment; but the times were uncertain, and it behooved him to keep what he had.

"I would help you if I could," he said at last, "but I am in like case. Nevertheless, try the old man. It is said he has his fancies, and you may prove to be one of them. At least, nothing will be lost."

"Time will be lost, and that is precious," rejoined Desmond. "I have twenty-four hours before me, with sixty minutes apiece, each holding a chance of bringing me face to face with her. And if I fail, I can but make trial of your wizard."

"Remember, to-morrow—an hour before noon," said De Brissac as they parted.

O'Connor returned to the church of St. Agnes, and, taking it as a center, renewed his fruitless search of the adjoining streets. Gaston went straight to his lodging.

"Otto," he said, "that day when you brought me to see Dr. Sidonius, you told me you had some hold over him. Was that true?"

"*Monsieur le capitaine* saw the reception he accorded us. It was not such as he would accord to strangers."

"Yes, we were well received," answered Gaston. "Now, Otto, what is the tie between you and this astrologer? Is it strong?"

"With some men, stronger than the most massive chain; with others, weaker than a rope of sand. It is the same tie that binds me to you, *monsieur*—the tie of gratitude."

"You have done him some great service, then?"

"He esteems it great. I have my doubts. I saved his life."

"How was this, and when?" demanded the captain.

"It was in Munich, a few years ago," answered Otto. "Sidonius had predicted the defeat and complete overthrow of the elector, which actually happened, within a few months, at the battle of Blenheim. The populace, attributing the event to the prophecy, as unreasoning folk will, wrecked his house, and would have hanged him above the door, but by a device I substituted another in his place, whose long white

beard resembled that of Sidonius, and whose features I obliterated with two blows from the butt of my pistol."

"*Ma foi*, the other had little cause to be grateful to you, whoever he was!"

"He was an idiot, *monsieur*; Sidonius is a learned man. They hanged my senseless effigy, whom I had previously dressed in the astrologer's robes, and were content. By my assistance, and in a disguise of my providing, Sidonius escaped from the city."

"You are a clever fellow, Otto," said his master, "and I should have thought you the last man to place your own neck in jeopardy for the sake of a stranger."

"Sidonius was not altogether a stranger to me," replied the Bavarian, "and I sow good deeds as other men sow their fields, hoping to reap hereafter."

De Brissac laughed.

"Well, the time has come when you may garner a few sheaves. I have found a husband for my cousin."

Otto sprang to his feet.

"They are betrothed—married, perhaps?"

"Not so fast. We are but at the beginning. The gentleman is Captain Desmond O'Connor, of the Irish Brigade. He has seen the countess in church, and if ever a man lost his head over a woman's beauty, he is that man."

"And she?" inquired Otto.

"She! So far as I can gather, she does not know of his existence." Then, noticing the other's look of disappointment, he went on: "But he loves her, and already that is much. The rest will follow. It *shall* follow!"

Otto was silent for a moment. Obviously, he was not much impressed.

"And how can Sidonius serve us?" he presently asked.

"Thus," replied Gaston. "Attend well to what I say. O'Connor will seek the astrologer to-morrow an hour before noon. I will contrive that my cousin shall visit him a little earlier. I will chant his fame in her ears and his wonderful powers. She will go prepared to believe all he may tell her."

"Aye, but what will he tell her?" interposed Otto.

"That is for you to arrange. You

know my purpose, and no doubt this astrologer will understand how to wrap it up in his own jargon. 'Sdeath, man, you are clever enough! You need no hints from me. My cousin is like other young girls—set her imagination traveling a certain road, and her inclination will soon follow. Let him tell her the stars have ordained that she is to wed this young Irishman. Stay; you know Captain O'Connor, of course?"

"Much better than he knows me."

"Naturally. You must describe him accurately to Sidonius, so that he can pass on your description to my kinswoman in such detail that she may recognize him when she sees him. They will meet in due course. The man is young, and has a winning way with women, or report belies him. She cannot regard with indifference him whom the stars have selected for her. Will Sidonius do all this, think you?"

"There is not much he would not do at my request, *monsieur*," answered the Bavarian.

"And give him all the details you can collect relative to O'Connor. The more he knows, the more will he be in a position to impress the Irishman, and any deficiencies he can no doubt fill up from his investigation of the stars. There is a sergeant in our captain's company who was bred on the family estates in Ireland and preceded his young master to the wars. He could give you every information."

"I know the man, *monsieur*. Con Quirk is his outlandish name," replied Otto. "At the cost of a bottle or two, I can turn him inside out."

"Be about it, then," said Gaston briskly. "Here is a pistole—nay, take two. I would not have you sparing, for this adventure offers the first bright promise that has come to solace me for all the risk I have run."

"I hope so, *monsieur*," replied the Bavarian. "I will go at once to seek this sergeant. I know the tavern he frequents."

De Brissac rose.

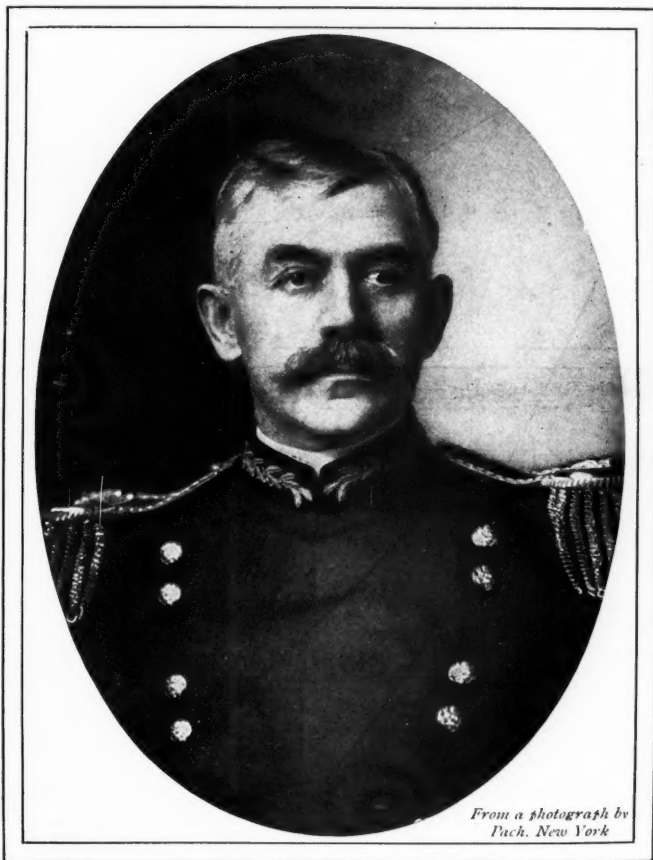
"And I go to the countess, to discuss with her destinies and horoscopes, and the influence the stars exert on the loves of mortals."

(To be continued)

MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS H. BARRY

THE TYPICAL AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO COMMANDS THE UNITED STATES FORCES
IN CUBA, AND WHO WAS RECENTLY PROMOTED TO A MAJOR-GENERALCY

WITHIN eighteen years General Thomas H. Barry has risen from first lieutenant in the United States army to major-general. That is sufficiently rapid promotion, but there has been no suspicion of "railroading," or of personal influence of any sort. General Barry has served through every grade, and in every grade he has seen hard work and done good service. He is both a fighting soldier and a student of military



science, a strict disciplinarian and a popular personality, and no recent appointment has pleased the army more than his selection by President Roosevelt for the place vacated by the retirement of Major-General Hall. Excepting Leonard Wood and Franklin Bell, he is the youngest officer of his present grade, having eleven more years of service before reaching the age for compulsory retirement.

General Barry's army sobriquet is "the Bowery Boy"—which means that he is a New Yorker born and bred, and passed through the public schools and the City College before he went to West Point. He served in the Philippines, and with the expedition that relieved the legations at Peking. He has been president of the War College, and military attaché with the Russian army in Manchuria. As the representative of the real ruling force in Cuba—Uncle Sam's military power—he has been conspicuously successful in steadying the naturally unstable equilibrium of that distressful island.



SURRENDEN PARK, IN KENT, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. WALTER WINANS

WALTER WINANS AND HIS HORSES

BY MARCUS WOODWARD

TO pass a day at Surrenden Park, the beautiful old English home of Mr. Walter Winans, is to have a glimpse of country life and sport in a wonderful variety of phases. As the visitor follows the long drive that leads from the ivy-clad lodge to the mansion, a herd of deer watches his coming with inquisitive eyes. A flock of sheep scatters over a wide pasture before the flying hoofs of a thoroughbred, which a young man is steering around a steeplechase course. Another young man is exercising a polo pony. A huntsman in a long white coat is walking a pack of hounds across the greensward. A trotting horse in a speed-wagon is flying along a track at a pace suggesting a mile in two minutes.

Presently a noble red-brick Eliza-

bethan house appears, standing in a stately, formal garden. Among the flower-borders is a spirited statue—the work of Mr. Winans himself—of a cowboy mounting a bucking bronco. Some fine dogs are sporting on a lawn; and in a quiet spot in the park, two men are fighting a duel—bloodless, yet exciting—with pistols.

Surrenden is populated with deer as perhaps no park was ever populated before; for Mr. Winans is deeply interested in the cross-breeding of deer, and loves them well—next, indeed, among animals, to horses and dogs. The young men, the one on a racer, the other on a polo pony, are his two sons, who live on horseback, and are deeply interested in point-to-point races and polo matches. The hounds are those of

EDITOR'S NOTE—The illustrations accompanying this article are engraved from photographs by W. A. Rouch, London.

which Mr. Winans is master; for of fox-hunting, as of hare-hunting, drag-hunting, deer-hunting, boar-hunting, and elk-hunting, he is an ardent devotee. The trotting-horse represents his special hobby, the showing, racing, breeding, and crossing of the American trotter. He is deeply interested, too, in the breeding of the toy Pomeranian, and of that curious, mopkeylike species, the Brussels griffon. As to the duel—that stands for one of the latest sports—the mock fight with waxen bullets. The duelists, on the day of the writer's visit, were the Comte de Montfort, the first pistol-shot in France, and Mr. Winans himself, the most wonderful revolver-shot in the world; and they were shooting each other dead—in theory—with every shot fired.

The mansion itself is one of the most historic in England. For centuries it was the home of the ancient family of Dering, by whom it was founded sixty years before the battle of Hastings. During the Civil War it defied two attacks by the Parliamentarians, but it has twice been destroyed by fire. The existing building is Elizabethan, modernized and extended by its present architect. It is larger than it looks in the photograph, for almost as much of it is under ground as above ground. It

contains a hundred and five rooms, many of which are spacious, the drawing-room being a hundred feet long. A tunnel runs from its cellars to an entrance beyond the park, constructed as a means of escape in troublous times. It is supplied with water from a subterranean stream, and the electricity that lights it is generated in some hidden spot.

Domiciled in Kent, the owner of Surrenden spent his boyhood in Russia, and is the son of an American—the late Walter L. Winans, of Ferry Bar Estate, in Maryland. His ancestors were Dutchmen—kinsmen of Jan Wynants, the landscape painter, and of Goswinus de Wynants, of Falkenborch, who was chancellor of Brabant early in the eighteenth century. Still farther back, the family claims a more or less legendary descent from King Canute, the Danish ruler of Saxon England. It does not seem strange that Mr. Winans should be the cosmopolitan that he is.

His father went to Russia to build the railway between St. Petersburg and Moscow for Nicholas I. The work of the American captain of industry won him large money reward and many evidences of the imperial favor. His son, too, who was born in St. Petersburg during the Crimean War, received the



MR. WINANS DRIVING HIS FAST TROTTERS, CAPTAIN FULLERTON AND LYRIC

Order of St. Stanislaus from Nicholas's successor, Alexander II, in return for a service of which it is a matter of honor that he shall not speak.

A FINE COLLECTION OF TROPHIES

Surrenden is full of Mr. Winans's trophies. Sideboards and tables are

He maintains that the real use of a revolver is for quick shooting at a range of not more than twenty-five yards; but at fifty yards, with a military weapon, he has made a world's record by putting ten out of twelve shots on a four-inch bull's-eye, the remaining two shots touching the bull's-eye's rim.



TRAINING A HIGH JUMPER AT SURRENDEN PARK

laden with cups and vases and medals won at shooting competitions, or by his horses at shows. In all, he has about a hundred gold or silver prizes. He also possesses a wonderful collection of guns and pistols, including many specimens of exquisite workmanship.

"The best score I ever made with a revolver," said Mr. Winans, "was to put six shots into a two-inch group at twenty-five meters, firing in fifteen seconds, without a bull's-eye to guide the aim. That was a record I made on the 6th of April this year, and I suppose it is the best score any one ever made."

It is one of about a dozen scores which have never been beaten. Mr. Winans has been the champion revolver-shot of England for twelve years, and he holds more records than any other living man.

He will hit a target twenty yards away with six shots in between five and seven seconds, putting all his bullets into the bull, or very close to it.

He delights in all kinds of fancy shooting. One of his specialties is to attack the "burglar"—a target which he invented, and which advances at quick-march speed from a distance of fifty yards to within fifteen yards. The marksman's six shots must be fired while it is moving. Those who encounter the "burglar" for the first time are always flurried by its relentless advance. Good shots have missed the whole target, a matter of three feet square, at fifteen yards. Mr. Winans has scored forty-two out of a possible forty-two in shooting at it. Some of his other feats are these:

He sets up six balls at a little distance, and breaks them with six shots in two seconds. He sets up six cards, with their edges toward him, at fifteen feet, and cuts five of the six in half with six shots. To hit swinging balls, or all the pips of a six-of-hearts card, to snuff candles with bullets, to pick off six grapes out of a bunch, to hit two balls simultaneously as they swing past each other, to drive nails with bullets, and to score bull's-eyes with the revolver held upside down, at ranges varying from ten to thirty or forty feet—all these are simple matters for the world's crack shot. Or he will roll a polo ball along the ground, and drive it about with bullets from a Winchester rifle, keeping the ball moving with every shot.

DUELS WITH WAXEN BULLETS

Of late he has fought many duels with bullets of wax, which carry truly for a distance of twenty yards. The duelists wear monkish-looking cloaks, and helmets such as fencers use, but with windows before the eyes, glazed with half-inch plate-glass; for even wax bullets can wound. Firing on foot, a good shot will "kill" his man every time; so, to make the game more difficult, Mr. Winans prefers to fight on horseback, riding in circles at full gallop. He is a member, by the way, of the famous French dueling club, *Le Pistolet*, and has many interesting stories to tell of dueling in France.

"To kill a man in a duel fought under the club's auspices is no murder," he says, "according to French law; and yet encounters with fatal results are rare. You see, any one of the members would be morally certain to kill his man at twenty-five meters—the correct dueling distance. Suppose two men have an overnight quarrel and arrange an encounter; in the morning each sees that it would be foolish to kill the other for a word spoken in a heated moment, so the duelists purposely fire over each other's head."

Mr. Winans has conceived the idea of making waxen bullets filled with blood, or imitation blood, for the benefit of footpads and housebreakers. The robber, if hit, would find himself covered with blood, and if he did not fly,

would be pretty sure to surrender at discretion.

It is not strange that Mr. Winans should think it tame sport to shoot pheasants and partridges in England, and should prefer boar-hunting in Germany. He rents the Bismarck game preserve at Friedrichsruh, where last year he bagged eighteen boars in nine days. There is a spice of real danger in facing the charging wild boar. Not only hounds, but even men and horses, have often been fatally injured.

"You need to be very handy at getting up a tree in a sudden emergency," says Mr. Winans.

THE SURRENDEN STABLES

Behind the house, around a courtyard which would serve as a perfect background for a picture of Royalist or Roundhead troopers watering their steeds at a well, there is stabling for sixty horses; and these ample quarters are filled to overflowing.

"The rule here," the owner says, "is one man to every two horses. I employ Americans to care for my trotters, Englishmen for the hackneys, Frenchmen and Germans for the private saddle-horses. I have practically given up trotting in England. The sport is not understood, and the stakes are not worth competing for. You win perhaps five pounds in England, but you can win fifteen hundred pounds at the Derby in Vienna, where I now have my stables. There and here I have about a hundred horses, including pace and action horses for the English shows, hunters, park hacks, thoroughbreds, hackneys, polo ponies, show jumpers, and horses that are the outcome of a cross between hackneys and trotters.

"I am breeding this last strain extensively. Your hackney, you know, is a show horse; he has little pluck, is very soft, cannot do much work, and gives in when tired. Now, our American trotters will do their fifty miles a day, day after day, and will go on until they drop dead. By the new cross, I hope to give the hackney more quality, greater courage, and better speed; and in a year or two I expect to be showing some horses which will create a sensation. My three-year-old mare In-

victa, by an American trotter out of a hackney mare, is much faster than any hackney, and, although running loose and unshod, she steps higher than any hackney I have ever seen.

"The best of all my horses? I could not say, there are so many different types. Rablo P, now a four-year-

quarter, and he is faster than his record. Then Etoile du Nord won the highest honor that a show horse can receive by carrying off, three years ago, the King of Belgium's prize for the best big riding horse fit for cavalry work. This prize carries with it the condition that the horse shall never be shown again.



MR. WINANS'S RUSSIAN TROIKA, OR THREE-HORSE TEAM

old, is one of the fastest horses I have bred, and did a mile the other day in two minutes, eight and a half seconds—a trifle better than Maud S.'s world's record of twenty years ago. My pony Little Tobe holds the world's record for an animal of fourteen hands, and I have won pace and action championships with him in England for five years in succession. He trotted three heats in two twenty, two nineteen and three-quarters, and two nineteen and a

I hope my Orange Boy will win it this year; he is a golden-chestnut thoroughbred, five years old, trained to do all the circus tricks, and the best horse of his class that I have ever had. He has been shown only once—in Paris, where he beat no fewer than a hundred and sixty competitors.

"Then I have a champion hackney, Cokers Rosador, who has won firsts in single, pair, tandem, four-in-hand, victoria, brougham, and gig classes. And



MR. WINANS'S PARK TEAM OF BAYS, WINNERS OF MANY PRIZES AT HORSE-SHOWS

Lady Belle, at Spa, won me a high-jump championship when she cleared seven feet and two inches."

The polo ponies in the Surrenden stables are there for the pleasure of Mr. Winans's sons, Julian and Paul. Every one on the place is proud of the fact that a year or two ago, when the two young men were first chosen for the Oxford polo team, Oxford won the match with Cambridge, after a run of four successive defeats.

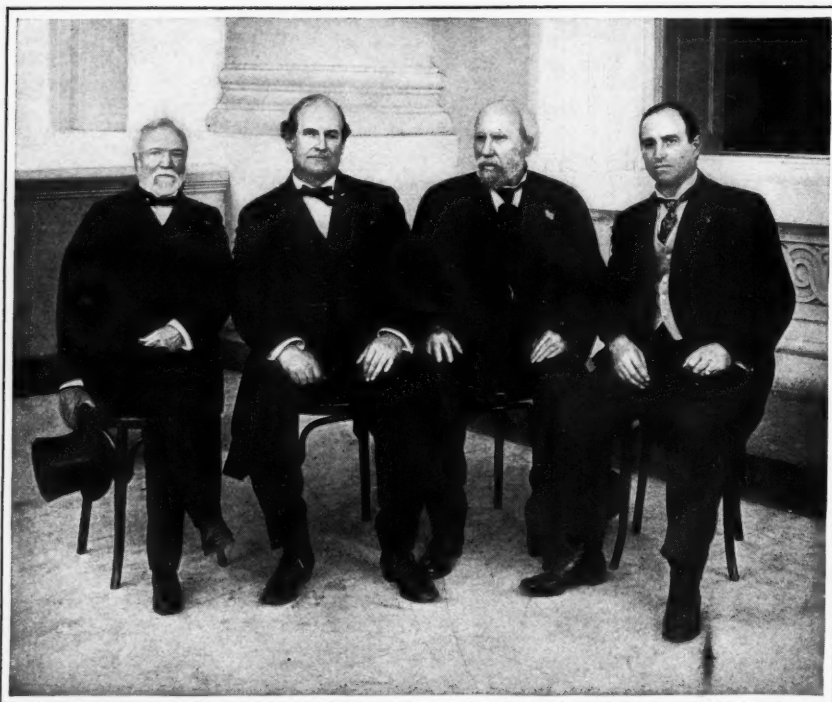
THE SURRENDEN KENNELS

After Mr. Winans's horses, a word must be said about his dogs. He takes out licenses for more than sixty of these. Of them all, his special favorite is a beautiful little Italian greyhound, who is with his master day and night, and shows such an affection as I have never before seen a dog display toward a man. The Brussels griffons are bred extensively, but purely for fancy, not for show, as it is against the rules that their ears shall be cropped, and Mr. Winans prefers them so. "A griffon," he says, "looks like a fool without cropped ears." The Pomeranians are bred for color, and for odd mixtures of color.

"If ever you hear of any savage mongrels not wanted by their owners, I wish you would let me know," says Mr. Winans. "Such dogs are invaluable to me in boar-hunting. When I hear of an animal being condemned by

the police for biting, I at once try to secure it; and I sometimes send to dogs' homes for vicious specimens that would otherwise be executed for their savagery. These savage dogs are always friendly with me. I have one—a pointer—who once saved my life, when a boar was charging, by springing at the brute's throat, and worrying it until I had time to get in a shot. This dog has been bitten four times by boars, yet he never hesitates to drive a boar from cover, or to attack and hold one that charges."

One of the many phases of Mr. Winans's personality is his interest in art. He is more than an amateur of both painting and sculpture. His statuette of Ascetic's Silver, winner of the Grand National in 1906, has won high praise at an exhibition of the Society of Animal Painters in Paris. There are many specimens of his work at Surrenden—bronze horses that he has modeled, and sporting pictures that he has painted. His most ambitious production is a bronze and ivory statue of a Russian girl, on which he has worked at intervals for several years. The maiden was designed as a symbol of Victory; her headpiece is elaborately decorated with real jewels—emeralds, turquoises, and diamonds—and her shapely feet were to have rested upon a Japanese flag. The fate of war decreed otherwise, however, and the statue is simply called "La Russie."



From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington

CARNEGIE, BRYAN, HILL, AND MITCHELL

FOUR NOTED MEN AT THE WHITE HOUSE CONFERENCE ON THE CONSERVATION OF THE NATURAL RESOURCES OF THE UNITED STATES

THE conference of the Governors of the United States, who lately met in Washington, at President Roosevelt's request, brought together a number of men who were fully as eminent in their own way as any of the Governors. Four of these gentlemen sat to a photographer; and the resulting picture is given here. At the left is seated Andrew Carnegie, one of the richest of our multimillionaires, and certainly the most original in his way of spending immense sums out of the fortune with which he retired from business life in 1904. Next to him is William J. Bryan, the most influential member of the Democratic party, the most eloquent of living American orators, and the youngest man who was ever a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Beside him is James J. Hill, who built the Great Northern Railway from Lake Superior to Puget Sound, with numberless branches, and who established direct steamship connection with China and Japan. The last of the four is John Mitchell, one of the foremost representatives of organized American labor, formerly president of the United Mine Workers of America—a shrewd, far-seeing, and honorable man, who has done much for the benefit of those whom he represents, and who studies labor problems dispassionately and in a spirit of perfect fairness.

It is characteristic of our country that each of these four men worked his way upward by the force of sheer energy, self-denial, and brain-power. Mr. Carnegie, at the age of twelve, was working in a Pennsylvania cotton-mill for less than two dollars a week. Mr. Bryan began as a typical country boy in Illinois, "doing chores" and attending the public schools. Mr. Hill worked with his own hands at plate-laying, while Mr. Mitchell spent his early youth as an ordinary miner. The group given above is not merely a photograph of four interesting men. It tells us the great truth that our country, more than any other in the world, is the land of boundless opportunity.

THE CUR AND THE COYOTE

BY EDWARD PEPLE

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCE CHAP," "THE MALLETS'
MASTERPIECE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT

HE was a dog, and they called him Joe. He had no godfather, but was named after Chip Moseby's one rich relative whom the brute resembled physically—and it wasn't a compliment, either.

Joe's ancestry was a matter to pass over politely and forget. He was a large animal, with the unmistakable build of the wolf-hound, yet his blood was mixed with many another hardy breed. His hair, of a dirty yellowish brown, grew in every possible way, except that designed by a beauty-loving Creator, while his undershot jaw hinted at the possibility of a bull-terrier figuring as correspondent in some long-forgotten scandal. Therefore, Joe had little claim to beauty; but, rather, as Frisco Jim expressed it, "was the dernedes' orn'ries'-lookin' beas' wes' of the Mississip'."

Chip Moseby thought of his rich relative, and smiled. The criticism, harsh but just, fitted the dog in all respects with the one exception of his eyes. There spoke the Scotch collie breed. They were beautiful, pathetic, dreamy, yet marred—from a poetical standpoint—by a dash of impishness found only in that cordially despised, but weirdly intelligent, race of canine outcasts—the cur-dog.

In the beginning Chip Moseby found him on the prairie. How he had ever wandered into the center of this trackless plain was indeed a mystery; but there he was, and commanded pity, even from a cow-puncher. Lost and leg-sore, famished for want of food and water, he waited dumbly for the three black buzzards that wheeled in lazy circles above his head. Chip dismounted and surveyed

his find in wonder, striving to decide whether to take the cur into camp or put him out of misery for once and all by a merciful shot. Wisdom called aloud for the shot, but something—a half-remembered something deep down in the inside of the man—whispered and made him hesitate.

No, he could not decide; but, being a gambler by birth, taste, and education, he shifted the burden of responsibility to the back of Chance. The process was simple. He reached for the heavy gun which lay upon his hip, and poised a silver dollar between the thumb and finger of his other hand.

"Now, stranger," he observed cheerfully, "you're goin' to be the stakes of a show-down. Heads, you go to camp. Tails, you go to hell. You couldn't ask fer anything fairer'n that, could you?"

He spun the coin and caught it in his open palm. The dog cocked his ears, and the Texan cocked his forty-four. Tails lay uppermost.

"Yo' luck ain't changed much, puppy," sighed the man, shifting his position for a cleaner shot at the back of the sick dog's head. "You've been elected this time, sure, an'—"

Chip paused suddenly, wondering why, but pausing. His victim whined faintly, raised a pair of gentle, fever-touched collie eyes, and waited. The cow-puncher eased the hammer of his gun and slid the weapon into its holster.

"Dern the dawg!" he muttered beneath his breath. "It's jus' like some po' li'l' helpless, moon-eyed gal what's—what's callin' me a sneak!"

Chip Moseby did not know he was muttering sentiment; but, alone on a



"YOU COULDN'T ASK FER ANYTHING FAIRER'N THAT,
COULD YOU?"

wide green prairie with his pony and a dog, where none of his fellow rangers could see and laugh at him—well, it made no difference, anyway. From his saddle-tail he untied his water-flask, pouring its contents into his wide felt hat; then he added a bit of liquid from another and more precious flask, and made an offering to a new-found friend. The dog lapped it eagerly, and, after a time, sat up on his haunches, to devour the last crumb and fiber of Chip's last ration of corn bread and bacon, while the cow-man looked on and cursed him—horribly—but with a smile.

Slipping, sliding, in the dip of his master's saddle, yet wagging a mangy tail to show that he understood, Joe was

christened and rode twenty miles to camp. It was just an ordinary camp of twenty cow-men in charge of eighteen hundred long-horns "on the graze." An idle existence at this season, moving as the big "bunch" listed, and dealing greasy cards at all times save when in the saddle or snoring beneath the cold white stars. The cow-men lived, drank bad whisky, gambled, and died—sometimes from delirium tremens or snake-bite; at other times from purely natural causes, such as being trampled by a steer. A remnant they were of a long-departed hero type, still picturesque, yet lacking in certain vital attributes—mainly morality and a bath.

II

THE camp accepted Joe for two reasons: firstly, because they did not care one way or the other; secondly, because Chip Moseby had, on various occasions, thrashed three of the cow-men in brutal, bare-knuckled fights—and the rest had seen him do it. Therefore, nineteen more or less valuable criticisms were politely withheld.

For four sweet days Joe ate, drank, and slumbered, recovering both in body and in nerve; then he rose up and began to take notice. The first thing he noticed was a lean-flanked, powerful dog that had dwelt in camp for the space of seven months and felt at home. The "homer's" name was Tonque. He belonged to a gentleman known familiarly as Greaser Sam, a gentleman whose breeds were as badly mixed as Joe's—a fact to which pointed reference was made by jovial friends with frequency and impunity.

Tonque was the only member in camp who openly resented Joe's advent. He first made pantomimic overtures, then displayed a spleenish disappointment at the stranger's gender and disposition. He bullied the new dog shamefully, took

away the juiciest bones, nipped him in his tenderest spots, and cursed him in Mexican dog-language, a thing conceded by all linguists to be—with the exception of coyote talk—the vilest of obscene vituperation. Joe bore in silence for many days. He was a guest of Mr. Moseby, virtually a tenderfoot, and uncertain of the etiquette required in his delicate position. The master gave no orders, and what was a dog to do? True, a bite or two was nothing much, but an insult sinks far deeper than a tooth, and when the cattle-camp lay slumbering through the night, Joe's dog heart ached and troubled him. It is a hopeless sort of thing to stand a bullying for the sake of etiquette, but somewhere through the mongrel's many breeds ran the blood of a gentleman dog; so Joe gave up his bones and took his bites without a growl.

"Him dern coward!" tittered Greaser Sam, pointing at the cur contemptuously with his soup-spoon. "Tha's fonny. Big dog—no fight."

"How much d'ye think so?" inquired Chip Moseby, puffing at his corn-cob leisurely.

"Fi' dollar!" chirped the Mexican cook, his little rat eyes twinkling.

"Make it ten," said Chip, with a careless shrug, "an' Joe'll chase that rabbit's whelp of yo'r'n plumb off'n the range."

Greaser Sam laughed joyfully and produced a month's pay in silver and dirty notes. Yank Collins was made stakeholder, while Chip, stone deaf to the warnings of certain unbelievers, knocked the dottle from his pipe and whistled to his dog. Joe came over—for protection, it seemed—and laid a trembling chin on the master's knee.

"Joe, ole man," asked Chip, in the tone of a mother's tender solicitude, "is that there Mexican skunk a pesterin' of you?"

The dog, of course, said nothing—that is, verbally—but his two great, glorious eyes spoke volumes. In them the master read this earnest, but respectful plea:

"Mr. Moseby, sir, if you will only say the word and allow me to chew up that bow-legged son of a one-eyed pariah, I'll love you till the crack of doom!"

The master, who was a gentleman fighter himself, smiled grimly, stroked

the ugly head, and waved his pipe-stem in the general direction of the bumptious Tonque.

"All right, son, go eat him up!"

It may here be stated that one of Joe's grandest qualities lay in strict obedience; or, failing in the letter of command, he did his best.

The incident occurred just after dinner, when the cow-punchers, replete with coffee and fried bacon, were enjoying a quiet smoke. They rose to a man, formed a whooping ring about the contestants for camp prestige, and wagered on the outcome. The battle, minus revolting details, was soon over and all bets paid, for—briefly—Joe did his best. Only an angel or a ring-seasoned bull-terrier could have done more. Greaser Sam lost twenty dollars. Chip Moseby won ninety. Tonque, the bully, yelping in the dim distance, lost all of his pride, the better portion of one ear, and quite a depressing quantity of hide and hair.

Joe barked once, a hoarse shout of unholy joy—which was only human, after all—then sat down modestly, licked his wounds, and counted up the cost of his victory. He had made one enemy, and many friends; but Greaser Sam was only a cook, anyway—so the sting of a dozen ragged bites was peace unutterable.

Later, Sam partially squared the account by pouring a dipper full of boiling grease on Joe's back. Thus, by the time ten inches of hide curled up, peeled off, and healed again, the cur-dog loathed all breeds of Mexicans, and one in particular. Also, Joe suffered somewhat in the matter of scraps and bones; then affairs took a turn for the better. Greaser Sam, while reveling in a noon-tide siesta, inadvertently rolled on a rattlesnake, and, in spite of a copious supply of antidote on hand, swelled up absurdly, made noises, and passed out in hideous agony.

At the unpretentious funeral Joe controlled his features admirably, with the one exception of his tail, which *would* wag itself in spite of every gentlemanly instinct. This was wrong, of course, but a dog's ideas on the ethics of retribution are simple and direct. Joe was glad—very glad. He thrashed poor Tonque again—not from malice, but merely in a

spirit of exuberance. One of his ancestors had been an Irish setter, though Joe was unaware of it.

III

AND now the waif began to find his own. He learned the profession of cow-punching, together with the arts and observances thereof. He could aid in a round-up nobly, for his wolf-hound length of limb gave him speed, which made even the tough little broncos envious. At branding-time he could dive into the herd and "cut out" any calf desired, then hold the evil-minded mother *en tête-à-tête* till the irons did their work. This saved the cow-men much exertion, but was hard on the cattle, and harder still, as it proved, on Joe.

His deeds were praised just a fraction too highly, so the cur-dog lost his head, puffed up with pride, and grew "sassy"—an elusive state to which even humans are subject. It was borne in upon Joe that he owned the camp, the bucking broncos, the grazing long-horns, and, yea, even the prairie itself for a most expansive sweep, and life seemed good to him.

"Say, Chip," remarked Frisco Jim, with befitting solemnity, "thet there dawg o' yo'r'n is gittin' jes' too cocky fer to live a minute. He don't need nothin' but a straw hat, 'n' a toothpick shoved in his face, to put me in min' o' thet li'l' English maverick what herded with us las' Augus'. You reck'lect 'im, Chip—one eye-glass 'n' a hired man fer to tote his shotgun!"

Few cow-men, however, are troubled because of a cur-dog's vanity; therefore, they submitted to his patronizing familiarity and rebuked him not. They loved him for his grit, his speed, his brains. They flattered him and spoiled him, sharing, on common terms, their board and bed—especially the bed composed of a rolled-up blanket with Joe on the outside. Of course, there were fleas—hundreds of fleas—but a hero of the plains soon learns to overlook the little things of life; besides, it was good to feel a warm dog in the small of a fellow's back when the wind was nippy and from the north. Thus Joe waxed fat and prospered in his pride.

It is strange how a mongrel's breeds

will crop out singly, and, for the time being, dominate all other traits; yet this was the case with Joe. In a fight of any kind his bull-Irish came to the fore with a rush, the undershot jaw figuring as a conspicuous racial mark. The wolf-hound strain developed solely when he caught a lean, healthy jack-rabbit in a straightaway race, brought him into camp, and ate him before the eyes of an admiring crowd. His keen, pathetic sensitiveness was no doubt inherited from the collie stock; but of that there is more to follow.

At present Joe's cur-dog intelligence and sense of humor lay uppermost, leading him to the performance of tricks. These he could do without number, fetching, carrying, or standing on his hind legs to beg for bacon and applause. He could imitate a bucking bronco or a pawing bull. Also, he said his prayers in the manner of certain far-distant Christians—a feat, by the bye, which none of his associates had achieved in years. He named the values of poker-chips by barks, and, finally, could nuzzle a deck of evil-smelling cards, selecting therefrom any named ace or deuce-spot, an accomplishment which was voiced abroad and thrilled the great Southwest with wonder and delight.

Is it, then, to be marveled at that a carelessly born cur-dog, alone and surfeited with adulation, should weaken and lose his grip on modesty? Joe lost it, but not irrecoverably, for about this time he met his Waterloo, and a mangy Napoleon rested for a space on the isle of mortification.

IV

A LIGHT frost fell, and with it came the coyotes. Joe had never seen a coyote, and his interest was aroused—Irish interest, mixed with American superiority. A lazy white moon swung over the horizon, quenching the camp-fire's glow and flooding the plain with a ghostly glory. From far away in the east came a melancholy yapping, and Joe rose up and listened. Suddenly, from nowhere, appeared the first coyote—a splendid, strapping specimen, with yellow black flanks and a flaunting, feathered tail. He took a clump of sage-brush at a bound, lit on his haunches, pointed his nose toward the

sky's high dome; and loosed one quivering, ghoulisn wail.

As has been said, the dog was interested. There was something more. He was stricken dumb—paralyzed—by this cool effrontery. Here was an arrogant stranger, sitting—without the courtesy of invitation—upon Joe's own prairie, disturbing the peace in a hateful, alien tongue. The serene cheek of it! A

occupied to hear the coarse ripple of amusement following his exit, or to see the master stir a sleeper with his foot and remark, with a widening grin:

"Come, git up, Tony, 'n' see the spote. My dawg's a linkin' it after a ki-yote."

A more perfect stage could not have been desired; the moon for footlights, Tonque and nineteen cow-men as the audience, a coyote for comedian, and Joe,



"HIM DERN COWARD!"

devil-lipped pitch-imp! yapping at Joe's moon!

A pair of pathetic collie eyes swept slowly round the circle of recumbent cow-men, resting at last upon the master, and seeming—in camp vernacular—to inquire, as plain as words: "Fer Jeroosy's sake, Mr. Moseby, what is it?"

A camp humorist kindly supplied the information.

"That there's a hell-warbler. Sick him, Joe!"

Joe took the suggestion without parley. A noiseless brown streak made out toward the serenader, but Mr. Coyote saw it coming. He ended his song with a crisp crescendo and departed in an easy, shambling lope. The dog was too much

of course, the star. The chase went south for half a mile, doubled itself, and passed the camp again, the maneuver being repeated six separate times, apparently for the benefit of those who watched. It was a close race, too, or seemed to be, for seldom was the cur's black muzzle more than a yard or so behind his victim's flaunting tail.

Never before had the wolf-hound breed cropped out so strongly. Joe ran low; his muscles ached and burned, his eyes protruded, and he whimpered in desire; yet, strive as he would, he failed to reduce the lead, while the beast in front reeled onward with a shambling lope. Think of it! A lope!

But now Joe gained. He moaned



HE COULD IMITATE A
BUCKING BRONCO

aloud with joy. His blood was up, and he went for his enemy in crazy, heart-breaking leaps. Three times he snapped, and bit nothing but his own dry tongue; then something happened. The coyote, tiring of the game, took his foot in his hand, so to speak, and faded away as a woodcock leaves a weasel.

Joe sat down and thought about it. Nothing short of a pistol-ball could travel like that little black dot on the far horizon. There was something wrong about the whole affair, but just what the cur-dog could not figure out. Possibly the cow-men might enlighten him and offer sympathy; so, with this false hope at heart, he went back slowly, his hot breath coming in labored gasps, his stump tail sagging sadly. His reception, however, was very different from the one so fondly hoped. Instead of pats and a courteous explanation, they greeted him with a roar of vulgar laughter—a taunt which stung him to the very quick.

That dogs are sensitive to ridicule is a fact too patent to admit of argument; but collies, perhaps, are the most hu-

manly sensitive of all. And this is where Joe's collie breed cropped out to stay. He was stunned at first. He couldn't take it in; but when the taunts continued, the dog's already heated blood began to boil. He was fighting for his last torn shred of pride—and pride dies hard.

He crouched beside the camp-fire, his rough hair bristling down his spine, his ugly nose distorted by an uglier wrinkle still. And when at last Sprig Flannigan—the humorist, by the way, who had sicked Joe on—laughed louder than the rest, and pointed a derisive finger at the hero fallen low, then the cur saw red and forgot to be a gentleman.

At best a rawhide boot is a rather tough proposition, but Joe bit through it, through the trousers beneath, through flesh and sinew, till his strong teeth met. With a bellow of rage and pain, the humorist wrenched away and reached for his big blue gun. He was a quick man, but Chip Moseby was a fraction quicker. His hand flew out and disturbed the pot-shot aim, while the bullet went whining out across the prairie, impairing

the market value of an innocent long-horn.

"Drop it!" commanded Chip, then added, by way of pacifying argument: "Ef you had made a screamin' ass of yo'se'f like Joe had, an' we'd 'a' laughed at *you*, burn *me* ef you wouldn't want to cut our th'oats!"

This was logic, but Sprig, in his misery, failed to see it. He, too, was Irish. His fingers tingled on his smoking gun, while he urged his death-claim with a quivering chin.

"Th' murtherin' devil's whelp! He's chewed a piece outter me laig."

Chip Moseby retorted promptly and heartlessly.

"Well, charge the so' place up to profit 'n' loss, 'n' run 'n' tell yer mommer. Now shet up, or I'll bloody yer dern nose."

This, also, was logic; besides, Sprig's nose had been bloodied once before, and memory lingered. Therefore, he dropped the discussion in a Christian spirit, tied up his leg with a whisky-soaked rag, and strove to forget the incident.

V

So much for the man's wound. The dog had received a deeper one—larger and more pitiless. A bull's-eye had been made of his vanity, and only death or the coyote's blood could soothe the pain away.

Next morning he tried to persuade himself that it all had been a dream; but Sprig Flannigan limped, and a dog's heart doesn't ache so fiercely because of dreams. The day dragged on and on; but reached a close at last. A purple twilight came sneaking over the west, deeper, darker, till the lazy moon arose, and again the camp-fire paled—a lonely, flickering blotch on a vast white sea. And silence fell—God's silence, which a whisper mars like a curse on a woman's lips.

From out the east a whisper leaked—a faint *yap! yap!* that rose and sank again. Joe heard it, and strove to give no sign, but his hair *would* rise, and his lips rolled back from his yellow fangs. Silence again, more holy than before; then a ghost-beast leaped the sage-brush, squatted and profaned the night with a shattered, driveling howl.

"Hi, Joe!" said a merry-hearted gentleman, "there's yer frien' a calling of you. Run along, son, 'n' play with him."

This sally was received with a shout of mirth, and the dog arose and went; not toward the cause of his degradation, but deep into the silent cattle-herd, where his soul—if dogs have souls—was empty of all save hate and shame alone.

The nights which followed were, to Joe, a living death. With fateful punctuality the hell-warbler jumped the sage-brush and began his haunting serenade. He jeered at Joe, and drove him to the verge of hydrophobia. He called the dog by names unbearable, and dared him to a chase. Joe did try it once, just to prove the paradox to his canine mind. Thereafter he resorted to strategy, and laid for Mr. Coyote, but without avail.

This seemed to amuse the cow-men vastly, and each sad failure was a new delight to them. Somehow, they fancied the two words "humor" and "brutality" to be synonymous, and wrought religiously upon that line. They took to tormenting Joe instead of watching his old-time parlor tricks, which now, alas! were played no more. He had no heart for tricks, and even the ace and deuce-spot seemed to have lost their charm. The dog grew thin and hollow-eyed, moaning and battling in his sleep, when false dreams gave his enemy into his jaws.

Then the hell-warbler took to calling in the daytime, bringing his friends and family with him. He would glide into camp and steal something, then glide away unharmed, pursued by raw profanity and a pistol-ball. Joe loathed him, but was ashamed. No longer he waited for the cow-men's nightly jests, but at the sound of the first *yap! yap!* he would rise from the camp-fire and slink away into the outer darkness, to hide his face from the sight of man. Joe's cup of woe was full—and yet, not quite, for another trouble was to come upon him. His master went away.

Chip Moseby had gone in the night—on a hurry-call—while the dog was stalking a certain coyote many miles from camp. Of course there might have been a trail, but a heavy rain was falling, which is bad for trails; and when a man in the West simply goes away—well—none but fools, or sheriffs, follow after.

And now was Joe alone indeed. For a time even the coyote was forgotten in a grief for the one square man who had offered pats, low-spoken words, and a sympathetic eye. Shame and bitterness, for a dog, are hard to bear; but grief for a loved one whisked into the Great Unknown is a pang undreamed by man. It rends him, while his dog heart slowly breaks, and he, too, slips away, to hunt—who knows?—till he licks a master's spirit-hand.

The Mexican dog Tonque was lapsing into arrogance of late. Joe thrashed him soundly, but got no pleasure out of it, thus proving to himself that his case was bad. Then he wandered away on the prairie alone, and made a find. It wasn't much in itself—a calfskin tobacco-pouch—but it belonged to Chip Moseby. Joe nosed it once, and hope came trickling back to him. And now the collie stock cropped out again, assisted by that other and much maligned canine strain—the cur. Joe noted the distant camp, drew an imaginary line between it and his find, and knew that the master's bronco had traveled north.

This was enough. The ugly ears lay back, the long limbs stretched themselves in a swinging stride. Straight as a shaft toward the pole-star sped a faithful dog, while his heart beat high with a bounding, hungering joy. Somewhere in the north his master waited, and behind him lay the camp, the jeering cow-men, and a gang of mad coyotes yapping at the stars.

Then, suddenly, Joe stopped—so suddenly that he slid. For a long, long time he sat motionless upon his haunches; but at last he arose, looked northward with one wistful glance, and then trotted back to camp.

Now this, in a human, might be called heroic courage, or even majestic pride. In a cur, it has no name; but a brazen hell-warbler was still at large—and the cur remembered it.

VI

THE next time Joe gave Tonque a thrashing, he did enjoy it—to the very marrow; also, he ate a square meal, and began to study the habits of coyotes from a scientific standpoint.

"Say, Joe," said Frisco Jim, with his

greasy smile, "why don't you put some salt on yo' cousin's tail?"

Joe passed the jest and insult without apparent notice, for now he had other fish to fry. To be explicit, he went out and lay down among the long-horns, hoping the fumes of their smoking bodies might disguise his scent. If Mr. Coyote chanced to wander carelessly among the cattle, as he did at times, then—perhaps! But Mr. Coyote laughed, as one derides a tenderfoot, and bored a hole in the wind with his shambling lope.

This was disappointing, at least from the dog's side of it, but the next encounter proved to be of greater interest to all concerned, and these were many. Joe made a wide détour, assaulted the enemy in his rear, and got him pocketed in a bunch of sleeping cattle. This was well. The coyote's only road to hope lay directly across the backs of several hundred steers; a perilous path, at best, for the beasts rose up in unexpected places, thus causing the racetrack to become lumpy and uncertain. The long-horns are peaceful creatures as a rule; but think, my friend! If you yourself were awakened suddenly from dreams of cuds and luscious grass by a charging coyote and a whimpering, foaming dog, perhaps you would think from a bovine point of view. At any rate, the cattle made progress difficult and uncertain, and once the race was all but run. A big steer tossed the coyote fifteen or twenty feet, but another one tossed Joe at the same instant, so honors were even, so to speak.

And now, indeed, was pandemonium loosed upon the night. The terror-stricken cattle, fleeing from they knew not what, surged backward, bellowing; in frenzy rushing round and round in a swiftly converging circle, tightening into a sort of whirlpool knot, known technically upon the plains as a "cattle mill." In daylight a "mill" is dreaded. At night—well, ask the cow-men.

"Wake up, boys!" screamed Denver Ed, seeking his tethered bronco on the run. "Joe's millin' the meat fer to ketch his ki-yote!"

Now, whether or not it was really Joe's design, is a matter beyond the ken of man; but this we know, ere sweet tranquillity was restored again, the cow-

punchers had expended their uttermost supply of plainsmen's three P's, which is to say—powder, perspiration, and profanity. Yet peace and order did arrive at last, and when it came, a little black dot was yapping on the far horizon, while Joe sneaked, panting, into camp, defeated again, but hopeful. The gods had almost smiled upon him, yet with the cow-men he wasn't quite so popular.

the east till the broncos backed their tails against it; while the men blasphemed and built a bigger fire. At twilight Joe stole out beside a clump of sage-brush, scratching till he made a hole. In this he squatted, his black nose pointing dead toward the blast, the seven senses of his every breed alert for trouble.

Again came night, but without the lazy moon. Again came silence, save for



Twice more the cur-dog failed—failed by a narrow margin, though—and the days slipped one by one away. Each day was a brooding time for the memories of wrongs and ridicule, a yearning time for the loved one waiting in the north. Each night the coyote took the sage-brush at a flying leap, and stabbed the stillness with his hideous, ghoulish cry.

One day Joe lay thinking—hard. Suddenly he cocked his ears, took a short stroll on the prairie and came back satisfied; then he waited many days for chance and a cold, propitious wind. It came—an icy whistler—tearing from out

the moaning of the wind; the wind and one other wail—a faint *yap! yap!* that dribbled from out the east. A horrid note, a very caricature of sound, yet music now to the ears of the waiting dog! Nearer it came, and nearer still; no longer an echo down the wind, but a full, deep-throated challenge, mingled with the pattering of velvet feet. It came, a rush—a swish—the shadow of a post-beast sailing over the sage-brush in a beautiful, unsuspecting leap.

'Twas a perfect leap, high, graceful, grand; but it had its disadvantages. In mid air the coyote saw his fate beneath

him, and tried to turn. He did turn, partially, and lit upon his back. In an instant Joe was all over him.

Of the bliss and sublime brutality of that battle in the dark, none save Joe alone will ever know. But, oh, the glory of it! The feel of a scuffling enemy beneath his paws, when teeth met flesh and bone, to lock with a rasping click! The savage joy of a foeman fighting back at last, frothing, tearing, in a coward's fury of despair! The peace which passeth understanding when the quivering brute lay dead!

Joe closed his eyes and rested. His throat-grip was still upon his prey, a grip which relaxed not once till the coyote's body was dragged across the plain, till it lay beside the camp-fire, bloody, limp, and still.

"He's got 'im!" roared a wondering sentinel, and the camp woke up and cheered.

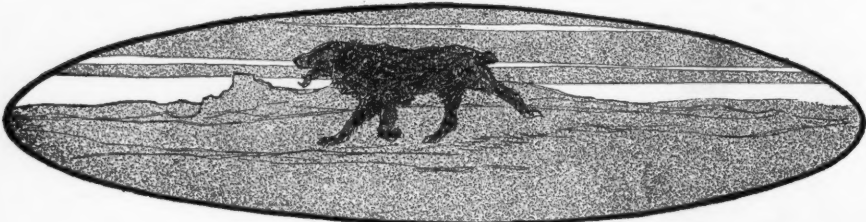
They formed a ring about the victor and applauded him; but he backed away

and snarled. He hadn't asked applause. He wanted justice—justice for a dog.

The cow-men looked and marveled. A dozen hands reached out to pat the ugly head, for human beasts can honor courage, even in a lesser beast; but the cur remembered many things. The black nose wrinkled wickedly; the coarse hair bristled down his spine; he barked—one curse of anger and contempt—then turned and left the camp.

In vain they whistled after him; in vain they shouted and called his name. Their voices were lost in the rush of icy wind, and the dog was gone.

Not once did Joe look back. He settled down into a tireless, swinging trot—measured, monotonous—but having for its goal a loved one waiting somewhere in the trackless north. His soul was satisfied; his dog heart beat with the peaceful pride of one who has wiped a stain away. There was blood upon his coat—the blood of an enemy—and Joe could look his master in the face.



THE SAILOR'S GRAVE

BURY me not in the sea,
Beneath the storm-lashed waves,
But find a resting-place for me
Among the churchyard graves.

Let me not rest, I pray,
Where shipwrecked seamen drown,
But in God's acre, where they lay
The dead of an inland town.

Where the robin o'er my head
Its winter song may sing,
And in the grassy mounds there spread
The daffodils of spring.

There calmly may I sleep!
Not all the winds that blow
Can shake my bed, and I shall keep
A quiet watch below.

W. J. Townsend Collins

MUST A GREAT ACTOR BE A GENIUS?

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

PROFESSOR OF DRAMATIC LITERATURE IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

THE two things that sharply distinguish the actor from all other artists, except the orator, are the twin facts that he must do his work in public and that he must do it with his own person. The poet may retire to an ivory tower far away, and the painter may prefer a remote solitude; they separate what they do from themselves, and send it away. They are not present when the public reads the poem or sees the picture. They do not come into direct contact with the public, and they may ignore it, if they see fit. But the actor works in the presence of the public, and the material of his art is himself.

And this again accounts for the acuter sensitiveness of the actor to criticism. It is easy enough to discuss what the poet has done, or the painter, without personal comment. But how is it possible to separate the art of the actor from his personality? How can the artist and the man be disentangled? How may an adverse comment on the performance of a part avoid the appearance of an adverse comment on the personal characteristics of the human being who has put himself inside the character?

It was a wise appreciation of this fact which led Edwin Booth to recommend the permanent debarring of the professed dramatic critic from membership in The Players, the club which he founded for his own profession and for the practitioners of the allied arts of literature, painting, sculpture, architecture, and music. Even the journalist, as such, is not excluded, so long as he will refrain from all discussion of the acted drama. The literary critic is admitted, since any author must be strangely thin-skinned who cannot sit at meat with the writer

of an adverse criticism; and the critic of painting is made welcome, since the painter and his work are easily separable. But the dramatic critic must remain outside the door of The Players, since he cannot, whatever his good-will, deal with the actor without lapsing into personal comment on the man.

This rule of The Players is an unwritten law only, but it is always obeyed; and more than one member attracted to dramatic criticism has had reluctantly to renounce the privilege of being a Player. This wise rule has only one disadvantage—by keeping the actor and the critic apart it lessens the opportunity of the latter to learn more about the art of the former.

THE ACTOR'S SPECIAL GIFT

To win a fair proportion of popular approval, an actor needs only an attractive personality and a modicum of the mimetic faculty—of the special aptitude for the stage, which is as distinct a gift as the aptitude for story-telling, for making verses, or for acquiring money. The successful actor may happen also to be a man of wide intelligence, as Garrick was, and as M. Coquelin is; but he is no more likely to have acute intellect than a successful novelist or a successful business man. The men who make money and the men who write popular novels may or may not be possessed of remarkable mental ability; they have succeeded rather by virtue of their special aptitude for story-telling or for money-making. The special aptitude of the actor may be accompanied by ability in other directions; but the possession of the special aptitude is not evidence that he has also the wider intelligence.

Just as Paul Morphy was the foremost of chess-players, but in other respects only a man of ordinary capacity, so an actor of high rank may be no more brilliant than the average man. Mrs. Siddons was the greatest of *Lady Macbeths*, with an incomparable skill in sounding the unseen depths of that tragic figure; but the essay she wrote on the subject is almost valueless. Salvini is the greatest of *Othellos*, with a lofty largeness of imaginative interpretation; but his critical papers on the part do not display any special insight. Mrs. Siddons and Salvini were dowered with a special aptitude for acting, and they had cultivated this gift loyally and diligently; but outside of their acting they were only ordinary mortals.

Probably this is what Lewes had in mind when he asserted that "people generally overrate a fine actor's genius, and underrate his trained skill. They are apt to credit him with a power of intellectual conception and poetic creation to which he has really a very slight claim, and fail to recognize all the difficulties which his artistic training has enabled him to master."

What the actor must have if he is to rise high in his art, is not general intelligence, but the special intelligence of his own art, the intuitive understanding of its possibilities and of its limitations, the clear insight into its principles and the power swiftly to apply them. That he should always be conscious of the full effect of what he does, that he should always know just why he does it—this is not at all necessary, for often the best work of the artist is instinctive. He does what he does because that is indeed the only way for him to do it. There is no need that he should be conscious of his processes, or that he should be able to trace the steps that led him to the satisfactory result. Poe is not a greater poet because he was ready to declare the succession of motives which led to the composition of "The Raven."

Like all other artists, the actor is greatest in his achievement when he has builded better than he knew. His native aptitude and his artistic training enable him to produce an impression which often seems to be the result of pure intellectual power.

In one of Jean Richepin's stories of stage-life, there is a veracious portrait of a broken-down actor so enamored of his art that he must ever be teaching it; wherefore he has gathered about him a group of ambitious urchins whom he instructs in acting, and to whom he imparts the principles of the art. He has the actor's frequent contempt for the mere author of the play, and he impresses on his young pupils that they are always to go behind the words of their parts to the emotions evoked by the situation itself, since it is the duty of the actor to express these emotions richly and completely, no matter how poorly and meagerly the author may have voiced them. Even if the words happen to be halting or wanting, the actor must take care to convey the emotion fully to the audience. And then, to emphasize the unimportance of the mere word, the old instructor picked out a common phrase—indeed, one of the vulgarest of all—and bade his little pupils repeat that single phrase with the feeling proper to each of a series of situations—making love to a lady, defying a rival, blessing a child, and saying farewell to a dying mother. He made them employ always this same vulgar phrase, surcharging it with the full emotion belonging to each of these several actions.

Although there is more than a hint of caricature in M. Richepin's sketch, the method of his old comedian is praiseworthy. It is by such emotional gymnastics as this that the performer acquires flexibility. The actor needs to have under control not only his gestures and his tones, but all other means of simulating sensibility; and these should be ready for use at all times, wholly independent of the words of the text.

THE ACTOR'S POWER OF EXPRESSION

He must be able so to breathe "Mesopotamia" that it seems to be a blessed word indeed. He must be ready to rival the feat credited to Mme. Modjeska at a reception in New York, when she was asked to recite in Polish. For a while she demurred, but she yielded to the urging of her friends. Standing at one end of the room, she began to repeat a strangely rhythmic composition, unintelligible of course to her hearers, al-

though they could catch the occurrence of the same sounds at intervals. At first, it seemed simple enough, apparently with some give and take of question and answer; and then it became pathetic, and as she spoke the saddening words, the voice of the accomplished actress broke. There was almost a sob in her tones, and there were tears ready to fall from her eyes. But the one person in the company who understood Polish had to leave the room to restrain his laughter, because what she was delivering thus emotionally was the multiplication table.

The Italian tragedian, Ernesto Rossi, used to assert that "a great actor is independent of the poet, because the supreme essence of feeling does not reside in prose or in verse, but in the accent with which it is delivered."

This is not a specimen of professional vainglory, although it may have that appearance. It is only the overstatement of a fact. It is supported by the anecdote of Mme. Modjeska; and Rossi himself used to adduce as evidence in its behalf an even more striking story. He was having supper one evening at Padua with half a dozen fellow actors; and they fell into discussion of their own art and of its possibilities. One of them picked up the bill of fare and declared his intention of reading this barren list so pathetically as to bring tears to their eyes. The other actors refused to believe that this was possible. They were not credulous spectators; they were hardened to every trick of the trade; and they smiled at his proposal.

The reader spoke the first words simply, rising soon to a large dignity of utterance that veiled the commonplace syllables. Then his rich, full voice began to tremble, as though with fear, and to quiver at length, as though the soul of the speaker was pierced with poignant agony. Despite the repugnant words, which ceased to be perceived clearly, the sweeping emotions with which his tones were charged proved to be irresistibly contagious; and long before he had read to the end of the bill of fare, his comrades found that tears were rolling down their cheeks.

The feat of the Italian actor seems even stranger than that of the Polish actress. She had the advantage of an

unknown tongue; and she had to move only sympathetic and responsive hearers. He was able to conquer expert witnesses who understood the meaning of every syllable of the incongruous text he was reading. Moreover, the friends of Mme. Modjeska were taken unawares, whereas Rossi and the other actors had hardened their hearts to resist, and were taken captive in spite of their resistance.

The French author of the pleasant book about the contemporary Italian stage, from which this little story has been borrowed, fails to record the name of the actor who was the hero of Rossi's anecdote. Very likely he was not a performer of high rank. Even though he had at his command the perfect control of a beautiful voice, he may have been devoid of other necessary implements of his art. Above all, he may have lacked that "intelligence of his profession" which alone would enable him to employ these implements to best advantage.

ACTORS AND THEIR TEACHERS

The mere possession of all the tools of his trade does not of itself make the craftsman. The means of expression, however ample and however varied, are useless unless there is something to express—and something which it is worth while to express. Many an actor strong in execution is weak in conception. He does not know what it is best for him to do, though he knows how to do it when the best is shown to him. He needs guidance and he cannot steer himself, although he is certain to make a swift trip if only his course is directed by a wiser head.

Here is the duty and the opportunity of the dramatist himself, or of the producer of the play, who need not be much of an actor, but who must know how the play ought to be acted in every part, and who can suggest to the several performers the various effects they are to accomplish. It may sound like a paradox to assert that the author, who often cannot act at all, can yet teach the actors, who are his masters in this art; but this is exactly what he may have to do.

Sometimes, it is true, the playwright may be also an accomplished actor; and the result of this combination is generally very advantageous. A play of Mr.

Gillette's, or of the late Mr. Herne's, in which the author acted, appeared always to be performed by comedians of unusual intelligence. Sometimes the manager of the theater, or the stage-manager who brings out plays, has this power of suggesting and controlling and guiding.

Performers of the highest distinction have sometimes been indebted to a teacher who lighted the path that else they would have trodden in darkness. This dependence of the performer on the trainer has been excellently seized by Thackeray in "Pendennis," wherein we are shown how *Little Bowes*, the fiddler, had taught the lovely *Miss Fotheringay*; how he was the organist, and how she was the instrument whose music was evoked by him, hidden and unsuspected.

Finer actresses by far than the adored *Miss Fotheringay* have owed much to a trainer in the background. Even the great Mrs. Siddons was often indebted for her novel effects to the inventive brain of her brother, John Philip Kemble. His, for example, was her startling point in "Henry VIII," when *Queen Katherine* throws full in *Wolsey's* face her "To you I speak!"

The great Rachel, again, was the pupil of Samson, a little comic actor, who yet was able to teach her how to attain to the loftiest heights of tragedy. She used to say that she was "lame on one side" until Samson had shown her what to do with a part. Legouv   has recorded how she turned to Samson during one of the rehearsals of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," and, in the presence of her assembled comrades, expressed her gratitude to the man who had shown her how to get the best out of herself.

Every one at all familiar with the inner history of the stage in Great Britain and the United States during the last quarter of the nineteenth century is aware that two of the actresses who held a foremost position in the theater of both countries were each of them immensely indebted to the constant counsel of two of their professional associates. They had each of them not exactly a *Little Bowes* in the background, but a Samson, who guided them and who trained them to get the utmost out of their histrionic gift. To the unthinking spectators in the theaters of London and New York

the performances of these charming actresses appeared to be singularly spontaneous and freely individual; but this free spontaneity was largely the result of their being able to take a hint, to assimilate the suggestion they received, and to profit by it, each in her own fashion and in accord with her own temperament. Each of them was an emotional instrument, played on by a far keener artistic intelligence than her own.

When the keen artistic intelligence and the rich emotional instrument happen to be in the possession of the same person, then the world is likely to have another great actor. The intelligence alone will not suffice, or else Shakespeare would have been the foremost actor of his day, and not Burbage. The emotion alone will not do it, unless it can express itself adequately by voice and look and gesture—"the actor's symbols," as Lewes calls them, through which he makes intelligible the emotions of the character he is personating. "No amount of sensibility will avail unless it can express itself adequately by these symbols," Lewes adds: "It is not enough for an actor to *feel*, he must *represent*. He must express his feelings in symbols universally intelligible and affecting."

If we may rely on the testimony of Lewes himself, actors as prominent as Macready and Charles Kean—men of intelligence and of character, both of them—did not really attain to the highest altitudes of their art because of their defective control of these symbols, the result of purely physical disadvantages.

As we study the long annals of the theater, striving to ascertain what player most certainly combined in himself all the attributes of a truly great actor, we are likely to be led to the conclusion that no one has a better claim to the supreme chieftainship of the histrionic art than David Garrick, equally powerful in comedy and in tragedy, and as warmly welcomed in France as he was highly esteemed in England. In our own day we have been fortunate in the privilege of studying two masters of the stage, Jefferson and Coquelin, probably as accomplished and as richly endowed as any of their predecessors in the theater, gifted by nature and trained by art.

DON PANCHO OF SANTA LUCIA

BY WILL IRWIN

WITH A DRAWING BY MARTIN JUSTICE

THIS is the story of Don Pancho of Santa Lucia, as told to me by old Doña Teresa de la Pina:

Madre de Dios, he was a good man, this Don Pancho! Though he did a terrible thing—the most terrible that I ever knew—he was a good man.

Except for the mission, all these lands belonged once to Don Juan Ventura. The King of Spain had given them to the first Ventura of California when the *padres* came north to found Santa Lucia Mission. All the land, farther than you can see—the town there, and the fruit farms, and the sheep ranges on the hills. There is no Ventura estate now; that is the story of all these Californian ranchos.

In our good days, an English ship anchored in San Pedro Harbor. Don Pancho was an apprentice-boy aboard—an Irishman and an orphan, whose name in your tongue was Frank Phelan. He liked our hills, all gold with the poppies, and the taste of our March air; and so it happened that he dropped from the ship one night and swam ashore. None starved in those days, and none paid while a Spaniard had bread and meat; and Don Pancho lived well while he wandered from rancho to rancho and came at last to Santa Lucia. There, Don Juan Ventura found him working in his sheep camp.

It was shearing-time, and they were all very busy. Though Don Pancho knew only so much Spanish as one can put between the covers of a book, and though many of the shearers were old, he was ruling them all. He was what you call bossing the job. Don Juan Ventura was a lazy man, but kindly and shrewd. He watched this boy; watched him all day. At night, the old don questioned him. Don Juan found that though the boy

spoke English, he was a son of the church; and that same night Don Pancho went up to the *hacienda* and into the service of the house.

When the king comes, the judges go. I do not know when Don Pancho began to rule; it seemed as if he was king of us all from the moment when he sat down above the salt at dinner in the great *hacienda*. And when he was thus taken out of service to be really a member of the family, the *vaqueros* began to call him Don Pancho, though he was not a don by birth, but only the son of a tradesman. And as Don Pancho, we worship his memory in Santa Lucia to this day.

Before he came of age, Don Pancho was majordomo of the estate, so that Don Juan Ventura had nothing to do but to spend the money as it came in. His five sons helped him in this, for they were lazy and extravagant men, already learning the vices of the Americans. It was always war between them and Don Pancho, they trying to get everything out of the estate that they could, and he trying to save.

But Don Pancho was so much more than majordomo! We needed no law courts in Santa Lucia during the days when he was king. Don Pancho was the law. If two neighbors disputed over a cow, they came to Don Pancho, and he settled it with a smile and a joke, so that they were both pleased whichever way it went. If José quarreled with his wife, they visited Don Pancho. He showed them how to bear one with the other, and sent them to confession. I have never heard of a judge in a law court who could do as much.

We Spaniards love to dress a pretty story with flowers and inventions; so they tell at Santa Lucia that it was poppy-

time out there in the cañon when he first met Doña Dolores del Pilar Castro y Ulistac. But it is true; later, I shall tell you why. He saw her coming down the mountain trail with an armful of poppies upon her shoulder, and her eyes shining because it was February and good for a woman to be alive. She was just from the convent at San Juan Bautista; she was slender and little and beautiful. He looked at her pale, brown skin above the gold cross that she always wore—she was half dedicated to the church in those days—at the droop of her neck, and at her lips just blossoming; and the sight never left him until he died.

God gave him only that one untroubled moment in all his love of her; for as she hesitated, fluttering under the look of a strange man, Colonel Bates, of Las Llagas, rode up the trail. He was a cattleman, an American—and a heretic. Great and strong he was, golden and red; ruthless for his desires, as you all are, but perhaps as good in his heart as a man can be who laughs at the true church. The eyes of Doña Dolores turned to him.

You have seen the hills before the first September rains, and you have seen them next morning. The earth is the same, but it is a new earth. That is the way she changed, there in the sight of Don Pancho. Slim, virgin, half a nun—then soft, yielding, a woman. Bates of Las Llagas bowed, and turned his head to look at her as he passed. She hurried away down the path, leaving Don Pancho clinging to a branch for weakness. So it had taken him.

You must see that both Don Pancho and Bates of Las Llagas came to court Doña Dolores, so I shall waste no air on that. Their double wooing was the gossip of Santa Lucia.

How Don Pancho must have courted with his tongue and his merry eye and his way of ruling! But there is no reason in love; and whenever, at the shearing dances and the bull's-head breakfasts, she saw Colonel Bates, then there came into her eyes the look which was not for Don Pancho. She was too good for coquetry, or so we thought; and all the world could see which way the saddle leaned.

He a heretic, she a Christian—we gossiped of it much. This was long before the Americans began to find our Spanish

women good; long before dispensation was made easy. Some pitied her, some blamed her—mostly the women blamed. I—it was hard for me to blame. I only pitied Don Pancho.

It went on for a year, and it was poppy-time again. One night, Don Pancho was alone in the little house where he kept his offices. That was the time of day when people who had business of especial delicacy, as with the affections, used to come to see him; so even his heart did not tell him who was tapping at his door. He opened to Doña Dolores. She had with her an Indian woman, old and deaf, for duenna. But even then it was an unmaidenly thing for a woman like her; and one of the things which I do not know is how she escaped from her mother that night.

Don Pancho stepped back against his table, tongue-tied for once. Dolores came into the light, dropped her mantilla. Then he saw that she had been weeping.

"Don Pancho," she said, "you have told me that you love me. I believe it."

"With the very heart of me," he said. "But you do not love me."

She shook her head and said:

"I cannot help it, Don Pancho."

"Bates of Las Llagas," he said—only that, but she began crying softly again.

"I cannot ask the priest nor my mother to advise me in this, Don Pancho. The saints intercede for me—I dare not ask them."

"It is because he is a heretic?"

She trembled as she said:

"So many times I have thought of it all night long. I sit by my window, and it seems right. I ask God, and it seems wrong. Back and forth it goes, and I can judge no more. Because you are father of us all, and because you say that you love me—because you have a heart so high that you will tell me true in spite of that—I have come to you."

But women are brutal in love! Can you understand why I have always found it hard to forgive Doña Dolores for that night? She wanted advice—yes, she wanted the kind of advice that she wanted! For that reason had she come to the one whose soul was so great that he would advise against himself. And he did as she hoped.



HE SAW HER COMING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL WITH AN ARMFUL OF POPPIES
UPON HER SHOULDER

"Doña Dolores, *chispa mia*," he said, "if Colonel Bates of Las Llagas should die to-night, he would die out of the church. What would happen to Colonel Bates, Padre Felipe will tell you."

She shivered again, and he knew that she understood—also that he was winning against himself.

"But see! I get a dispensation from the bishop—he will not refuse me—and you marry Bates, and your heart that is as the heart of a saint will draw him and teach him and save him. Do it, Doña Dolores, *mavournen*." So he always spoke in his Irish tongue when he was tender. "Padre Felipe! Surely he will see it. Surely he will after I have spoken to him."

"Will you, Don Pancho?"

"So will I do, *mavournen*. Smile now, and make up your mind to take him, for he is a good man."

She gave him her hand; he kissed it; and at the door she turned back.

"Oh, Don Pancho, if I were a saint—"

"But you're a woman," said Don Pancho, "and he's helped you to find it as I couldn't. Be happy with him, *mavournen*."

She went down the moonlight with the Indian, and he looked after her with his heart breaking.

He did as he said, the wonderful! He persuaded the bishop, he persuaded Padre Felipe. Only on the day when Colonel Bates of Las Llagas married Doña Dolores outside of the church, Don Pancho found business in Los Angeles.

II

SOME have wondered why he ever came back to Santa Lucia after that; but I think I know. He saw that the end of the mission days had surely come; he saw how we and our gentle Indians would fall before your ruthlessness. He set himself to see what he could do for his people. For they had found in California the gold that was our curse.

We did not feel it at first in Santa Lucia, because Don Pancho held everything together, and stopped the ears of Don Juan Ventura against those who offered to buy a little land here and a little there. Then Don Juan died. He was thrown from a wild bronco, and never opened his eyes again. The five worthless sons hurried

from their dissolute companions in Los Angeles, more to be there when the estate was divided than to help bury their father. Don Pancho, they found, had taken charge of everything. Not a strong-box would be opened until after the funeral. Then he gathered the household and read the will.

Though the worst that we all feared had come to pass, they say that he read in a steady voice and smiled through it all. Always the old don had intended to leave Don Pancho lord over Santa Lucia in the way the law has of doing such things; but, like the indolent man he was, Don Juan had neglected to provide for death. This was an old will, made before Don Pancho came upon the land. It left the whole estate to the five sons.

Don Pancho knew what it meant. The sons knew it also, and they laughed among themselves. Don Pancho must leave the land for which he had fought all his days. He must forsake his people, to whom he was law and king.

"Two days to settle my books, and I'm off," he said to the sons. "I want air. I'll need it."

Shame on them, the sons only scowled. The news ran to every corner of the rancho. *Vaquero*, herder, tenant, Indian, *caballero*, and we women—every one had the same thought. It was to go up and say Godspeed to Don Pancho. On that second day, the roads were full of sad people as on Good Friday.

We found him standing on the great piazza with his bags and bundles beside him. The sons were in the big dining-hall. Their American companions, men and women, were already with them; the eldest son had begun to uncork the old Madeira that the first Ventura brought from Spain. The coyotes were gathering about the sick steer. Don Pancho stood all alone. For fear of the new masters, not a house servant dared approach him.

Spanish people go far when they love. I, who never kissed another man except one of my own—I kissed him there as I would kiss the feet of God. The *vaqueros* embraced him, the women wept. But he stood and smiled and jested with us, although the tears were in his eyes.

When Doña Dolores came through the crowd, the *vaqueros* stood aside. All knew what had been between those two.

"Don Pancho, you're not going to leave your people?" she said.

"I am going, *mavourneen*," he said.

"And we need you so—more than ever we needed you," she said. She glanced within the house, where one of the American women was singing a harsh song. "What will become of our Indians?" she asked.

"It is out of my hands, *mavourneen*," he said. "Look to God."

Then others joined in; and presently we had crowded about him again, begging and beseeching. We did not stop to reason that he was powerless to help us any more; we only knew that our prop had been knocked away. Afterward, we remembered that Doña Dolores, as she talked, was always looking down the road—that she turned suddenly, as if satisfied with something she saw, and said:

"Don Pancho, if we found a place and a reason for you here, would you stay?"

He looked inside at the sons making themselves drunk on the Madeira, and he looked back at us.

"I'd stay if you could find the place—but what can you do, my children?"

Then Doña Dolores began clapping her hands, and through the crowd came Bates of Las Llagas, waving a paper.

"Frank," he said, calling Don Pancho in the English, "you'll stay! I've been down to Los Angeles and got you made justice of the peace!"

"And what would I be doing with law?" said Don Pancho.

"Law!" said Bates of Las Llagas. "There is more law in your little finger than in all the books of the world!"

We fell upon Don Pancho, and he yielded. That night, we made a *fiesta* as though he had inherited the estate.

He built an office just outside of the Ventura estate, and ruled us all through the hard times when the Americans divided our lands among them. Of his decisions and of his law I cannot tell you much, because I do not know about those things; but neither, for that matter, did the tenants of the Ventura rancho. I have heard that when people came to him for a judgment, he said this formula:

"Do you want the book law or my law?"

Always, if they were Spanish or Indian, they would say:

"Surely your law, Don Pancho!"

And it came to be that if any Spaniard refused his law, and asked for the book law, we others doubted that man, believing that he wanted not justice, but advantage.

No one ever questioned Don Pancho's judgments. He said it, and the thing stood. He did many things of which no American judge would have thought. If they came to him with black hearts, he sent them to the priests. If they had been foolish, he taught them to be wise. There was the affair of Miguel and the widow of José—but I will tell you of that another time.

So he lived for ten years. Sometimes he saw Doña Dolores, although he never sought her out more than courtesy demanded. She was three times a mother now; and, because Colonel Bates insisted, he had stood godfather for her children. When it happened that he was alone with her, he asked her always the same question—it was the confidence between them, and therefore it was sweet to him:

"Not yet?"

And once she answered, "No, but I hope," and once, "It will come; I have faith"; but finally she said always, "No; pray for him!"

III

AFTER these ten years, there came the thing which a man of little soul would have welcomed. Colonel Bates of Las Llagas fell very sick; by and by, he was dying of a creeping paralysis which gripped him all over, and for which the doctors could do nothing.

When the news came that Bates of Las Llagas was really dying, Don Pancho went heavily up to the house. I know that the thing which he did was not yet in his mind. He only saw that he must be within call in the time of her greatest trouble. To feel the world die for you—that is one thing. To feel the world die and know that it dies into eternal torment—that is another.

Dolores and the rest of the women were before the shrine in the *patio*. He watched her for a long time before she looked up through her tears, saw him, and ran to him; and so full was she of her grief that she threw herself into his arms.

There he held her, who had loved her for fifteen years.

"Don Pancho! Don Pancho!" she cried, "I shall never see him again. He refuses the church!"

He patted her, gentled her; and then, I think, the caresses must have gone out of his arms and his hands, for the terrible thing had come into his mind.

"*Mavourneen*," he said, "let me talk to him. Keep heart in you. Who knows? Can he speak?"

"Past that," she said, and burst into weeping again.

"Can he understand what I say?"

"Yes."

He hardened his heart for what he had to do, and turned to us all. When he spoke, we always obeyed.

"Take me into the room, and have a fast horse hitched up."

Then Don Pancho entered the sick-room and sent out the nurses. No one knows what happened in there; but he found Colonel Bates speechless and motionless; only his eyes were intelligent, and he retained a little control of his hands, which were dying last of all.

When Don Pancho came out, the horse was hitched to a buckboard, and he drove as fast as he could to the mission and Padre Felipe.

"*Padre*," he said, "Colonel Bates is dying. I believe that he wants at last to make his peace with the church."

The *padre* hesitated. The heart of Bates was known to be hard; this was a sudden change.

"He cannot speak," said Don Pancho, "but he has conveyed to me that he wishes it. Hurry, or it will be too late."

"But, my son, I cannot do it unless he signifies his desire to me," said the *padre*. "And if he cannot speak, how can he tell me that he believes?"

"He can signify by the pressure of the hand," said Don Pancho. "Won't that be enough?"

"That will be enough," said the *padre*. "And now come, for, as you say, the time is short."

They did not talk any more, for the *padre* carried the Blessed Sacrament. They entered the sick room and sent away the nurses. *Sangre de Cristo*, I sin even in telling the rest! But Don Pancho whispered to the *padre*, saying:

"Take his hand, father. If he presses when I speak to him, it means 'Yes.'"

He had said this in a far corner, so that Bates might not hear. Now he went up close, and, while the priest held the dying man's hand, he said in a harsh tone:

"Bates, do you wish to enter the Catholic Church?"

God forgive him, the man did not, so had he been prejudiced in his youth. With the horror of his perverted heart, he stiffened out and gripped the priest's hand. Padre Felipe began the baptism; the sacrilege was completed.

When they came out, Don Pancho did not look at us women, kneeling there; not even at Doña Dolores. But Padre Felipe said:

"It is a miracle, my daughters. He dies in the faith!"

IV

I HAVE told you already of two deaths; and now I come to tell you of more. You must not be sad, though, remembering that my story is about very old times; and that all who move in the old stories, no matter how joyful, are dead. It is true that I, who tell this one, live still; but I was only a young girl among them, and now I am near my own end.

Three years later, Don Pancho died. He had never pressed the widow's suit on Doña Dolores. She was the kind that loves only once; he knew that; and then his sin was between them. Also, he fell away from the church, but no one knew why.

But when he was really dying, he sent for Padre Felipe to give him the good journey. When the *padre* came out from hearing that last confession, his face looked black at first; and then the blackness cleared away, and he looked as one who has taken the sacrament. So it is in my soul when I think of the thing that Don Pancho did—angry at first, and then full of holy light.

Last, you will ask me how I came to know all this. I will tell you. I nursed Don Pancho when he died. There are two confessions of a dying man. There is one of his soul to a priest and one—I am so old that I speak of myself as if already dead—one of his heart to the woman who loves him.

THE LION AND THE LAMB

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

AUTHOR OF "A PRIVATE CHIVALRY," "THE GRAFTERS," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

VANCE TREGARVON has staked his fortunes on his success in developing a Southern coal-mine, the Ocoee. He has several difficulties to face. One is the fact that the coal, where it crops out, is in two veins, separated by six feet of sandstone, and too thin for profitable working with so much rock to excavate. Another is the hostility of the McNabbs, a native family who claim title to part of the Ocoee land; and yet another is the danger of attempting to compete with the powerful C. and C. Company—the "trust."

By drilling a series of test-holes, Tregarvon hopes to find that farther back in the mountain his two veins of coal come together, making it possible to mine them at a good profit; and on this plan he commences operations. With him is his college friend, Poitiers Carfax, a rich young New Yorker, who has made the journey to the Cumberland Mountains in Tregarvon's motor-car, with a mechanic (Rucker) and an English valet (Merkley). Carfax and Tregarvon have taken up their quarters in a dilapidated office-building belonging to the mine, where an old negro, Uncle William, acts as their cook and butler.

The only society which the surrounding region affords is that of the faculty of Highmount, a small college at a few miles' distance, where they are welcomed by President Caswell and the half-dozen instructors. Vance is engaged to a cousin in Philadelphia, Miss Elizabeth Wardwell, to whom a Western uncle has willed a fortune on condition that she marries Tregarvon. This unwelcome financial consideration has proved somewhat of a bar between the cousins; and now the young fellow finds an undeniable attraction in the company of Richardia Birrell, the Highmount music-teacher.

The exploration of the Ocoee coal-veins is hampered by a series of accidents to the drilling-machinery; and Carfax, coming down from Highmount in the motor-car, narrowly escapes being wrecked by a tree that seems to have been purposely thrown across the road. Tregarvon does not know whether to blame the trust or the McNabbs for these suspicious incidents; and Carfax suggests a third possible cause in the apparent enmity of Professor Hartridge, science-teacher at Highmount. While the fourth test-hole is being driven on Mount Pisgah, Rucker, the mechanic, installs himself as night watchman to guard the machinery. From his shelter he hears a wagon driving up, and sees two figures apparently inspecting the operations that Tregarvon's men have in hand. Later two more figures appear, carrying some mysterious apparatus, and making signals which Rucker does not understand.

IX

THERE was a council of war, held without preliminaries, and with the small tool-house for a council-chamber, to follow the report which Rucker made to his two employers as soon as the machinery had been started on the morning after the night of mysterious alarms.

"Talk about fourteen-fifteen puzzles and the fourth dimension—this puts the kibosh on them all!" remarked Carfax, when Rucker had gone out to superintend

the drilling. "Or do you wipe the slate clean by crediting Billy Rucker with a bad supper or a drink or so too many?"

Tregarvon shook his head.

"It's too circumstantial to be a nightmare. Besides, there are the two sets of wheel-tracks in the road, and the marks of the tripod under the oak; likewise, the burnt torch and Rucker's stake to mark the place of it. It can't possibly be a mere pipe-dream."

"Then what is it? Or, rather, what are they?—since there seem to have been two distinct sets of phenomena."

Again the master of the Ocoee shook his head.

"I think we may safely assume that Rucker saw two acts in the same play; but what the play was is beyond me—beyond my wildest guess."

Carfax was sitting on the cot-bed with his hands locked over one knee.

"It's up to us to chase the shy guess into a corner, don't you think? It will hardly be one's bosom friends who come around at night to shake their fists at things, or to run transit lines by moonlight."

Tregarvon got up to tramp the floor, but there was not room enough, and he sat down again upon a coil of rope.

"Hang this crazy country!" he fumed. "I believe it's peopled with escaped lunatics fresh from Bedlam! You're suspicious, Poitiers; I can see it in your eye. Put it into words."

"Small minds suspect; large ones reason calmly," said Carfax in mild irony. "The first thing for us to do is to establish a few identities, if we can. Who were these late-in-the-evening visitors? Let's take them in their natural order—first come, first served. Rucker seems to have got a pretty fair sight at the man in the soft hat and the long-tailed coat. Doesn't his description of the fellow's dress and figure throw at least a suggestion into you?"

Tregarvon frowned.

"You've got Hartridge on the brain," he retorted. "You can go anywhere in the South and still find plenty of men who wear soft hats and full-skirted Prince Alberts."

"Yes; but we've met only one on Mount Pisgah, thus far, and his name is William Wilberforce Hartridge. And if we take Mr. Hartridge for the fist-shaking gentleman, the next step—the identity of the lady—is simplified."

"I don't see it," said Tregarvon sourly.

"Don't you? What woman, from Highmount, would be most likely to be Mr. Hartridge's companion on an evening drive? Don't let your prejudices, or, rather, your prepossessions, make a blind mule of you, Vance."

"Richardia Birrell, I suppose you mean. I don't believe it!"

"It isn't hard to believe. There is no reason why she shouldn't go driving with

the professor. Neither is there anything culpable in the fact that she walked down here with him when he came to shake his fist at your drilling-machine. When you've cooled down sufficiently, we'll go and see if my little primary guess holds good."

"I'm cool enough," was the answer; and together they went to seek the proof.

The buggy tracks in the soft sand of the little-used road were not hard to trace, and in the damp spots the hoof-prints of the horse which had been driven toward Highmount were clean-cut and distinct. Carfax was a spoiled son of fortune only in his affectations. Beneath the carefully cultivated fopperies there was a keen, active mentality which rarely missed its mark, and never fumbled. He made sketches of the hoof-prints in passing, and it was he, and not Tregarvon, who noted the single peculiarity in the horse's shoeing—a missing corner from the toe-calk on the left hind foot.

As the New Yorker's hypothesis had assumed, the buggy tracks led pretty directly to Highmount. The two young men did not follow them quite to the college gates—could not, since the wood road came out into the chert-paved mountain pike a short quarter of a mile below the Highmount grounds. But there seemed to be no reasonable doubt of the correctness of Carfax's guess; and Tregarvon confessed as much on the way back to the starting-point.

"Mind you, I'm not admitting that Richardia Birrell was a party to anything wrong," he qualified. "She may have been out driving with Hartridge, and she may have walked down to the glade with him. I don't say that she didn't; but I do say that she isn't tangled up in anything crooked or dishonorable."

"Oh, no," said Carfax mildly; "we'll put it all up to Hartridge. The next thing for us to find out is where Hartridge got his two surveyors on such short notice, and what it was that could be proved or disproved by a snap-shot sight taken in the moonlight under conditions that would bar anything like accuracy. Where are your blue-prints of the Ocoee property?—down below, or up here?"

The map-copies were in the tool-house, one set of them, Tregarvon said; and when they were produced, Carfax spread

them out on the cot-bed and pored over them thoughtfully.

"You're not trespassing on somebody else's land, at all events," was the verdict, rendered when he had verified the position of the little glade. "It's all Ocoee for a quarter of a mile east and south and west. What's this name 'West-wood' written across these mountain-top plats?"

"I don't know—the name of the original owner, I suppose."

"Who is he? Ever hear of him?"

"No."

"Well, there doesn't seem to be anything illuminating about these blue-prints," said Carfax. "Let's go out now and see if we can take up the trail of the surveyors."

The track of the second buggy proved to be a short scent soon lost. Within a hundred yards of its turning-point opposite the glade the buggy had left the wood road, and its wheel-marks and the hoof-prints of the horse left no impress on the carpeting of fallen leaves; or, at least, none that the amateur trailers could follow.

They were returning down the by-road when a crash, and the hoarse roar of escaping steam, warned them that something had gone wrong in the glade. Carfax threw up his head like a thoroughbred starting in a race.

"We've been looking up causes," he said. "There is effect number one, right now! I can outrun you to the home-plate."

They came upon the scene, running, just after Rucker had stopped the engine. The walking-beam had fallen again, carrying down a portion of the derrick framework; and the mountaineer whose name on the pay-roll appeared as "Morgan," and who had been drill-turning in Sawyer's place at the moment, was caught and held under the wreckage.

Happily, the man was neither killed nor very severely injured. A few minutes' quick work, in which everybody lent a hand, sufficed to extricate him from the tangle of broken timbers; and a pretty ugly scalp wound, which Carfax dressed and bandaged, seemed to be the worst of his hurts.

Tregarvon sent him home in charge of the other masquerading McNabb, and

then came the reckoning with the wrecked drilling-plant.

"What are we in for this time, Rucker?" was the owner's question when the machinist had measured the damage with a critical eye.

"Mostly a couple o' days' hang-up, I guess. Leave me a man or two to help me blacksmith, and I'll see what I can do. But what's eatin' me is, what done it?"

There seemed to be no categorical answer to that query, the cause of the breakdown being well hidden in the débris of the effect. Tregarvon was willing to charge it to the chapter of accidents, but Carfax was less easily satisfied.

"If it were the first," he demurred; "but it isn't. There is a whole series ahead of it. And coming right on the heels of the little mysteries of last night—I'm of the opinion that this is the beginning of more hostilities, Vance." Then to Rucker: "How far did you get the hole down, Billy?"

"Not more'n a couple o' feet."

"Drilling hard?" asked Tregarvon.

"Um-m-m; middlin' hard; 'bout like the one we put down over yonder at the head of the tramway—the first one we drilled."

Tregarvon told off three of the natives to help Rucker, and sent the remaining three back to Coalville to report to Tryon, who, with another small squad, was replacing rotten cross-ties on the lower end of the tramway. After which he beckoned to Carfax, and they went together down the shallow glade ravine to the spot where Rucker had found the burnt pine-knot torch and had driven his marking-stake.

Out of hearing of the four men at the drilling-stand, Tregarvon said:

"Well, the McNabbs are eliminated, anyway. It's fair to assume that a man wouldn't be careless enough to get caught in a trap of his own setting."

"You'd think not," was Carfax's reply; but he did not say that it was impossible.

On the ground where the torch-bearer of the night before had stood, they searched carefully for something that might give a working clue to the mysteries of the snap-shot survey. There was nothing, unless an oak-tree, with a

half overgrown "blaze" and some curious markings cut in it, that might be called a clue.

A hundred yards or more below the scarred oak lay the cliff edge, at this point something less than a precipice. Tregarvon stood on the brink, looking down over the rough, broken talus. Three hundred feet below, the gray ribbon of the mountain pike wound among the trees on its way to the summit. Farther around to the left, and almost on a level with the broken talus, was the head of the Ocoee tramway.

Tregarvon called Carfax's attention to the favoring topographies.

"If we should find the vein between here and the tramhead, it would be almost as accessible as the old openings," he said. "I wonder if any one has ever looked along here for the outcrop?"

Viewed from the summit the rough declivity, wooded and thickly covered with a matted tangle of brier, laurel, and undergrowth, seemed never to have been trodden by the foot of man. Carfax, leaning against a tree that grew on the very edge of the cliff line, gave it as his opinion that the rocky talus had never felt the prospector's pick.

"They have to dig trenches or holes or something, in prospecting for coal, don't they?" he asked; and when Tregarvon confirmed it, he added: "I should say that this toboggan-slide is exactly as nature left it. Can we get from here to the tramhead without going back and around over the mountain?"

"Sure," said Tregarvon, and he swung over the low cliff to lead the way along the broken ledges.

It was when Carfax was lowering himself judiciously, with the leaning tree to help, that he made another small discovery and called Tregarvon back. On its outer or valley-facing side, the tree carried a "blazed" scar with markings similar to those on the oak half-way between the cliff and the glade. Like the other scar, this one was old, and the bark had long since healed around the edges of the wound; but the markings, which were cut in the wood itself, were still quite distinct.

"Well," said Tregarvon, when they had examined it together, "what do you make of it?"

Carfax was penciling the mark on the back of an envelope, copying it as exactly as he could.

"I don't know. It looks something like the Greek *pi*—a 't' with two stems—don't you think? But, of course, that's only a coincidence."

"Is it, though?" queried Tregarvon reflectively.

"It must be; what woodsman in the Cumberlands would mark a tree with a Greek letter?"

"No woodsman, perhaps; but a schoolmaster might. Poitiers, I'm slowly coming around to your point of view. Hartridge is at the bottom of all these mysteries! I hate to believe it, but everything leans in his direction."

"It looks that way, doesn't it? But the admission of the fact doesn't clear up the mysteries. Say that, for some reason, sentimental or other, Hartridge wants to drive you out—make you quit. That might explain the smash-ups and the hindrances; but it doesn't begin to explain why we should find these marks of his—if they are his—made on these two trees years and years ago; or why he should send a pair of surveyors up here to make monkey motions in the moonlight."

Tregarvon was leading the way again along the ledge toward the tramhead.

"We shall probably find out more about it before we're much older on the job," he replied. And then, vengefully: "If I can catch him at it, I'll make him sorry!"

When they reached the head of the incline, and had signaled Tryon at the foot to let them down the mountain in a tip-car, Tregarvon outlined his plan for the broken day.

"We'll go down and get out the automobile and my instruments, motor back to the drilling-plant, and do a little surveying on our own account. Afterward you may take the car and kill time with it as you please. I'll stay up and help Rucker."

The program was carried out to the letter. By ten o'clock they were back on the mountain-top with the surveying-tools; and, placing the transit as nearly as possible over the tripod-marks left by the mysterious transit-man of the night, Tregarvon took a forward sight down the glade, with Carfax to hold the

target on the spot where the burnt torch was found. Then, without changing the angle of the instrument, he signaled Carfax to go back, halting him at the cliff edge, and moving him to right and left until the instrument, Rucker's stake, and Carfax's target-staff were in line.

"What developments?" he asked, when Carfax came in with the target.

"Nothing startling. Your transit and the two marked trees line up pretty well, whatever significance that may have."

"It has some significance, if we could only guess it out," said Tregarvon. And then: "What will you do with yourself till dinner-time?"

"Chase around in the car a while, if you can't use me here. Maybe I'll pick up a clue or so—if I can find anybody to talk to."

Tregarvon took off his coat and went to work with Rucker and the helpers, repairing the damage to the drilling-machinery. In the middle of the afternoon, when it became apparent that Rucker would get through by evening, he yielded to a prompting that had been urging him all day, and went off into the woods for a long tramp, which took him over the route covered by the drill-derrick in its several removals.

Carfax was waiting for him when he brought up at the foot of the tramway at sunset, and the motor-car was in its place under the storage shed.

"What do you know now more than you knew before you knew so little as you know now?" asked the golden youth.

"I'll tell you, after a bit. And you? Did you find out anything new?"

"One or two things. In the first place, there are only three horses in the Highmount stables; none of them white, and none of them with a broken toe-calk on the left hind foot."

Tregarvon laughed.

"More negative information; it's always negative."

"Yes; and you may put in the same basket the item that no one of the half-dozen people I asked knew of any white horse on the mountain. But I got one little item that belongs in the other basket—the positive. I lunched at Highmount, by Mrs. Caswell's pressing invitation. At table Miss Birrell wanted to know how you came to plant your drilling-machine

right in the middle of the old burying-ground."

"What?" said Tregarvon. "Is the glade a burying-ground?"

"It seems that it used to be, years ago, for the slaves. You know, you remarked the sunken spots, and wondered what made them. They are graves. Do you suppose Rucker would sleep better if he knew that? If he had known it, it might account for some of last night's restlessness, don't you think? But I'm drifting from the point, which is that Miss Richardia's question betrayed her. She was the woman who drove with the man behind the white horse; otherwise she would not have known the location of the drilling-plant."

Tregarvon let the deduction pass without comment.

"Anything else?" he asked.

"Yes. After school hours I took Miss Farron and Miss Longstreet and the French teacher out for a spin in the car. Miss Birrell couldn't go because she had an engagement. We made a pretty long round to the south, and came back by a road which skirts the western brow of the mountain. Are you paying attention?"

Tregarvon nodded.

"Somewhere about five miles back of Highmount we passed a place which looked as if it might be a gentleman's country house. It was walled in from the road, with a magnificently groved lawn, a weed-grown carriage-drive, and a great, rambling porticoed house, needing the repair-man pretty badly. Still sitting up and taking notice?"

"Yes. Go on."

"Well, just as we were rolling up to the stone-pillared lodge gates, a horse and buggy came out, with a woman driving. The horse was good and old, but he didn't take kindly to the chug-wagon; so I stopped and got out to lead him by. You won't want to believe it, but the woman driver was Miss Birrell; and the horse—well, no horseman would call it white, to be sure. It was a dapple-gray, light enough to pass for white in the moonlight, and with a mechanician like Rucker for the color expert."

Tregarvon came out of his listless mood with a snap.

"Let it be said, once for all, Poitiers, that I won't stand for any theory that

involves Richardia Birrell in the crooked part of it. I'd trust her with anything I've got—with my life, if she cared to borrow it. That dapple-gray suggestion of yours makes me tired! It isn't worthy of you. Rucker said 'white'; and white isn't gray, by a long shot."

"Wait," said Carfax evenly. "After I'd led the horse safely past the car, I made sure."

"'Hold on a minute, Miss Birrell,' said I. 'I think your horse has a pebble in his shoe.'"

"That gave me a chance to lift his near hind foot. There wasn't any pebble, of course, but the shoe was pretty badly worn, *and the toe-calk had a piece broken out of it!*"

Tregarvon maintained a stubborn silence while they were walking together across to the office-building. Then he denied again, wrathfully, defending the woman he trusted.

"I don't care what evidence you bring, I'll believe nothing against her—*nothing*, you understand. And one other word, Poitiers—you used to say that I was a fool when it came to a question of loyalty to my friends. I'm the same kind of a fool yet. You mustn't force me to choose between you and Miss Birrell, because either horn of that dilemma would rip me wide open. Now, let's drop that phase of it, and I'll tell you what I've discovered."

"Consider it dropped," said Carfax briefly.

"Well, about the time you were going for your drive, I took a walk. I went back over the ground we've been covering with the drill, examining every inch of it as if I'd lost the set out of a diamond-ring. I know now why we've been allowed to go on testing without interference."

"I think I've guessed it, too. But go on."

"I found that somebody else had been over the same ground, for the same purpose, a good while ago. I located five holes, in all, each of them filled to the muzzle, of course, with sand and washings; and one of them isn't more than a dozen feet from the last one we drilled before we moved to the present location in the glade."

"Um!" said Carfax, absently rolling

a cigarette between his fingers. "And the corollary to that is—"

"That the accident of this morning was 'assisted,' just as the others have been. As long as we went on drilling in dead ground, it wasn't worth while to interfere. But now that we are trying a new wrinkle—"

"Ef you-all gemmen is aimin' to tek yo' baffs befo' dinneh—"

It was Uncle William, gently expostulating. They both apologized meekly for keeping him waiting, and went in, with Merkley hastening across from Tait's porch to become a squire companion of the bath to his master.

X

RUCKER was as good as his word in the matter of repairs, having refitted the broken derrick and made a test run of the engine in the evening after Tregarvon had gone down the mountain. Hence, the machinery was whirling merrily to the measured *chug-chug* of the heavy steel drill when Tregarvon and the young millionaire motored up from Coalville the following morning.

"That's more like it; going all right again, is she, Billy?" was Tregarvon's greeting to the machinist. "Any more puzzle people come to see you last night?"

Rucker grinned sheepishly.

"I ain't goin' to lie about it, Mr. Tregarvon. What with pushin' the job so bloomin' hard yesterday, and losin' so much sleep the night before, I—well, I guess they might 've come and carried me off bodily without my knowin' it."

"But you didn't find anything wrong this morning?"

"Well, no, not to say just wrong; only sort o' spookerish." Then, in a lower tone: "There was somebody here again last night—human 'r ghosts. I had a fit of the jumps a while back that everlastin'ly swiped my appetite for breakfast."

"How was that?" asked Tregarvon, looking up from his inspection of the red car's motor; and Carfax added: "It must have been pretty fierce, Billy, if it crippled your pneumogastric nerve."

"It was this way," Rucker explained. "Last night, after I got her rigged again, I starts and runs the engine, just to see that everything is all shipshape. When

I shuts down, I banks the fire under the boiler, so it'll keep overnight. Well, 'long about sunup this mornin' I hikes over to stir her up, and when I yanks the fire-box door open, it's me for throwin' a fit. There was the yallerest, cockiest-lookin' skull you ever see, sittin' on the edge o' the banked fire, ready to grin at me when I opens the door."

"A skull—a human skull!" ejaculated Tregarvon incredulously.

"Yep; a yaller one; all teeth and eye-holes, and with smoke coming out o' the place where its nose ought to been."

"But how did it get there?" demanded both of the listeners.

Rucker was wiping his face with a piece of cotton-waste—the shopman's handkerchief. The autumn morning was cool and bracing on the mountain-top, yet the perspiration stood in fine little beads on his forehead.

"You can search me," he said. "I ain't what you'd call jumpy; but after it was all over I tell you I didn't want no breakfast."

"What did you do with it?" asked Carfax.

"Me? I jammed it back into the coals with the clinker-hook, and put the blower on, quick! Says I: 'All right, my bucko! You make me throw a fit, and, by cripes, I'll make you make steam!'"

"Heavens! You burned it?" said Tregarvon; and Carfax shuddered in sympathy.

"I certain'y did. But he got back at me, right now! In less than five minutes that old boiler was red-hot and blowin' off steam to beat the band. She was oozin' black smoke at every joint; and when I chases over to open the fire-door—you needn't believe me, but them grate-bars was drippin' somethin' or other that looked like burnin' hole!"

There is a point beyond which the thread of sympathetic horror snaps, and the ball rebounds into the field of the ridiculous.

"That will do, Billy," laughed Tregarvon. "That's more than enough. We'll allow you the skull; but, really, you mustn't embroder it that way. Somebody played a pretty grisly joke on you—with no reasonable object, it would seem. But we mustn't lose sight of the fact it betrays. Somebody was here while you

slept. You are sure the drill is working all right?"

"You can see for yourselves," said Rucker, not unboastfully. "She's jumpin' up and down to the same old tune of sixty to the minute, same as I promised you she'd be this mornin'."

But a closer inspection proved that the drill was merely "jumping up and down." It was hardly cutting its own clearance; had gained less than half an inch in half an hour, according to the report of Sawyer, who was at his old post, "churning and turning" at the hole.

Rucker looked on critically for a few seconds, and then laid his ear to the steel, bowing and recovering in unison with the stroke.

"She's hit a bone of some sort," was his verdict; and he stopped the churning machinery, and threw in the hoist by means of which the heavy hollow cutting-bar was lifted from the hole.

An examination of the drill-point amply verified the machinist's guess that something much harder than the fine-gritted sandstone of the mountain-top had been encountered in the bottom of the test hole. The cutting edges of the drill were completely gone; broken down and gnawed smooth until the steel tube was no more than a blunt-ended ram.

Tregarvon shook his head.

"That point is ruined pretty successfully. How many more have you?"

"Three," was the reply.

"All right; try another."

Rucker got out the fresh point, mounted and lowered it, and the churning was resumed. An hour's steady thumping showed a gain of less than two inches in depth, and at the end of the hour the second drill-cutter was worn as smooth as the first.

This went on until the last of the sharpened cutters was put in service. For several hours of patient churning the hole had gone down only a few inches, and Rucker was in despair.

"When this cutter goes, we're hung up for more'n a day or two," he announced. "I can sharpen these points all right enough, but it'll take scads o' time with the tools I've got. You two bosses hain't made up your minds what it is we're tryin' to chew through down yonder, have you?"

Tregarvon had taken an engineering course in the university, but he was no geologist. Carfax's equipment was even less hopeful. It was a case for a specialist; and the specialist turned up at the opportune moment in the person of Mr. Guy Wilmerding, who had ridden over from Whitby to see how the Ocoee experiment was progressing.

His coming was hailed with acclamations by the two amateurs.

"By Jove, Wilmerding, you're just in time to save us from strait-jackets and a padded cell!" exclaimed Tregarvon. "What kind of rock do you have in this region that will make a drill look like that?" showing one of the blunted cutters.

The Whitby superintendent examined the dulled point carefully.

"None, that I know of. It's a poor piece of steel, isn't it?"

"It is one of the four cutters we have been using ever since we began."

"H'm! And you've hit something that dubs it up like that?"

"We certainly have. Three of 'em gone to-day, and the fourth one going right now."

"Let me see the last piece of core you took out."

It was brought and exhibited. Wilmerding scrutinized the small stone cylinder, rubbed some of the cuttings between his thumb and finger, and broke off a bit to lay on Rucker's anvil. Crushing the fragment with a smart blow of the hammer, he sniffed quickly at the dust of the tiny explosion.

"Pebbles," he said definitively; "white quartz pebbles. You've hit a streak of conglomerate—pudding-stone—and some of it is as hard as blue blazes. Still, I have never seen any of it hard enough to turn a drill like that," he added reflectively.

"You're the doctor," said Carfax. "What's the medicine?"

"Only to keep on hammering away at it," was the reply. "When you go prying into old Mother Earth's secrets, you have to take what she sends."

Tregarvon made a wry face.

"That means Rucker to go to Chattanooga with the cutter-points, and more delay. He hasn't the tools to do with here."

"I guess that is where I come in," said Wilmerding genially. "We have a pretty fair shop at Whitby, and a blacksmith who is out of sight on drill work. Load your man and your drills into the motor-car and shoot them up to us. We'll try to keep you going."

"Well, you are certainly an enemy of a hitherto unsuspected variety!" laughed Tregarvon. "You know we've been having a lot of trouble; a good bit of it bearing all the earmarks of design on somebody's part. Do you know, for a while I thought you might be inspiring it? That was before Carfax discovered you personally, of course."

Wilmerding's laugh was good-naturedly derisive.

"I hope you didn't think so small of Consolidated Coal as to suspect it of popping at you with a boy's toy-whip!" he retorted. "By and by, when you find your coal, and meet us in the open market, we may have to smash you; but it will be done in the good, old-fashioned commercial way, I fancy."

"We'll be there when you put up the large, come-off-the-perch bluff," lisped Carfax gently. "But, in the mean time, somebody is popping at us with the boy's whip."

"Who, for a guess?" asked the Whitby superintendent.

"Ah!" said Carfax, in the same gentle tone. "I have a thousand dollars somewhere about my belongings that would like to blow itself against the answer to that question."

"And you have no clue?"

"A dozen of them. But they have a way of coming out by the roots when you pull on them ever so cautiously."

"I'm a pilgrim and a stranger," said Wilmerding; "but if any suggestion of mine will help— By the way, I made the analysis of your coals the other day. Thaxter didn't have one; didn't seem to know anything about the Ocoee."

"Well?" said Tregarvon expectantly.

"If your two veins are not one and the same, they ought to be. I couldn't sift out any difference between them."

Wilmerding stayed long enough to see the fourth and last drill-point come out of the hole, a mechanical ruin, and again made the proffer of the Whitby repair-shop. Tregarvon promised to send

Rucker and the drills up from Coalville in the morning, and the young superintendent climbed upon his nag and rode away.

"Tools up, boys!" said Tregarvon to his drilling-squad, when Wilmerding was out of sight among the trees. "We'll call it a day; and to-morrow you can all go on the track-repairing with Tryon."

Rucker was busying himself about the engine after the laborers had gone, and the two young men were left to themselves by the automobile.

"What is the program for to-night?" asked Carfax. "I suppose Rucker will have to sleep at Coalville, so as to be ready to go to Whitby early in the morning. You won't want to leave the plant without a watchman, will you?"

"Not at the present stage of the game," was the prompt reply. "You can go down in the car with Rucker, and I'll stay here to-night. I should like to see some of these queer happenings for myself."

"I can beat that," said Carfax. "I have a dinner invitation for both of us at Highmount for this evening. We'll go down and dress, and come back in the car; and, later in the evening, Rucker can come for us, trundling us over here first, and himself and the drills to Coalville afterward. How will that answer?"

"It's an inspiration," said Tregarvon, adding: "But you don't have to sit up nights with this sick project of mine, Poitiers."

"I'd like to. I'm immensely interested in skulls and things," laughed the golden youth.

And so it was arranged.

XI

THE dinner in the president's dining-room at Highmount College was anything but formal. By this time the two young men from the North were on a footing which lacked little of the household relation, and Mrs. Caswell said hospitably that their plates were always laid at the faculty table.

Quite naturally, the Ocoee experiment came in for its share of the table-talk, and in this field Tregarvon let Carfax do most of the plowing. For one reason, Miss Birrell had changed her place, and was sitting beside Hartridge; and for

another, his own companion was the French teacher, who persisted in talking of things transatlantic and Gallic.

Later, however, he was tempted—and fell. The night was too cool for the veranda, and the after-dinner dispersion was to the music-room. Richardia played, and for a time Tregarvon sat beside Miss Farron, and said "Yes" and "No" as he was constrained to, coming back always to a rapt contemplation of the sweet-faced pianist.

Being an artist to her finger-tips, Miss Birrell at the piano became a breaker of hearts by just so much more as the mask of self-consciousness fell away, leaving the true art soul a free field in her expressive face. At such moments Tregarvon saw her as if she were the embodied spirit of all that was most desirable in a world of women; he sinned, repented, and sinned again; calling himself hard names in one breath, and rhapsodizing over the supernal charm of her in the next.

Again and again he told himself it was only propinquity—the nearness of Richardia and the remoteness of Elizabeth. But as often the merciless ego of the inner and final court of appeals assured him that he was a dastard; that he had promised to marry a woman whom he did not love when he knew he did not love her, and that he was daily adding to the crime by admitting his love for another.

All this was dinning itself into his ears for the hundredth time while he was saying "Yes" and "No" to the little assistant in mathematics, and praying in his lucid intervals that Rucker might come early with the motor-car, and so forestall any chance of deeper mirings. But Rucker was apparently in no hurry. Miss Birrell played until she was tired; Mme. Fortier and Miss Farron excused themselves, and went to their duties in the dormitories; Hartridge and the pretty art-teacher were braving the chill of the evening in a pacing constitutional on the veranda; and the group in the music-room was cut down to the Caswells, their guests, and Miss Birrell.

At this juncture Tregarvon saw that Carfax was about to fail him. The president's talk had been about some improvements he had been making in the school gymnasium; would Mr. Carfax inspect

them, and give a country schoolmaster the benefit of his advice? Tregarvon strolled to a window to look for the headlights of the motor-car. They were not yet in sight; and when he turned back to the softly lighted room he was alone with Richardia.

She was still at the piano, letting her fingers run in delicate little arpeggios up and down the keyboard. She drew him so irresistibly that he was beside her before he realized that he was breaking all his good resolutions.

"Don't go," he pleaded, when she looked up, saw that the others were gone, and made as if she would rise. "It isn't my fault, this time, and you mustn't punish me when I don't deserve it."

She looked him fearlessly in the eyes.

"Why should I punish you at all, Mr. Tregarvon? Isn't your conscience doing that much for you?"

"Don't!" he begged again. "You can't think any worse of me than I think of myself."

"I am not thinking ill of you; I am only 'going to' if you don't reform. When are you going home to marry Miss Wardwell?"

"Oh, dear me!" he said in despair, which was not all assumed. "Must we talk about Elizabeth?"

Her smile, which was meant to be reproachful, was to him an added allure-ment.

"Ask your conscience," she retorted.

"My conscience is busy, and doesn't want to be disturbed. One would think you had been born and bred in New England!"

"I wasn't; I was born on this mountain."

He sat down in the nearest chair, and nursed his knee.

"In a rambling old house with a groved lawn and a box-bordered carriage-drive, with a big veranda fronting the west?" he asked.

"Yes. When have you ever seen Westwood?"

Tregarvon sat up at the mention of the name. "Is that the name of your home place?"

"It is."

"Tell me about it. Was it one of the old-time plantations?"

"It was; though the cultivated parts

of it were chiefly in the western valley. My great-grandfather built Westwood; for a summer-house, at first, but afterward the family came to live in it the year round. Mountain land was thought to be worthless, then, and my grandfather added many hundreds of acres to Westwood. That was just before the war."

"And you lost it all?" said Tregarvon, deeply sympathetic.

"All in the valley, of course, and nearly all of the mountain land. But my father has clung to the old home-place on the west brow."

"Your father," he said half musingly. "I have never met him."

"No; he doesn't go about very much."

"I should like to meet him," said Tregarvon; and then he took the plunge. "He was a stockholder in the first Ocoee company, wasn't he?"

Miss Richardia's smile masked whatever emotion the question had evoked.

"He was the largest single stockholder, save one, I believe," she answered. "How did you know?"

"I have guessed it within the last minute or two. I have seen the word 'Westwood' written across a number of the Ocoee maps, and I supposed it was a man's name."

"It was the last ditch for us—the Ocoee," she said. "Father gave nearly all the land in which the coal is supposed to be, and all the money he could command. I think he has never got over the failure of the venture."

She said it half absently, as one might speak of any time-softened disaster; yet Tregarvon felt the reproach which attaches even to the innocent third party in a dishonest transaction.

"Will you believe me if I say that I didn't know anything about the history of the Ocoee when I came here, Richardia? And will you let me make the same plea for my father? He bought it, or rather I should say it was forced upon him, in Wall Street."

"No one thinks of blaming you," she said, quite gently.

"Not even your father?"

She did not reply at once, and when she did the words came quickly, as upon the heels of a sudden resolve.

"I go home to Westwood for Sundays," she said. "If you and Mr. Carfax

care to drive over some Sunday afternoon—"

"To-morrow will be Saturday," he replied eagerly. "Let me drive you over in the car?"

"No," she said, in a tone of finality which would have discouraged almost any other man.

"Why won't you?"

"There are plenty of good reasons, and you know what they are just as well as I do."

"You can't name one."

"I sha'n't name them."

"How far is it from Highmount to Westwood?"

"About five miles."

"Then it comes to this—that you are afraid to trust yourself in the car with me for a little matter of possibly ten minutes."

The blue eyes were looking past him into vacancy.

"There are a few people that I am afraid of, Mr. Tregarvon. You are not one of them, though."

"That sounds almost like a defiance. I wish you would say it the other way."

"There is no other way it can be said; but I am not going to Westwood in the car with you."

"All right," he acquiesced good-naturedly. "Then, I'll ask a smaller favor—play me my nocturne before Carfax comes back to drag me away."

"No," she refused.

"Again, why?" he persisted.

"I am tired of playing."

"You told me once that you never tired of playing."

"That must have been in one of my enthusiastic moments."

"You are not enthusiastic now?"

His answer was in her eyes, heavy-lidded like a tired child's, and in her pale lips. But he was only a man, with a man's lack of the finer perceptive faculties.

"I have had a hard day, with the younger girls—Wednesdays and Fridays, you know," she said; and he felt instantly that it was an evasion.

"That isn't all," he objected quickly.

"You are troubled about something. I have felt it all evening. Can't you let me share it?"

"No."

"Is it because I came here to-night with Poictiers?"

"No."

"Still you won't deny that you are troubled?"

Again the far-seeing eyes were looking beyond him.

"You are the most persistent man. No, I sha'n't deny it, because it wouldn't be true if I did."

"Won't you tell me about it? Surely I haven't forfeited a friend's right to help?"

"I can't tell you about it now; and you have already promised to do something which may help." Then, hurriedly, for the closing of a door, and voices in the great hall, foretold an interruption: "You can promise something else. You have a night-watchman—over in the glade where your machinery is?"

He nodded, wondering what new mystery was about to add itself to all the others.

"If he should find—that is, if any one should happen to be passing—"

It struck him like a blow that she was pleading for Hartridge; that she knew of the obstructive disasters, and knew who was responsible for them. The fire of anger leaped up, but not against her. He would not believe that she was an accessory, even of the passive sort.

"Rucker, the machinist, sleeps at the drilling-plant," he said, and he tried to say it easily. "I don't think he is inclined to violence, but I wouldn't answer for what he might do if he should be sufficiently well scared. But I'll caution him to-night. I can understand your anxiety. A tragedy of any kind—so near to Highmount—"

"Yes," she said hastily; "the girls would never get over it, and—"

Carfax and the Caswells were entering the music-room, and Tregarvon rose and made a pretense of arranging the music on the piano rack. The small diversion gave him a chance to say, quickly and in low tones:

"I have been advertising myself to you as all kinds of a graceless wretch, I suppose; now I'll show you that I can rise to the occasion. I know now what your trouble is. You haven't betrayed anybody, but I know who is trying to stop the work on the Ocoee. For your sake—be-

cause you love him—there will be no scandal, no tragedy."

For the brief instant, measuring his glance aside at her, her face was a study in conflicting emotions, none of which he could isolate and call by name. But the warm blood was returning to neck and cheek and lip when she said:

"That was spoken like the man I thought I knew. You will not find a Birrell ungrateful, I assure you." Then, loud enough for the others to hear if they chose: "You will drive over to Westwood on Sunday afternoon—you and Mr. Carfax? You may be sure of your welcome, both of you."

It was possibly five minutes later when Rucker came up the winding campus drive with the motor-car. There was a little delay at the steps while the mechanic turned back the bonnet and did something to the motor, and Tregarvon found himself answering a question of Hartridge's about the progress of the test-drilling.

"No; we are not getting along as well as we might. There seems to be a curious obstructive fatality dogging us. If you were in the chair of psychology instead of the mathematical, we might give you a very pretty little problem to work on, Mr. Hartridge. I wonder if you'd attack it?"

The mild-eyed professor's smile was blandly incommunicative.

"You mustn't expect sympathy from me, Mr. Tregarvon," said he genially. "The proverb tells us specifically that the burnt child dreads the fire; but it doesn't add the corollary, which is equally true and as old as human nature—that the burnt child experiences an unholy joy when his playmate attempts to pick up the same live coal."

"Ah!" said Tregarvon; "I had forgotten. You were one of the original stockholders in the Ocoee?"

"To the extent of my entire savings account, which was a mere drop in the promoter's bucket, after all. Nevertheless, I can be magnanimous enough to wish you all success." Then, abruptly: "You have a magnificent night for your drive to Coalville. I could almost envy you."

"I do envy you. Good night!" said Miss Birrell; and then the red car rolled smoothly away down the avenue, with the two young men as passengers, and Rucker at the wheel.

It was less than a quarter of a mile from the college gates to the point where the glade road turned out of the downward pike to the left; and when Rucker would have driven in among the trees, Tregarvon had him stop the car.

"We can walk in from here, Billy," he said; and they got out to do it, while the car, lightened of its load, coasted noiselessly on down the steep mountain pike and out of sight around the first curve.

On the short walk over to the drilling-plant, Tregarvon spoke but once, and that was to say: "Your guess was right, Poitiers; Hartridge was one of the native crowd which was pinched out in the first reorganization of the Ocoee."

"Did Miss Birrell tell you?" queried the millionaire.

"No; he told me himself, just as we were leaving. And he is still sore about it, though he tried to turn it off with a joke."

"Um!" said Carfax reflectively. "Well, if he is the one who is putting a finger in your pie, we shall see him within the next half-hour or so. He thinks we are on the way to Coalville, and he knows that Rucker is driving the car, which, presumably, leaves the plant unguarded. What will you do if we should happen to catch him in the act?"

"I sha'n't hurt him," said Tregarvon moodily.

(To be continued)

CUPID'S CALENDAR

WHEN I am with you, dearest one, the hours as minutes fly,
And Love cheats Time so sweetly that his calendar's awry.

But Cupid finds an easy way to set the time-card true;
For minutes drag to hours dear heart, when I'm away from you!

Stuart Dunlap



THE HEART OF ANCIENT ROME

BY ARTHUR STANLEY RIGGS

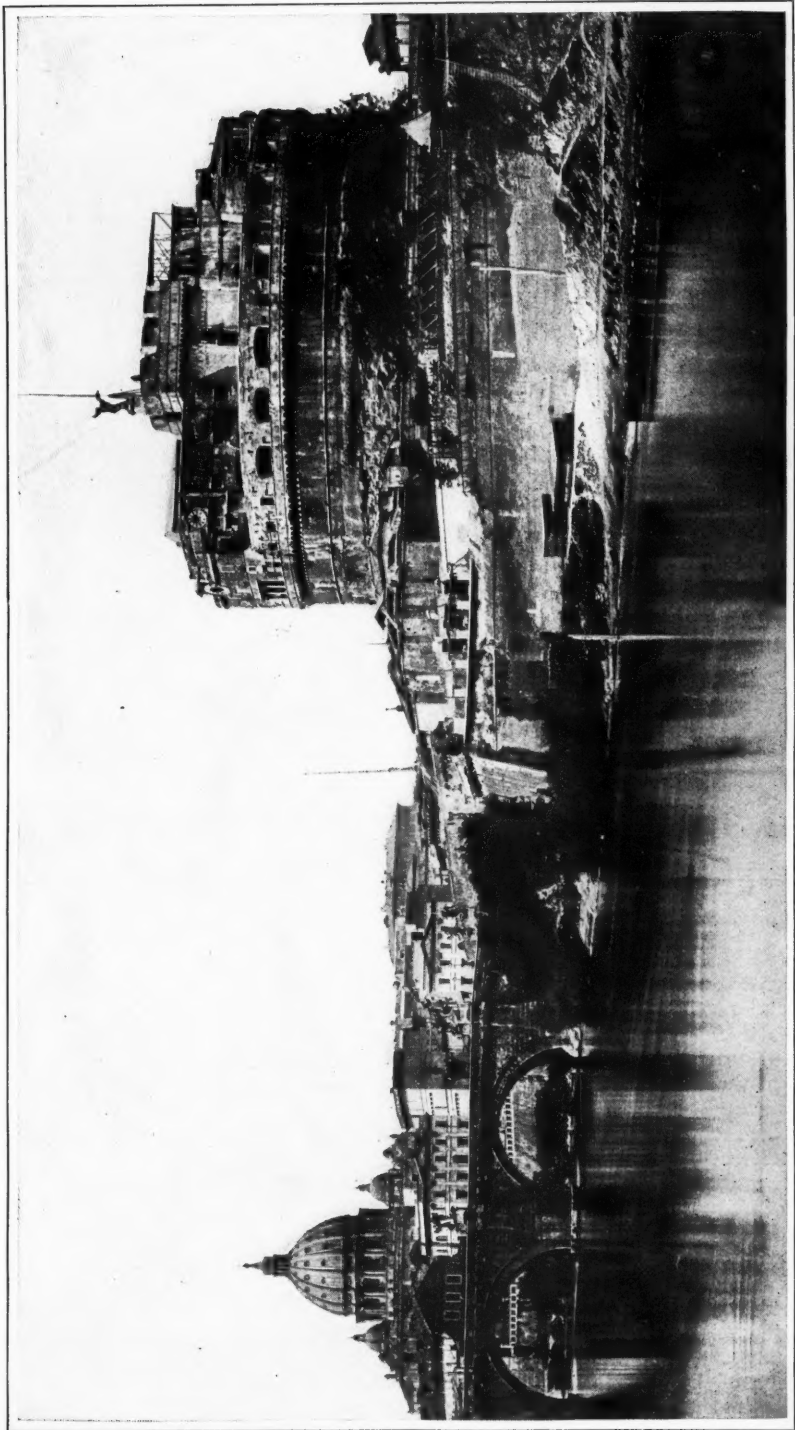
FAMILIAR as many of us are with Rome, the old settlement of the Alban shepherds, perhaps more than any other city in the world, has revealed itself truly to but few of those who believe they know it. Yet even its name presents no difficulties to-day to the student: Charming though the legend of Romulus and Remus be, the story is purely a myth; but the Eternal City took its name in scarcely less romantic a manner.

At the time—the middle of the eighth century before the Christian era—when the savage shepherds trooped down with their flocks from the hills to the Campagna, attracted by the gleaming rope of the immortal river, no name had been given to the rapid stream. To the people of the plain it was merely Rumon, “the river”; so the neighbors of the uncouth settlers called the unpretentious new village simply Ruma, or Roma —“the town of the river.” And presently the stalwart leader of the shepherds, no matter what his name may have been among his own tribesfolk, by friend and enemy was dubbed Romulus —“the man of the river town.”

From this shepherd stock and their stolen Sabine brides there developed a race in whose blood burned the fires of achievement—jurists, soldiers, civil administrators, poets, orators, architects. Nor were these world-builders content each to be or to do one thing. The soldier was the judge, the poet, the farmer; the foppish beau perhaps a gallant knight; the emperor the daring architect and sculptor.

THE SPLENDID TOMB OF HADRIAN

Builder of empire, Hadrian was also builder of great structures of stone. Upon the green and shady bank of the Tiber, as the Romans of his day had come to call the turgid stream, he erected one of his stateliest edifices in the form of a magnificent tomb for himself and his successors in the purple. Beyond the confines of the city proper he laid down the huge foundations of the mausoleum, masses of brick and stone, as a core to be covered over with gleaming marble and gilded bronze. Upon the lofty upper terraces majestic pines were planted, making a sepulcher worthy of an imperial ruler: and upon the

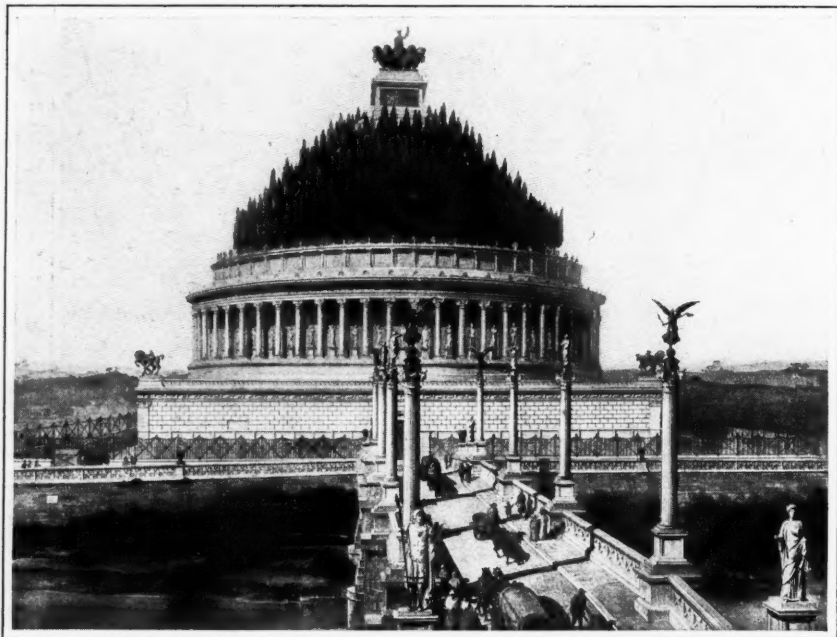


THE CASTELLO SANT' ANGELO, ORIGINALLY ERECTED BY THE EMPEROR HADRIAN AS A TOMB FOR HIMSELF AND HIS SUCCESSORS—ON THE LEFT IS THE PONTE SANT' ANGELO, WITH THE DOME OF ST. PETER'S IN THE DISTANCE

very capstone gleamed the gilded royal chariot and horses.

Across the swelling flood of the unruly river he flung a princely bridge of marble, white as the snows of the Abruzzi; and in the heart of the splendid house of death he set a gigantic pair of porphyry sepulchers for himself and his empress. That was seventeen hundred

was a pope himself—Clement VII—who destroyed as much as the missiles of the enemy. Pressed to desperation during a terrible siege, the pontiff gave orders to tear away much of Hadrian's exquisite marble—slabs and ornaments and statues—that the cannon defending him might be fed. Powder he had, but no shot; and prisoners were set to work



THE TOMB OF HADRIAN (NOW THE CASTELLO SANT' ANGELO), AS COMPLETED BY THE EMPEROR ANTONINUS PIUS, HADRIAN'S SUCCESSOR, IN A.D. 139—IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE PONS ÆLIUS (NOW THE PONTE SANT' ANGELO)

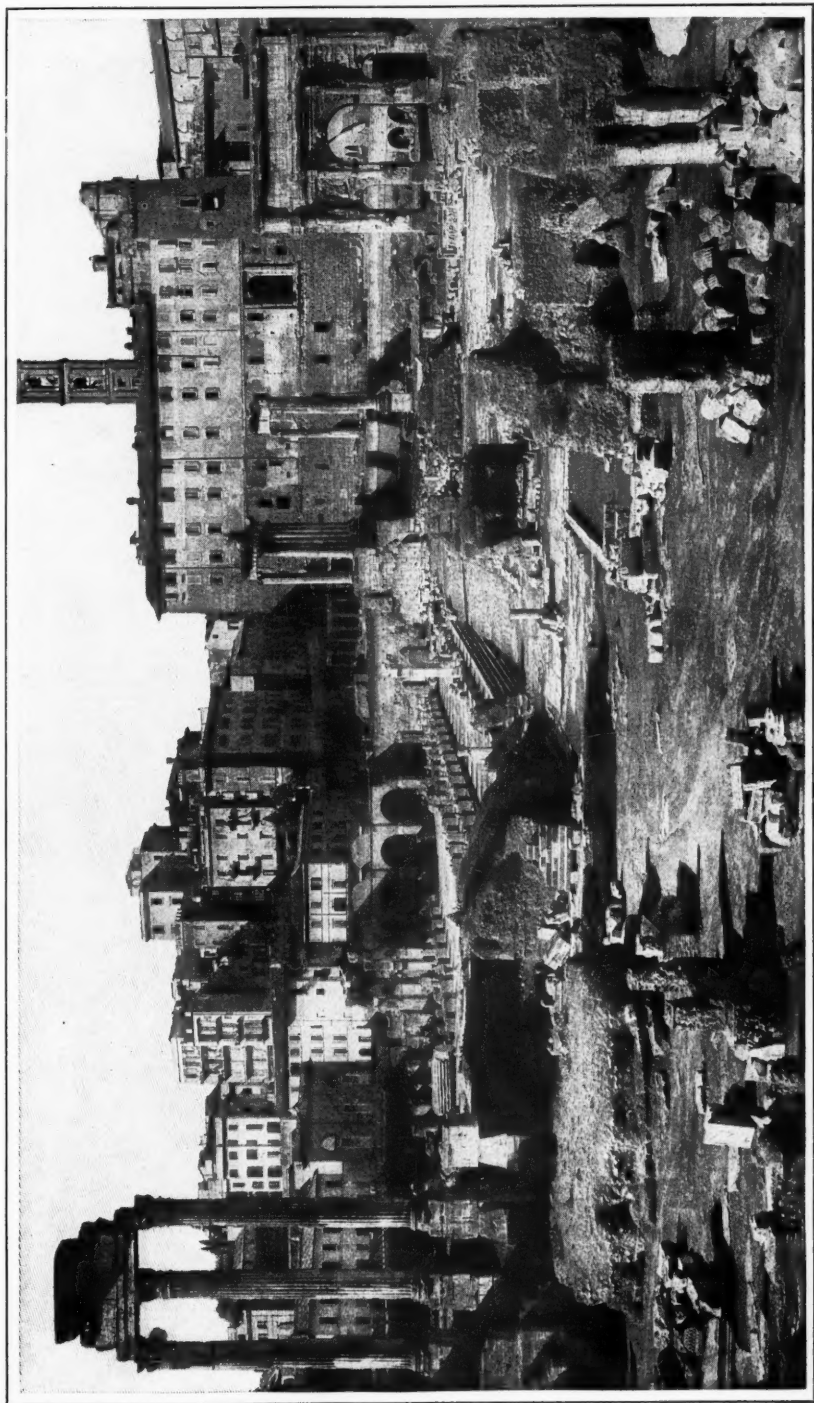
and seventy-one years ago, and the battered and mutilated lump of the Castello Sant' Angelo—the show place of to-day—seems almost impossibly different from the proud structure reared by Rome's greatest royal architect.

Nowhere can the history of ancient and medieval Rome be so vividly deciphered as in the cruelly disfigured remains of this venerable tomb-castle, converted into a fortress when Vitiges and his Goths besieged the city in 537. Within and about it, for fifteen hundred years, Romans and barbarians, popes and emperors, struggled and fought. Bitter the contests it has witnessed; sad the story of its demolition. Cannon-shot shattered much of its beauty, but it

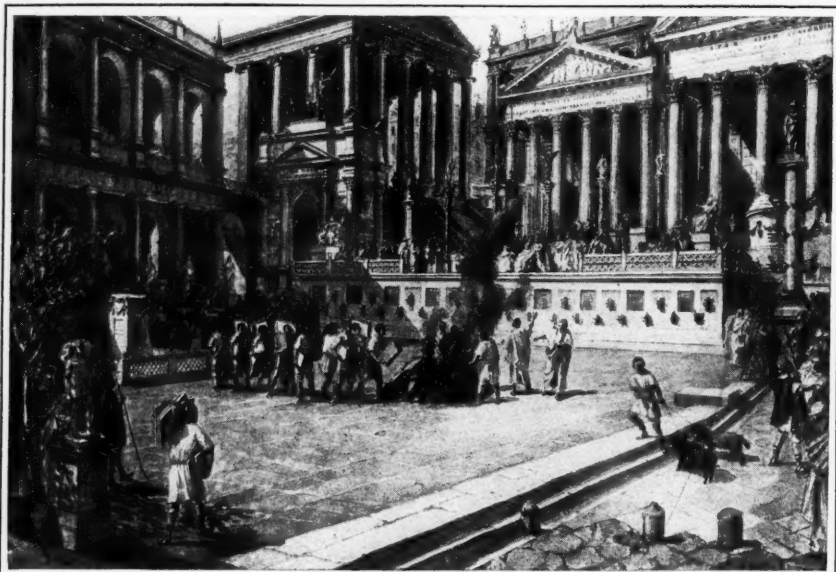
tearing down priceless stones, shaping them crudely, filling the air with the chips and the clatter of their clinking chisels, while skilled artillerymen turned the curious projectiles true and smooth, and hurled them at the enemy from cannon whose very bronze was itself raped from another of Hadrian's splendid memorials.

THE HEART OF THE ETERNAL CITY

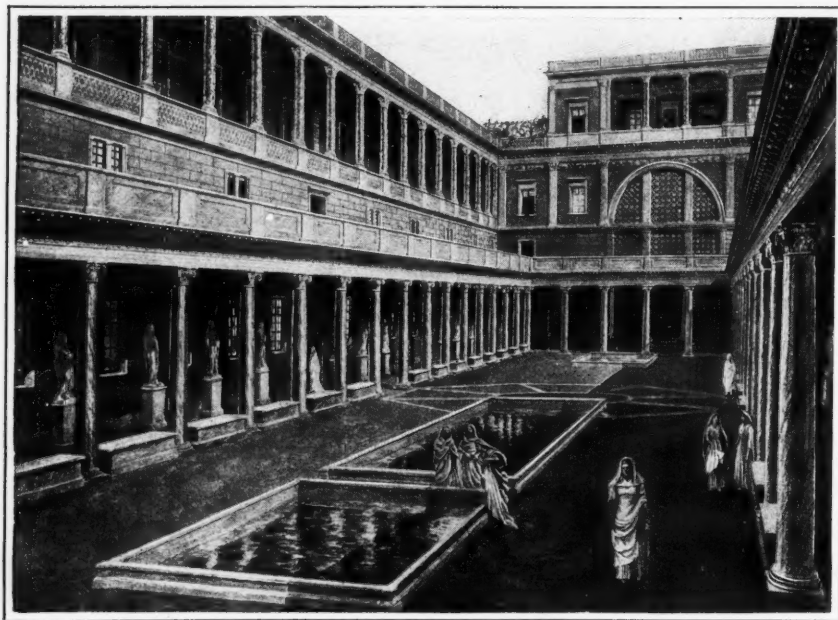
But fascinating as all Rome is, the city's greatest interest centers in the deep and marshy little valley between the Palatine and Capitoline hills—the Forum Romanum. When Romulus made peace with the Sabines after having stolen their comeliest daughters, the two



THE WEST END OF THE ROMAN FORUM AS IT NOW APPEARS, LOOKING TOWARD THE BASILICA JULIA (WITH THE ROUND ARCHES),
THE TEMPLE OF SATURN, THE ROSTRA, AND THE ARCH OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS (ON THE RIGHT)



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TAX-RECORDS IN A.D. 117, WHEN THE EMPEROR TRAJAN REMITTED ALL UNPAID TAXES—THIS TOOK PLACE AT THE WEST END OF THE FORUM, IN FRONT OF THE ROSTRA AND THE TEMPLES OF SATURN (IN THE CENTER) AND VESPASIAN (ON THE RIGHT)



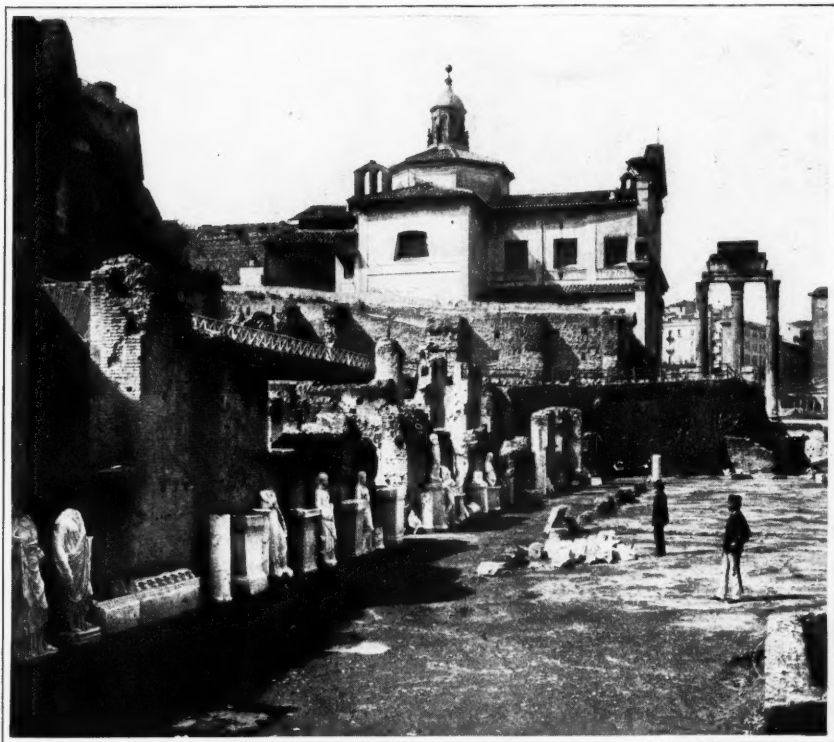
THE ATRIUM, OR INTERIOR COURT, OF THE HOUSE OF THE VESTALS, AS IT APPEARED IN A.D. 300—THE STATUES IN THE COLONNADE WERE THOSE OF MAXIMÆ, OR HEAD VESTALS; THE CISTERNS WERE FILLED WITH RAIN-WATER, THE VESTALS BEING FORBIDDEN TO DRAW WATER THROUGH PIPES

tribes selected the hill-bound vale as their central market-place. Though the first buildings were stalls for the barter and exchange of foods and the necessities of existence, with the years the Forum became something more, something of greater importance than a mere market-square. By degrees it became the center and focus of ancient Roman life; the one place where all classes of

finishing his task of making the Forum glitter with gilded bronze and snowy marbles, could say complacently:

"I found Rome brick, I leave it marble."

The work went on to the time when Constantine removed his capital to Byzantium, and the decay of the ancient metropolis began. Time and again was it ravished by the northern hosts; but

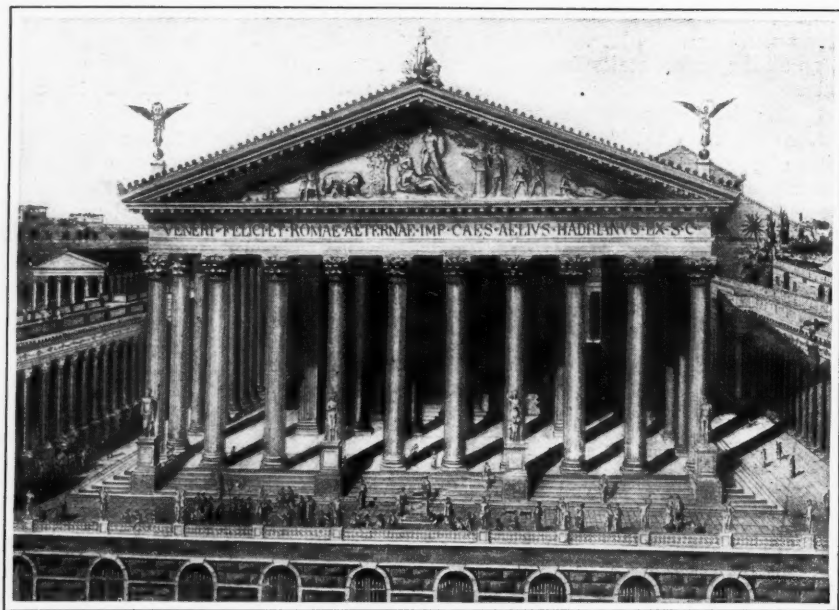


THE SITE OF THE HOUSE OF THE VESTALS AS IT NOW APPEARS, WITH THE REMAINS OF COLUMNS AND STATUES THAT WERE FOUND IN EXCAVATING IT

the people might and did mingle freely; where nobles and tradesmen, priests and rascals, senators and street-cleaners, rubbed elbows in a way impossible outside the precincts of that square of amity and tolerance.

Market-stalls gave place to public buildings. Temples were erected, more and finer edifices of every sort were projected, and each generation vied with its predecessors in adding to the splendor and magnificence of the city's central point, until the self-satisfied Augustus,

the damage they did was nothing to the havoc the Romans themselves wrought. For a thousand years any citizen who wished to build came here for practically all his materials. Worse yet, contractors demolished whole palaces and temples, to burn their priceless marbles for lime. The show place of the imperial city was desolated, and the peasants turned its buried waste—covered in some places with forty feet of earth, taken from outside excavations and thrown here to get it out of the way, as



THE TEMPLE OF VENUS AND ROME, ONE OF THE MOST MAGNIFICENT STRUCTURES OF ANCIENT ROME, AS IT APPEARED WHEN THE EMPEROR HADRIAN COMPLETED IT IN A.D. 135

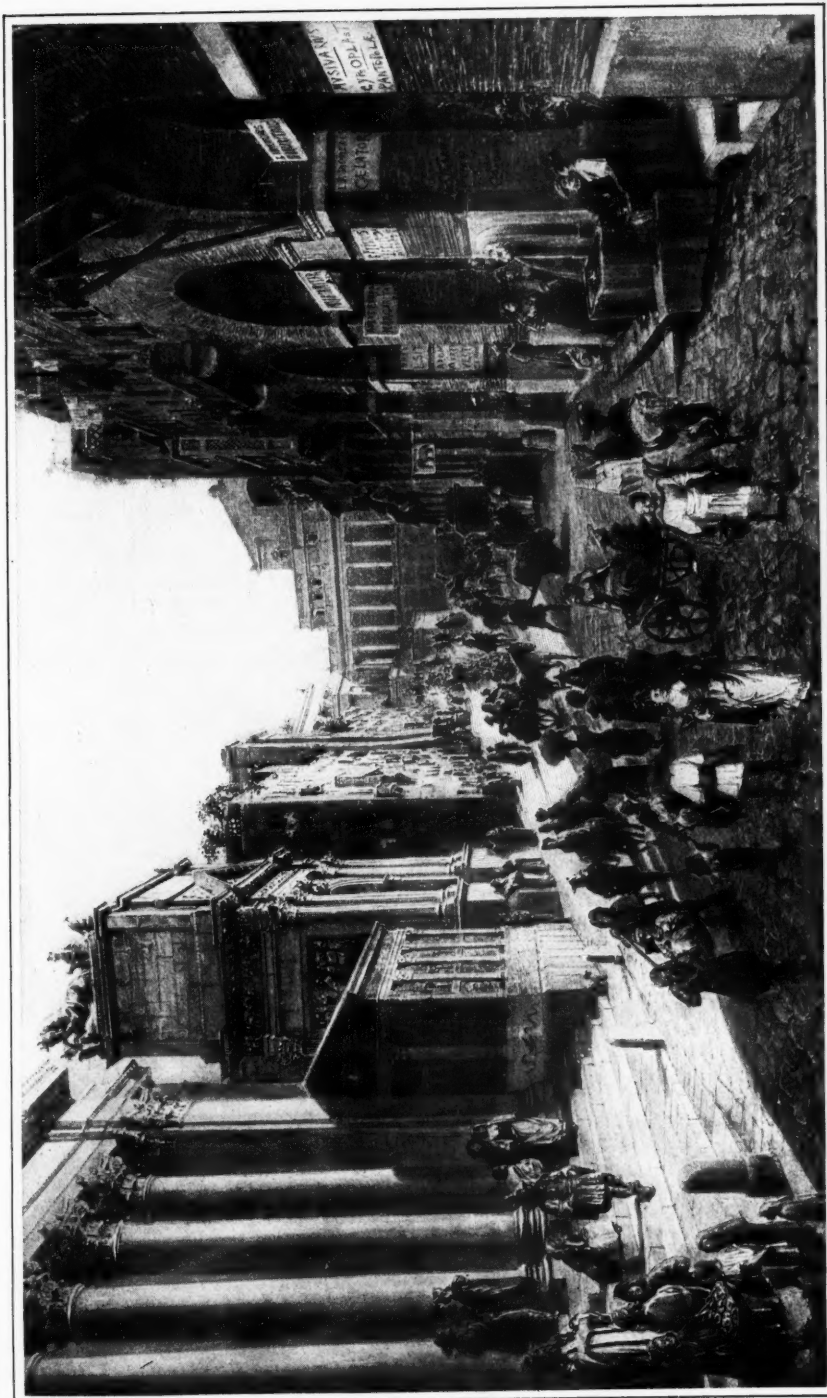
well as with broken stone and other debris—into a vegetable-garden and a cow-pasture.

In the sixteenth century some efforts at excavating the buried treasures were made; but not until the existing Italian government began work on a systematic scale was any real progress accomplished, and the present panorama of ruin unearthed. With the surviving fragments as a basis, the archeologists have spent years of patient endeavor and study in sketching out the glories of the Forum in the Golden Age. One of their favorite "restorations," as such drawings are called, represents a crucial instance in the lives of all Romans during the Emperor Trajan's reign.

In the year 117, because times were hard and panicky, Trajan remitted all back taxes. The people hailed him as their savior, and made a celebration of the destruction of the tax-records. Filing into the Tabularium, where the hateful books were kept, each man came out bearing upon his shoulder a massive folio, and the great tomes were burned to cinders on a pyre lighted before the emperor, who sat in benign majesty

upon the Rostra Vetera, or Orators' Platform. To this day there stands in the Forum a marble panel from that old platform, its time-worn face showing a carved relief of that very scene.

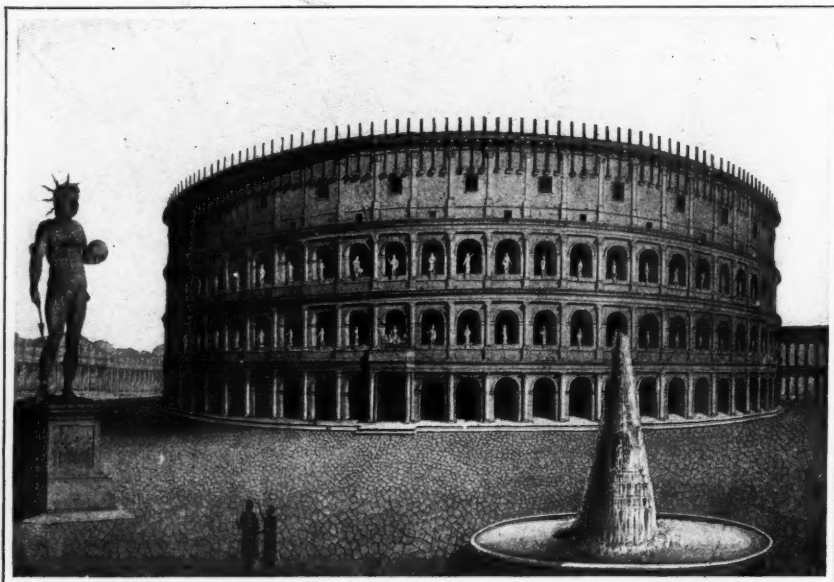
The Rostra, by the way, took its name from the *rostra*, or beaks, of captured war-galleys which were fastened all along its marble front, and some of which had played a vital part in one of the most tragic events in Roman history. On one earlier day, the frightened Romans beheld fixed upon two of the *rostra* the hands, and upon another the calm, pale, noble face of the beheaded Cicero, gazing with sightless eyes into the pregnant future. Suddenly a bustle at the outer edge of the crowd announced some happening, and through the mob raged the infuriated Fulvia, at whose instigation the great orator had met his fate. Rushing up to the dripping head, the miserable woman spat thrice in the dead statesman's face, and wrenching loose the bronze pins from her great masses of hair, drove them viciously through the silent tongue again and again, while the crowd shivered and drew back aghast at such insane hatred.



ROMAN LIFE UNDER THE EMPIRE—A SCENE ON THE VIA SACRA, OR HOLY WAY, LOOKING TOWARD THE PALATINE HILL, AT THE BEGINNING OF THE FOURTH CENTURY OF OUR ERA

Turning, when her hate was glutted, Fulvia sped down the Sacra Via, or Holy Way, which led straight through the Forum. Temples and shops and basilicas lined its length; triumphal arches spanned the fine street. High above, on the Palatine Hill, Augustus built the marble palace that was subsequently enlarged by Tiberius and by

what precious relics. But though Rome was ignorant of what those relics were, every Roman citizen believed implicitly that upon the inviolability of the shrine depended the prosperity and safety—nay, the very existence—of the entire empire. To guard and minister in that temple was a work, therefore, worthy the very noblest Rome produced, and



THE COLOSSEUM, AS IT APPEARED WHEN COMPLETED BY THE EMPEROR TITUS IN A.D. 80—
IN THE FOREGROUND ARE THE COLOSSAL STATUE OF NERO AND THE
FOUNTAIN CALLED THE META SUDANS

Caligula, that "Little Boots" whose madness led him to roll naked among the piles of gold and silver coin in his treasury, or toss down the glittering pieces by handfuls into the Sacra Via from the "bridge" of his palace, that the street urchins hanging around the market-stalls might scramble and fight in the Sacred Way, desecrating the temples with their shrill oaths as they struggled for the largesse of the imperial madman above them.

THE HOUSE OF THE VESTALS

Beside the Holy Way stood the most important buildings in the city of the Cæsars. Within the mysterious precincts of the Atrium Vestæ, that house of perpetual adoration, was the shrine of the Palladium, containing no one knew

the holiest things within the imperial boundaries were the Vestal Virgins.

Vesta, virgin goddess of the hearth and home, the titular protectress of these treasures, required that a perpetual flame should be burned in her temple, in which should ever minister six of the proudest virgins of the nobility. To perpetuate this gentle sisterhood, the high priest of Rome every ten years selected six of the handsomest little patrician maids, without flaw or blemish in either body or mind, consecrated them for a term of thirty years' service in the temple, and exacted of them an oath of chastity covering that period. The violation of a Vestal's oath was punished by burial alive; and sad were the two or three heart-breaking ceremonies when all Rome mourned and trembled as an

errant priestess gazed her last upon the brilliant Roman world and climbed down the ladder into the damp death-chamber.

Beginning with the newly chosen children, the virgins were divided into three classes—the novices who must learn their sacred duties, the priestesses on duty beside the sacred flame, and the so-called *Maximæ*, or veteran Vestals, whose service had terminated with honor to themselves and to their patron. If a veteran, at the expiration of her service, chose to emerge from seclusion, she was free to do so; but such cases were comparatively rare, for the special honors and privileges enjoyed by the Vestals led most of them to end their days in the temple. So greatly were they revered, alike by ruler and people, that if a criminal, passing on his way to execution, chanced so much as to behold a Vestal being carried through the streets in her 'chair of state, he was instantly liberated.

The *atrium* proper, or interior court of the Vestals' residence, was surrounded by a double row of columns, between which were set life-size statues of the venerated *Maximæ*. When the house was excavated, only eleven of these marble figures were found still to be in fair preservation and recognizable. All the rest were shattered, and the row that once completely surrounded the *atrium* can never be restored.

Completely as the palace is ruined, the *piscina*, or water-tank, is still visible in the *atrium*. Here was stored the water used by the virgins, but there was not a conduit or pipe anywhere in the building. Forbidding every Vestal to so much as touch water contaminated by having flowed through any sort of artificial channel, one of the very oldest canons of the order rendered doubly arduous the duties involved in the most beautiful service of the pagan empire.

THE TEMPLE OF VENUS AND ROME

When the great Hadrian was still a child, he became so deeply interested in the building schemes of his uncle, the Emperor Trajan, that he frequently annoyed Apollodorus, the consulting architect imported from Greece. So great a man as this distinguished foreigner could be nettled quickly, and more than once

he curtly dismissed the curious lad, not foreseeing that the youth would some day as curtly deal with him. Raised to the throne, Hadrian speedily proved himself to be more than a mere politician; and though he retained the acid Greek as his architectural adviser, the resentment of childhood still stirred at the graybeard's criticisms. Sharper and sharper grew Apollodorus's strictures as the young emperor improved. Wearing at last of naught but faultfinding, Hadrian banished his ancient enemy to Capri, that sun-baked rock far down the Gulf of Naples.

Apollodorus out of the way, Hadrian pursued his hobby more contentedly, evolving the most unique temple in the world, the double-apsed Temple of Venus and Rome, which stood at the eastern end of the Forum, on the ground now occupied by the church of Santa Francesca Romana. The two apses were set back to back, a cyclopean figure of the goddess Venus being placed in one, and in the other, facing in the opposite direction, a statue of Rome deified. Well satisfied with his achievement, Hadrian despatched a messenger to Capri, sending by him a full set of working plans for Apollodorus to examine, expecting that the old man would at last praise, and thus redeem himself. But age and exile had soured the master, and the messenger came back with only the words:

"Tell Hadrian he must unroof his temple if ever he wishes Venus to stand erect."

Speechless with fury, the emperor entered the temple and looked. It was true; the figure of the goddess was so large that, even when she was seated, her majestic head approached the roof. Calling back the frightened messenger, he said abruptly:

"Go back to Capri. Tell the Greek that Hadrian says—'Apollodorus, kill yourself!'"

THE MIGHTY COLOSSEUM

Facing the temple, there still stand the imposing remains of the Flavian Amphitheater, the most stupendous monument to pride and degradation ever erected by mortal hands, a grim house of corruption and death, consecrated in

blood and tears. A few years after Nero's suicide, the Emperor Vespasian tore down his infamous Golden House, which touched four of the Seven Hills, gave back to the people most of the land Nero had taken, and began to build an amphitheater in the center of what had been the palace lake.

Before he could finish it he died; but his son Titus, conqueror of Jewry and destroyer of Jerusalem, completed the monstrous place of amusement in the year 80, inaugurating it with a free spectacle which lasted an even hundred days. Several thousand pairs of gladiators and five thousand wild animals were tortured and slain during those games for the delight of the Romans, some fifty thousand of whom sat on the marble benches at the expense of their emperor.

Directly in front of the entrance to the Golden House stood a gilded bronze statue of the great criminal Nero, so large that it was called the Colossus, for its head towered more than a hundred feet above the pavement. Unwilling to destroy so magnificent a figure, Vespasian changed it to represent the sun-god, crowned with rays, and left it standing to mark the entrance to his own edifice. Gradually the Romans, preferring the name of the statue to that of the arena, began calling the place of amusement the Colosseum, and through all the centuries that suggestive term has been familiar.

On the side of the main entrance, opposite the spot where the Colossus stood, is still to be seen the core of the bubbling fountain, the Meta Sudans—the "Sweating Goal." Escaping from the last of the day's bloody games without mortal hurt, the victorious gladiators rushed out to its cooling flood to wash

from arm and sword the hideous traces of victory, and the dust and sweat of the sanded arena.

But there are pleasanter traditions associated with the grisly old amphitheater. To-day, how many of us who wave our handkerchiefs in greeting, or farewell, or applause, remember that the custom originated here in an imperial decree? Jammed to suffocation with the eager populace, the seats of the Colosseum afforded scant space for the waving of togas. Senators or commoners, crazy with delight at some bit of skill or daring or brutality, were in the habit of jerking loose a convenient corner of their long toga and waving it frantically in applause. But the cloth often hid an equally enthusiastic neighbor's face from the waver's view, and hands not infrequently collided with noses or eyes or teeth, to the considerable annoyance of their owners. Fights resulted, the rows in the seats interfered with the enjoyment of the other spectators, and sometimes the impromptu struggles had much more serious results when continued outside.

Going from bad to worse, the condition became so serious among the "fight fans," if such an expression may be permitted, that the imperial decree went forth. No person might thereafter wave a toga, or any part of any garment whatsoever, to express his delight or disapproval. Every one entering the Colosseum must be equipped with a small square of plain white cloth. That he might wave all he pleased, for even in his wildest moments of approval it would not prevent him from seeing and avoiding his neighbor's face and figure; and our "handkerchief" thus had its genesis among the fights and applause on the "bleachers" of pagan Rome.

ACHIEVEMENT

How fraudulent is that high estate,
Which, like an opera-glass, to all
Can make the very small seem great,
Or, turned about, the great seem small!

Happy the man of finer clay,
Who so upon himself relies
That when the glass is put away
He still appears of proper size.

Channing Pollock

MISS MARWEDEL, INTRIGUER

BY W. C. MORROW

AUTHOR OF "A MAN: HIS MARK," "BOHEMIAN PARIS
OF TO-DAY," ETC.

MISS MARWEDEL sprang to her feet. When had she ever failed of instant response to that quick, imperious ringing of her door-bell?

"Jamie!" she whispered when she opened the door, for the dear figure was not standing as usual in the economical light that ran out from the passage. Her alarm was allayed as the tall man hastily stepped from the shadow; but instead of his customary kindly greeting and the smile that she loved so well, he roughly shouldered her aside, entered without speaking, shut and bolted the door, strode to the gaslight and extinguished it, and stood in silence.

It was all so extraordinary that her constant fear of making some mistake that would alienate him held her in a fiercer clutch. She dreaded committing errors like those of his mother, who years ago had died of a broken heart, because, as she had explained to Miss Marwedel through tears, she never, never could learn how to treat his sensitive nature.

In the instant of his dash through the door Miss Marwedel had discovered that he was haggard, that his eyes were sunken and staring, and that the odor on his breath was stronger than usual.

"Jamie," she called softly from the darkness near the door.

He shook himself, ground his teeth, and with a groan muttered, "Come into the sitting-room."

She followed him, and anxiously observed him as he closed the door, made sure that the window-shades were down, tossed his hat aside, sank heavily into a chair at the center-table, tightly interlocked his fingers, and stared fixedly ahead. Something more than drink had stricken the handsome, debonair man, always so perfectly dressed, so confident in his prosperity.

In passing to a seat at the other side of the table Miss Marwedel was aware of breaking a hitherto infrangible custom: she neglected a stealthy glance at the mirror in the mantel to assure herself that she was hopelessly plain and unlovely, lacking every charm that was precious in the sight of men, and altogether in shocking contrast with the demigod who condescended out of pity to come now and then with his swing and dash to ease her burden of loneliness. Somehow the difference between them did not appear so great to-night.

His appearance and silence became unbearable, and she slipped around the table, fell on her knees before him, and took his cold hands.

"What is it, Jamie?" she asked very gently.

His stare dropped to her pleading face as he clutched her hands. "How much money have you, Abbie?" The hard tone carried a demand.

"Three thousand dollars," she answered. It was all he had left her of the ten-thousand-dollar legacy which had come two years ago to banish her merciless poverty and work. Was he not always with beautiful unselfishness trying to increase her fortune by stock speculation? And even though his efforts had failed and the money was gone, she retained something infinitely richer—her knowledge of his tender thoughtfulness.

He withdrew his hands and made no effort to conceal his resentfulness and despair. "It isn't enough—not a tenth enough," he bitterly said.

"I'm satisfied as it is, Jamie—perfectly satisfied."

He pushed her back with so sudden violence that she barely saved herself from a fall, and he had risen and was

towering furiously above her as, bewildered and frightened, she regained her balance. There was no resentfulness in her pleading eyes.

"It isn't enough to save me—not a tenth enough!" His whole bearing was a fierce accusation.

A light suddenly came into the yearning eyes. "To—save you, Jamie?" she timidly echoed.

"Can't you understand, woman?" Of a sudden his manner softened, as from an inspiration; and before she could speak he had seized her hands and was looking down into her face with something of the old kindness that had never failed to make her happy. "Abbie," he said, "the three thousand might save me, after all. It's in Consolidated Gas-Electric, isn't it?"

"Yes, Jamie," in a flutter of expectation.

"Would you sell the stock?"

"How can you ask! Yes, the first thing to-morrow."

"Ah, Abbie, you are the best, the kindest friend in the world!" He tenderly raised her hand and kissed her fingers. "But do you realize what it is for?" he asked, closely observing.

"It's to save you from some temporary embarrassment!" she declared, with a childlike pride in her acumen.

He released her hands, turned away, and absently picked up a piece of dainty lace, to the making of which she had returned for a livelihood after the man had depleted her income. In his nervousness he tore the delicate fabric and spoiled a month's patient toil. It meant her going without needful things.

"There! I've done some damage, haven't I?" he regretfully asked.

"It's nothing, Jamie. I can make plenty more."

She saw that a weight still pressed on him—that her promise to bring the money next day had not relieved him; for, as though lost, he wandered from the table. That he instantly forgot her presence was shown in the lapse of his guard; his eyes roved, his fingers twitched, and his arms moved as though fighting something away. Patient, but with an aching heart, she stood where he had left her.

He started as though frightened when

he again saw her, but it recalled him. His glance slipped aside, and he said: "Abbie, some people are probably looking for me to-night. I mustn't let them find me." He waited a moment, but she was strangely silent. "They'd never think to seek me here. It may be asking too much, but if you'd let me sit here till morning—"

"Jamie!" She had stolen up and gently clasped his arm in both hands. "Of course you shall stay; but you shall have my room, and I'll stay in here."

"I can't consent to that, Abbie."

He had yet to learn something of a woman's love, else he would not have wondered—if ever a man loved by a woman *can* cease wondering—at the new tone which she instantly assumed. The firmness of authoritative motherhood suddenly transformed her.

"Sit here," she said, placing him in the little cane-seated rocking-chair, the most comfortable she had. "Now tell me something," steadily eying him. "When did you last have anything to eat?"

He regarded her curiously, a little awed, and tried to think. "I—I don't remember having eaten anything to-day."

"Then you haven't. Yesterday?"

After reflection, "Breakfast."

"I thought so." She caught up a cushion and thrust it behind his head, which she pressed back until its resistance ceased. "Close your eyes," she commanded; and he obeyed.

As noiselessly as a kitten at play she tripped into her tiny combination kitchen and dining-room, and in a moment had water heating on the diminutive gas-range. In her quick, noiseless, butterfly way she fluttered to him again, sponged and towelled his face and hands, and brushed his hair, all as a fairy might, and with a magician's celerity prepared a big man's supper and set the tray on the table beside him.

He had been watching her from half-closed eyes, and gradually the haggard lines of his mouth softened to a melancholy smile. When, as she set down the tray, he made a movement to sit erect, she pounced upon him like an angry sparrow, jammed his head back on the

cushion, and in a terribly dangerous manner said, "Don't you dare!"—and she a good twelve inches shorter than he, and her figure not much more than a wisp of nerves!

She cut the food into absurdly small bits as, with the seriousness of a doctor administering restoratives in a desperate emergency, she daintily but impressively poked them into his mouth. They were so small that chewing them was a mockery, but a curious survey of her face informed him that her own mouth was uncommonly small, and he reflected that habit is masterful. And she was so careful as to be certain of deglutition every time before stoking again. After a while he wondered how long it would be before his jaws grew tired of masticating mostly air, but gradually the novelty of it all became pleasant, and an odd feeling of his mother's presence in the room, and of his being an unruly, discontented boy again, suffering the penalties of his wildness and receiving her tender ministrations in a sick-bed, took possession of his nearly shattered faculties.

Along with it came the memory of a plain mite of a girl whom his mother would often take for a time out of a vague Somewhere Else called a Home, and who would nearly drive him insane with her wistful eyes always upon him and her tiresome thoughtfulness for his comfort. She was never anything but a fragile wraith, so small that he wondered where she would go to if he blew her hard, and she was so timid and unrobust as to belong to an alien species. You could never play with a creature like that. The best possible was to pull her funny mouse-colored pigtails and see her queer little face wrinkle all up and cry. But she was the only one beside his mother to call him Jamie.

Drowsiness stole on him, but Miss Marwedel's energy never relaxed. At last it seemed to him that she had been stuffing him ever since the dawn of creation, and that she would probably keep it up till the welching of the universe in the final crash.

"There!" she said. It was all over, and his eyes closed peacefully as his weary mandible came to rest. . . .

He was awakened by an odd sensation

that a rat was nibbling his foot; but he discovered that she was unlacing his shoe. With a jerk he sat erect, and sharply said:

"You sha'n't do that, Abbie!"

"Let me!" she pleaded, looking up with a wistfulness that was almost comical.

He could not deny her. When his shoes were off she bravely attacked his cravat. The knot was peculiarly masculine and baffling; but she had always insisted that with persistence and time one can accomplish anything in reason. After an effort that puckered her face in excruciating concentration his collar came away.

"Now!" Miss Marwedel triumphantly exclaimed. "That's all I can do. Come!"

With fierce energy she dragged his big, lax frame to a standing posture, and after the manner of a policeman with a prisoner she dragooned him to the bedroom.

Something arrested him on the threshold. He gazed in bewilderment round the dainty little chamber, so simple in its furnishings, yet touched in every perfect detail with sweetness and grace, and with a white purity that shamed him. She thrust him within, but he turned a humble, protesting face.

"Abbie, I—I can't!" he weakly said.

A quick pain darkened her radiant face. "I know it's poor, Jamie—much poorer than—"

"Not that, Abbie! Not that!" and, dropping into a chair better suited to a child than a man, he sank his face into his hands.

She stood for a moment in miserable uncertainty, wondering what the trouble could be. No doubt it was her inability to furnish him with a garment to sleep in. It would have completed her happiness could she have supplied that need, but it would be absurd to offer him one of her ridiculously small surpliced gowns, which were very sheer and had lace inserting in front; and he would be helpless when it came to tying the baby-ribbon.

"Why not, Jamie?" she gently asked, her hand resting tenderly on his head.

He made no answer, but presently raised moist eyes to her face and re-

garded her a long time. Then he took her hand, which was small and pliable, and studied it curiously. It came upon him like a sudden and sweeping deluge that she was a woman. The discovery staggered him, it sickened him; for this was the woman whom he had mercilessly plundered and whom he would rob of the last remnant of her fortune in order that he might escape from the country and so elude the punishment that was hunting him down. It would leave her infinitely worse than beggared. Yet he *must* go; the hounds were already baying at his heels. He promised himself faithfully that he would make restitution as soon as possible.

"I am unworthy, dear friend," he explained.

She laughed sweetly, for he had never spoken thus before. "Of course you are!" she cried, happy over his jest. "And so dear a word as that is the best thing in the world to go to bed on. Hurry up, now!" with a sudden return of her maternal domination. "Undress and jump into bed. Good night, Jamie." The kiss that fell on his forehead was as light and fragrant as a violet.

She closed the door and was gone. He gazed long at the blank she had left.

II

MR. FARNUM recognized the name on the card that the boy brought into the private office, but looked his surprise when, instead of the drab, shrinking little creature whom he expected, a flashy vision of feminine elegance came smiling in with a boldness only half veiled. He stared in annoyance at first, and then with amazed incredulity.

"What can I do for you, Miss—" he coldly began.

"Abigail Marwedel," came the breezy answer. "You surely remember me, Mr. Farnum!"

"I remember Miss Abigail Marwedel," he admitted.

"Of course you do! An old friend of your nephew, James Farnum, you know!"

His face was stony as his glance took her all in—the showy hat, the diamonds, the rouged cheeks, painted lips, and pen-

ciled brows, and the noisy silk of her extremely fashionable gown, with a glimpse of costly lace below the hem. So *this* was the friend of his nephew—the nephew whom he had loved and trusted and advanced to the station of private secretary, where his opportunities for pilfering had been nearly unlimited. Hardy, the detective charged with the task of running the thieving ingrate down, had reported that stocks caused the ruin. Evidently James had been very secretive, or Hardy was incompetent. The marvel was that the woman had the effrontery to thrust herself forward now.

"Yes, I knew you had been a friend of his," said Mr. Farnum, and then it occurred to him that she might have come to betray the whereabouts of the fugitive. At least, prudence dictated a considerate bearing toward her.

"All his life," she ran on, spreading her skirts and preening consciously. "I've come to talk to you about him."

"Thank you," his manner more friendly. From all indications, money, judiciously introduced, might prove potent here to open the way between the thief and the penitentiary.

She smiled knowingly, as though a secret understanding had already been established. The capitalist thrust back a feeling of repulsion, which was all the stronger from the shock he had received upon realizing that Abigail Marwedel, not only the strictest and most puritanical of women, with the highest sense of uprightness, but hopelessly unattractive, had been so successful as to entrap and ruin James Farnum, the handsome, the courted, the fastidious.

Yet, as she talked and he studied her, he saw that a deeper metamorphosis than the one he had first observed had really occurred. The womanly poise of her head—he had not before seen a touch of pride in her bearing—was not effectually concealed under the defiance that her manner of life had developed; her eyes and her voice had taken on a depth and a sweetness that they had not known; below a hardness that he soon saw was bravado he discovered graces hitherto absent; and though she was overdressed, that was somewhat redeemed by its look of sham, and it could

not hide the underlying perfection of taste that finished her in every line.

He felt the touch of pity; after all, possibly his nephew, not she, had been the despoiler.

She chatted inconsequentially about the years of her childhood acquaintance with James—his kindness, his chivalry, and many other half-fabrications so ingeniously contrived that the shrewd man began to wonder whether he had really known the lad aright and had treated him wisely. From that she passed in a breathless string of words to his service with his uncle, his fidelity and intelligence. The perfectly framed narrative rose in force as its climax ran with fatal sureness to the crisis. In the depth of her feeling all the sham of her later life fell away. She had risen and was standing with a woman's fearlessness before the man whose nod held more power than the scepter of many a king.

She spoke of the young man's orphaned state, the absence of a father to guide him, the brilliancy and beauty that dug pits at his feet, and the cruel temptations to which his own uncle had so carelessly exposed him and upon whose conscience must rest a share of the blame.

At last, her eyes suffused and her cheeks flaming under the rouge, she spoke of the woman.

"She was ignorant, Mr. Farnum," the low, passionate voice went on, as though speaking in pitying denunciation of one not present. "Her life had been starved in its every natural want. There was only one in all the world who cared for her or gave her a smile. Could she help loving him when he came with his hearty cheer now and then to drive her loneliness away? She loved him with every quality that made her human and a woman—grateful for his kindness, never hoping for his love."

In her outpouring she forgot the third person shield.

"One day—the fatal day—he inadvertently let me know that any woman's unloveliness was due to her own stupidity, as any woman might be charming. It was a thrilling revelation. What could I do, in my love, my ignorance, but fall into the trap that the fates had set for him—and me? I began to study the ways of women—not the women whom

I would have chosen to study had I not loved him so deeply, but those I imagined were most attractive to men."

Her eyes swam and her color deepened, but she gathered her strength and plunged on.

"I saw that money was required, and by hints let him know that I was without means to employ the arts that women know. His face lighted, and—Why go into details? He began to 'lend' me money, as he delicately called it—cautiously at first, thinking me proud. Then, as my demands increased and my sensibilities became blunted in my blind pursuit of ways for making myself more and more attractive to him, and supposing that, as your nephew, he had unlimited wealth, I impliedly demanded more and more, and he poured money into my lap. I squandered it in high living, and his love for me let me drag him with me. That is why he speculated. Of course I didn't know that he was taking your money. He was only weak, Mr. Farnum; but what man may not be when the woman he loves undermines him so insidiously through love that all the harm has been done when he wakes?"

She paused for the supreme effort, and the man sat in wonder beneath her spell, studying the light that filled her eyes and the fire racing through her.

"I never dreamed that I was dragging him to ruin, and I knew still less that I—had wrecked myself. Then, a week ago, came his disappearance. What can I say became of the money he squandered on me except that all I can show for it is a costly wardrobe and these miserable trinkets—"

She tore off her diamonds and laid them on the table.

"He was not the thief. I alone am guilty. Don't hunt him down. Give him a chance for a place among men. He has learned his lesson, and will never waver again. I'll make no defense, I'll give no trouble. Any shame that life as a convict could bring me would be a blessed banishment of a worse shame. I will plead guilty to a charge of being the principal in this crime against you—he was only my agent. The sole condition is that he must be spared, his name kept untarnished, because that

alone would be just, since I alone am guilty."

There was something regal in the attitude with which she confronted him, and he construed it as a summons to his mercy, a challenge to whatever was as noble in him as she unconsciously disclosed in herself. The situation was strange; it shook to their foundations his experiences of a lifetime, and somewhere within him he felt the lash of a whip. Then, conscious of a discourtesy that he should be sitting while she stood, he said:

"Be seated, Miss Marwedel."

"I have no right," she returned.

III

IT could have been only a new-born sense of respect that raised him from his chair and sent him to the window. Even a perception as keen as his might suffer under the temporary obsession of a sacrifice so great as hers, but an outlook withdrawn from her, and embracing a wide sweep from the blue zenith to the waving foliage of the park, and, nearer still, the moiling streams of men drifting in the street below, in every conceivable false pain and strain and agony to which a city life can give birth, worked a clearing of his vision. . . . No; James had no wit for a scheme so shrewd and daring as this.

She did not see him covertly press a button when he idly returned to the desk. The immediate entrance of a boy appeared to have no more significance than had Mr. Farnum's begging her to excuse his temporary absence; it all looked as though he had been summoned by a caller.

Upon his return he found her still standing in the rapt attitude of a martyr awaiting sentence to a glorious death. She was evidently as much puzzled by the smiling distinction of manner with which he placed a chair for her as by the respectful kindness with which in silence he took the jewelry from the table and laid it in her lap, and then seated himself and began to talk.

It had been a long time since he had seen her, he said, and he often wondered what she had done with herself. He declared that it was inconsiderate of her to neglect her old friends.

She was unhappy and confused; his bearing was unexpected; and her manner showed that she thought it unkind to torture her before letting the ax fall.

Her guard over her tongue threw the burden of the talk upon Mr. Farnum. More and more she wondered that his solicitude bore no inquisitiveness. She knew little of these great men whose power lies in their understanding of human nature, and she was surprised to find this man so simple and gentle. He touched with a hint of reminiscent tenderness on the years that had passed, recalled many incidents of his acquaintance with her at the home of his nephew's mother, and without the slightest trace of bitterness spoke of the hopes that in the beginning he had cherished for the lad.

Under his sympathy and friendliness she gradually became responsive, and the time passed with a somnolent, peaceful droning. There was something so hypnotic in his quiet talk that she ceased to wonder at its meaning. From the moment of her entrance she had regarded herself as a prisoner. At last it came upon her with a sense of relief that he had left the office an hour ago for the purpose of summoning by telephone or messenger an officer of the law to come and take her into custody, and out of kindness was beguiling the interval. The thought took on a fierce reality a moment later.

"You haven't accepted the condition!" she said, confronting him.

"The condition?" he echoed.

"Yes—that in accepting me for punishment you completely exonerate him."

She did not note the half-teasing twist of his eyebrows when he looked down and replied: "What if he should refuse to accept such a sacrifice?"

"But he won't!" she impetuously declared, and from his cynical shrug knew that she had blundered, perhaps fatally, and undone the good impression of James that she had created. Her incoherent plunge to retrieve was interrupted by a rap at the door and the thrusting of Hardy's head into the opening. The caller nodded.

"Bring him in," quietly said Mr. Farnum, and Hardy ushered in a broken, drooping man.

"Jamie!" cried Miss Marwedel, staggering back to the table.

He was equally shocked, and looked her over wonderingly, ending with a look of incredulous, despairing accusation.

Nothing of the scene was lost on Mr. Farnum, who did not rise.

"Thank you, Mr. Hardy. You are excused," and the man went out. "Be seated, Miss Marwedel," he kindly added, "and you, James."

He overlooked the woman's deathly pallor and her struggle with a suffocating dizziness as she reeled to a chair and sank into it while sending a hopeless look at the defaulter. The young man ignored her; his eyes were sunken; even his hands had the cadaverous look of his face.

There was a portentous minute as the man holding more than life and death in his hands waited till the silence had grown deafening. "James," he said, speaking evenly, "I wish to say, in Miss Marwedel's behalf, that she was wholly unaware of informing me that she has been keeping you concealed in her flat ever since your disappearance."

She gave Mr. Farnum a startled look, and he sent her a whimsical smile.

"I may explain some day how I reasoned it out and telephoned Hardy to look for you there and bring you to me. I have learned something else—that your fall was due to a certain woman's rapacious demands for money with which she might indulge her taste for an expensive life."

The young man flared. "It's false!" he burst out. "There was never such a woman. Hardy has lied."

Miss Marwedel was clutching her chair-arms, and was quivering in her eagerness to find any saving idea.

"I have it on the best possible authority," Mr. Farnum declared, with a bow toward Miss Marwedel.

James, who had suddenly been dragged from despair into a fighting spirit, turned blazing eyes upon her.

"Jamie!" she quavered; "I—"

But she broke down miserably, and could only give him a beseeching look through tear-drenched eyes.

"The curious part of it," Mr. Farnum went on, "is that, contrary to all precedent, the one who ruined you im-

agines herself the real criminal, and has offered herself for punishment, on condition that nothing be done to you."

Miss Marwedel sank deeper in her chair, as though it were a welcome opening in the earth, and fixed her gaze on her lap.

James was not dull, but the disclosures had been so violent and his despair so deep that he did not immediately comprehend. "You have misunderstood her!" he said with heat. "She couldn't be disloyal to save her life. If she—"

A swift revelation checked his words, and a deep flush slowly darkened his pallid face. With an effort he turned a wondering glance upon her, and then raised a firm though shamed look to his uncle. The man of millions waited, expressionless.

"Uncle," James began unsteadily, "I am glad you were not deceived. God!"—his eyes flashing "I could kill a man for thinking Abbie capable of being"—he looked her over—"what she has told you she was!" He rose and planted himself firmly before his judge. "She had a little money, a few thousands, left"—he wrenched out the rest—"after I had squandered the most of her legacy by speculating in stocks, hoping that I could recover what I had stolen from you. I asked her for it, as it would take me out of the country. She didn't know I wanted it for that, but I confessed everything the next day. At first she had agreed to give me the money, but afterward put me off from day to day, arguing that it was unsafe for me to go, that she could conceal me perfectly till all danger was past, and that we might find some better way than flight. Now I see how she has been using her money—to deceive you and shield me. She would cheerfully go to the penitentiary to save me!" He turned a wondering, reverent gaze upon her, and met her own, frightened and eager. "Abbie! Abbie!" he said.

Mr. Farnum rose, took his hat and overcoat from a locker, and went to the door. "I think you two had better straighten matters out to suit yourselves," he remarked, and paused to add, as he passed out: "Come in to-morrow, James. Your work has fallen behind."

THE CENTER OF POPULATION

BY MONTAGUE GLASS

AUTHOR OF "MR. BLISS AND THE HIGHWAYMAN," "WOLFE TONE LYNCH," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CASSEL

THREE generations are commonly said to complete the cycle from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves. Even though it be not encompassed in six or seven, collateral branches of the same family, at all times during the transition, may disclose not only shirt-sleeves, but patched overalls and Horace Greeley whiskers to boot. Thus, while Frederic Goodel pursued the lucrative occupation of a dealer in "investment securities," his cousin, Lafayette Goodel, tilled the ancestral farm in Sullivan County, and each year came within perhaps a hundred dollars of clearing expenses.

The deficit was supplied by Frederic, who took in exchange an occasional basket of small, sour peaches. Once he had paid his cousin a visit projected to last for ten days. He rowed on the lake, climbed the mountain, grew bilious from drinking too much milk, and at the end of the third afternoon waved an adieu from the rear platform of the observation-car, into which he immediately disappeared, not to emerge again until the porter's whisk-broom heralded his imminent arrival in town.

"What a place!" he ejaculated to his brother-in-law, Rushmore Luddington. "Hard beds, soft water, unripe fruit, and everything fried to a crisp!"

"That's the way our ancestors were raised, though," Luddington replied; "and what a sturdy lot of fellows they were!"

"Of course they were; they simply had to be, if they survived at all."

"But then, you know, there's the lake and the mountain, the whole," Luddington concluded, "providing an ideal place for a boy's holiday."

Goodel struck the desk.

"By Jove, an admirable suggestion!" he exclaimed. "Jimmie shall go there next week. Sour peaches at a hundred dollars a basket are too expensive for me. I once had Jimmie out to lunch, and if he doesn't eat Cousin Lafe out of house and home, I'm no judge of a good appetite!"

At this juncture Mr. Goodel's only clerical assistant, the sixteen-year-old Jimmie Brennan, entered and deposited a bundle of canceled vouchers on his employer's desk.

"Now, Mr. Goodel," he said, "dat guy at de bank wanted me to sign a receipt for dem cut checks."

"And did you?" Mr. Goodel asked.

"I did not," Jimmie replied, and produced the unsigned receipt from his breast-pocket.

"Quite right," Mr. Goodel commented, as he adjusted a pair of gold glasses on his shapely nose. "Never sign anything for me unless I tell you to do so, and never sign anything for yourself unless you read it over first."

Then, adding example to precept, Mr. Goodel carefully perused the printed slip. He crossed out one or two words and appended his signature with characteristic neatness.

"My boy, beware of printed forms," he continued to Jimmie, who received the admonition with a scared gravity. "Everybody signs them and nobody reads them. Hence the supposed order for the Encyclopedia Britannica, with an appendix, proves to be a promissory note for five hundred dollars." He emphasized the remark with a vigorous wink to Luddington. "And now, Jimmie," he went on, "how would you like to have a vacation?"

"A vacation!" Jimmie cried. "Why, I ain't sick, Mr. Goodel."

Goodel gazed critically at Jimmie's shining red cheeks and neatly combed hair.

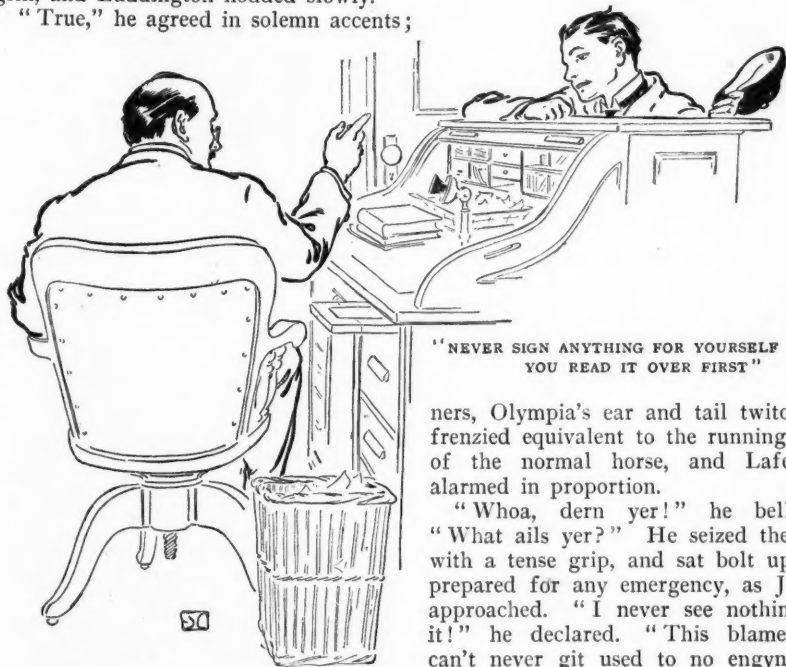
"I admit," he said, appealing to Luddington, "that he doesn't look it."

Jimmie's face expanded into a broad grin, and Luddington nodded slowly.

"True," he agreed in solemn accents;

evidenced by a certain switching of her attenuated tail; and at periods of great emotion, such as a locomotive might engender, she wagged her right ear.

When Jimmie Brennan stepped from the New York express to the platform of the little flag-station at Goodel's Cor-



"NEVER SIGN ANYTHING FOR YOURSELF UNLESS YOU READ IT OVER FIRST"

"but there may be some internal disorder, and therefore—"

"And therefore," Goodel interrupted, "Jimmie leaves for Cousin Lafe's next week!"

II

MANY years of plowing had reduced the action of Lafe Goodel's mare to a deliberate amble, which as much resembled the gait of a normal horse as the progress of a baby's bassinet compares to the onrushing touring-car. She had been dubbed Olympia by Lafe's sister, who deemed the name not only euphonious, but an apt allusion to a slight lameness with which the mare was afflicted. For the rest, Olympia was blind of one eye and very timid about automobiles, at which she invariably shied. This was

ners, Olympia's ear and tail twitched a frenzied equivalent to the running away of the normal horse, and Lafe was alarmed in proportion.

"Whoa, dern yer!" he bellowed. "What ails yer?" He seized the lines with a tense grip, and sat bolt upright, prepared for any emergency, as Jimmie approached. "I never see nothin' like it!" he declared. "This blame hoss can't never git used to no engynes. I bet I druv her down here four times, countin' this year an' last, an' she always kicks up the same folderol!"

Jimmie flung his valise on the back of the wagon and climbed up beside Lafe.

"That's right," Lafe said. "Jes' make yerself ter hum. I'd let yer drive, but I dasen't trust her to yer."

After a sharp "Gidap!" from Lafe, the old mare moved slowly away from the tracks. Jimmie and his host maintained an embarrassed silence. The boy furtively glanced at his employer's cousin, and made mental note of the ragged fringe of whiskers that adorned the farmer's neck. As Lafe shifted a huge mouthful of tobacco from cheek to cheek, his Adam's apple jerked convulsively. Apparently, it roamed about at will, and disappeared beneath his shirt-collar only to bob up among the thickest



THE CONVERSATION ASSUMED A MORE INTIMATE TONE,
AND EVEN LAFE THAWED OUT

of whiskers with an agility that completely fascinated Jimmie.

"Say," he said at length, and by way of conversation, "was you ever to Pastor's?"

Lafe bestowed the cud in one corner of his mouth, voided a pint of so of the attendant moisture, and wiped his lips on the back of his hand.

"Which wan?" he asked.

"On Fourteen' Street."

"No," he answered. "I never was to the city. Gidap!" He fell again to the rumination of his fine cut. "Why d'ye ask?"

"I t'ought I seen yer dere wanst," Jimmie replied, "wid a lady wot played on de trambone. You wuz tellin' her about de circus comin' ter town, an' den yer did a sand-dance togedder."

Lafe gasped in astonishment, and almost swallowed his tobacco.

"Look a here, young feller!" he said. "I dunno what kind o' dominies you've got to New York, but up here ministers of the gospel don't allow no such carry-in's on in their houses. Gidap!"

Jimmie felt vaguely that he had offended, and offered prompt reparation.

"Excuse me," he said humbly. "I didn't mean to make no break."

"Freely granted," cried Lafe. "City ways ain't country ways, I guess, but you seem a right nice young feller. Gidap!"

Jimmie blushed, and for the rest of the ride neither ventured on any further conversation. Lafe's sister met them at the head of the farm lane and greeted Jimmie with a motherly smile.

"Well, Lafe," she cried, "'Lympia ain't so spry as some. You'd better come right in an' set down. Biscuits is burnin' this half-hour past."

For almost an hour Jimmie tucked in honey and hot biscuit, with steaming coffee and ham, until his ruddy cheeks glistened and the waistband of his trousers grew taut. By this time the conversation assumed a more intimate tone, and even Lafe thawed out.

"Well, sister," he said, "y'orter seen 'Lympia when the train came in. I swan she was scairt out of her wits!"

"She'll get over it fast enough," Miss Goodel commented, "when they cut the railroad through the pasture-lot."

Lafe slapped his knee.

"By Gregory!" he cried. "She'll never get over it, if that's what she's waiting for. That derved railroad company won't own my pasture-lot for less than five hundred dollars an acre, unless they steal it from me."

"Mebbe they will," said Miss Goodel, "if you stay up till all hours of the night. You need to have a clear brain if you want to get ahead of the railroad company."

Lafe rose and stretched lazily.

"All right, sister," he grunted; and, taking the lamp from the table, he piloted Jimmie to the spare room on the second floor.

III

UNDER Lafe's tutelage Jimmie rapidly acquired all the accomplishments of a hired man; and when his vacation drew toward its close, it had proved to be as profitable for Lafe as it had been enjoyable for Jimmie. A profusion of freckles obscured the healthy glow in the boy's cheeks, and a cast-off suit of Lafe's overalls completed his transformation into as rustic a youth as never saw Fulton Market or the Brooklyn Bridge.

It was, therefore, not at all surprising that he should be hailed as "bud" by the thick-set gentleman with the jet-black mustache who drove a smart-looking horse and buggy up the farm lane.

"Who lives here, bud?" he asked out of one corner of his mouth.

Jimmie took in at one comprehensive glance the panama hat, the diamond breastpin, and the general air of Tenderloin insouciance that pervaded the stranger's personality.

"Come again," Jimmie said.

"Where's yer pap?"

"Pap?" Jimmie repeated.

"Oh, rats!" the stranger broke in impatiently, and drove rapidly up the lane. Jimmie gazed after him in unaffected surprise. That essentially urban presence in its strange setting of pasture and meadow affected the boy like a whiff of East River breeze, and he turned to his task of mowing the border of the lane, almost glad that his vacation approached its close.

A moment later the buggy drew up near the barn, where Lafe was busily engaged currying Olympia's rough coat with a handful of straw.

"Mr. Lafayette Good-el?" the stranger asked.

Lafe nodded, and his visitor's beady eyes rested on Olympia.

"That's a nice-looking mare you've got there, friend."

"I lay great store by her," Lafe replied dryly.

"About how much do you ask for her?"

Lafe surveyed the stranger's three-year-old trotter for one admiring second.

"I'll make an even swap," he answered, "and give yer one hundred dollars to boot."

The stranger laughed, "as if he were being paid for it," Lafe said afterward.

"She ain't mine," he volunteered. "She belongs to the United States government."

"Sho!" said Lafe, resuming the chewing of a straw.



"WELL, IF YOU INSIST. HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY"

"And so do I," the stranger continued, flashing a gilt badge.

"Do tell!" was Lafe's comment.

"Topographical department."

"Ain't nothin' ter do with sellin' trees?" Lafe suggested.

"Nope."

"Nor books?"

"Nope."

"Nor lightnin'-rods?"

"Nope."

"Then put up yer horse an' step round to the house."

Lafe led the way into the sitting-room, and the stranger followed, after attaching a hitching-weight to his horse's bridle.

"Don't know as I ever heard tell o' that word," Lafe began, as soon as they were seated.

"What word?" the stranger asked.

"Top o' something."

"Topographical department? Oh, that's where they make the maps."

"Then, why didn't yer say so? I don't want to buy no map."

"No, and I don't want to sell you one, either," the stranger replied. "Fanning is my name—William K. Fanning."

Lafe was not impressed.

"Well, I s'pose canvassers must have names, same as other people," he said.

Mr. Fanning grew slightly purple.

"I ain't a canvasser, and I don't want to sell you anything. You understand?

I'm here to talk business." He hurried along before Lafe could get in a word.

"The United States Topographical Department is making a map of this country, and you may or may not know it; but right on the creek that runs through your pasture-lot, next to the white oak-tree"—here Mr. Fanning consulted a paper—"and thence twenty-four degrees forty minutes east ten chains and thirteen links—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Fanning," Lafe interrupted. "I ain't no land-surveyor!"

Mr. Fanning waved an airy gesture with his large white hand.

"That's all right," he went on; "there ain't no necessity for me to continue. The point is this—right next to that white oak-tree is the center of population of New York, Vermont, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut."

Here Mr. Fanning sat back to watch the effect, and again the result was disappointing.

"Pretty lonesome there in winter, all the same," Lafe suggested. He shuffled his feet uneasily. "I'd be glad to visit with you some more, but I got a heap o' chores an' no help to speak of."

"That's all right,"

Mr. Fanning assured him again; "my time's worth money, and so is yours. I won't mince words about it, but the United States government has decided to put up a monument in your pasture-lot, similar to the one I show you here."

Mr. Fanning produced some photographs of small cairns, or monuments, erected by the United States Geodetic Survey in the course of its work, and made a running comment on each picture.

"Now, here's one of the monuments built on Mount Pisgah, the highest point in the northern tier counties," he said.



FANNING'S TWO HUNDRED POUNDS LANDED IN A HEAP

"Handsome piece of work, don't you think?"

"Some might say so," Lafe replied, "but I don't know as I want any such contraption in my pasture-lot."

Immediately Mr. Fanning dug down into his trousers-pocket and produced a roll of bills, from which he peeled ten crisp five-dollar notes.

"Uncle Sam ain't no niggard when it comes to paying for what he wants," he declared, "and here's fifty dollars for the privilege of building a small stone monument in your pasture-lot. Take 'em!" He thrust the bills into Lafe's hand and seized his hat. "Now, that's settled," he said, and strode out of the house.

In no small astonishment, Lafe followed, with the bills still clasped in his outstretched hand.

"See here," he commenced, "I don't know as I ought to—"

"You mean," Mr. Fanning broke in, without pausing in his progress toward the barn, "you don't feel like taking the money without giving a receipt. Well, that's all right; your word's good enough for me."

"Tain't that," Lafe corrected, "but—"

"Well, all right, if you insist," said Mr. Fanning, pausing. "Have it your own way."

He searched in his breast-pocket and pulled out a sheet of paper. Then he handed a fountain-pen to Lafe.

"Sign here," he said.

Folding the paper so that only the spot he indicated was visible, he held it against his horse's flank while Lafe appended a very shaky signature. Without waiting to blot it, Mr. Fanning took the document and replaced it in his breast-pocket. Then he untied the hitching-weight, threw it into the wagon, and before his victim had recovered his wits he



"THE DIRTY RASCAL!
SO THAT WAS HIS
TRICK, WAS IT?"

was driving slowly down the farm lane toward the highroad.

The buggy had proceeded a couple of hundred yards when Lafe woke up. He immediately commenced running and shouting at his lungs' capacity, whereat Mr. Fanning gave his trotter a vicious cut with the whip and started off at a two-forty gait.

IV

IN the meantime Jimmie mowed peacefully at the bend of the farm lane near the pasture-lot. He had straightened up for a moment to take the kinks out of his back, when the clatter of the trotter's hoofs and Lafe's discordant roaring broke on his ear.

"A runaway!" he cried, and sprang into the middle of the lane.

There he yelled and brandished his scythe full in the path of the oncoming horse, until it was almost on top of him. It was nip-and-tuck, but Jimmie stood it out, and at the last moment the trotter swerved and started up the bank.

Then it was that Jimmie dropped his scythe and seized the plunging animal by the bridle, just as Lafe arrived on the scene, flourishing the bills in his right hand.

"Here, you!" he gasped to Fanning. "Take 'em!" He threw the bills into the wagon. "I don't want 'em!"

Jimmie held on to the horse, gaping at the sight of the money.

"Did *he* give it to yer?" he asked, nodding toward Fanning, who stood up in the wagon and dropped the lines.

"What's biting you?" the topographer bellowed, purple with rage. "You leave go that horse's head or I'll whale the life out of you!"

He grabbed the whip, but as he raised it to strike, Lafe caught his arm, and he lurched heavily backward upon the seat. Then Lafe jumped in beside him and grasped him around the body, pinning both his arms to his sides.

"Now, you behave!" Lafe growled. "This may be the center of population of all the universe. I dunno, and I don't care; but just now there probably ain't another soul for a mile or more around, and we're two to your one." He released the struggling Fanning. "Now, pick up that money o' yours, an' be quick about it!"

Fanning stooped to recover the bills from the bottom of the wagon.

"Did *he* give yer dat money?" Jimmie repeated.

"He did," Lafe replied, "but I don't want it. Ain't got no use for it; an' I ain't got no use for no monuments, neither."

Jimmie only heard the first part of Lafe's answer.

"An' did yer sign any receipt fer it?" he continued.

Lafe slapped his knee.

"By Gregory, I did sign one, an' I come near forgettin' all about it!" he cried.

"An' did yer read it before yer signed it?" Jimmie went on coldly.

"Now, you let go that horse!" Fanning shrieked, fairly frothing at the mouth. Seizing the lines, he slapped them violently on the trotter's back. The horse reared and bucked, but Jimmie clung tight to the bridle. There ensued a wild struggle in the wagon. Lafe

Goodel had the advantage of muscle, if not of weight, and in another minute Fanning's two hundred pounds landed in a heap on the dusty surface of the farm lane.

As the descent was made head first, the contents of his pockets fell in a shower about him; and prominent among the scattered papers was the document bearing Lafe Goodel's sprawling signature. Lafe pounced on it with an exclamation.

"Leggo the mare, Jimmie!" he cried. "We're all through!"

Jimmie released the bridle, and no sooner had he sprung to one side than horse and buggy disappeared down the farm lane in a cloud of yellow dust. Fanning rose to his feet, and, hastily gathering up his belongings, took to his heels after the trotter, shouting curses as he went.

"An' now, Jimmie," said Lafe, "we'll take a look at the pesky thing. You'd better read it—your eyes are better than mine."

Jimmie took the document from Lafe and unfolded it.

"Know all men by these presents," he began, "that I, Lafayette Goodel, for and in consideration of the sum of fifty dollars—"

"That's all right, so far," Lafe said. "Go ahead!"

"The sum of fifty dollars, lawful money of the United States—"

"It looked like good money," Lafe admitted.

"To me in hand paid by the Midland Railroad of New York—"

"Stop!" Lafe shouted. "Read that over!"

"By the Midland Railroad of New York," Jimmie repeated. "'Do hereby grant, bargain, sell, assign, and convey all that land—'"

"That'll do!" Lafe gasped. "That's enough! I see it all now!" He stood up unsteadily. "The dirty rascal!" he cried. "So that was his trick, was it?" He turned to Jimmie. "Jimmie, boy," he said earnestly, "gimme your hand. That pesky railroad can't buy my pasture-lot for less than five hundred dollars an acre, and when they do you'll get your share, and a big one, too!"

And six months later Lafe was as good as his word.

SUNSET BY THE SEA

I

OH, heart of my heart, when the clouds hang red
O'er a shimmering, sunlit sea,
And the weary hours of the day have fled,
Hast never a thought for me?

II

IS there never a star at twilight's close,
Or a wave that ripples the sea,
Or a memory hid in the heart of a rose,
To whisper, my love, of me?



III

TO whisper as softly as falling dew,
As the evening shadows grow,
Of a love that only the roses knew,
In that garden of long ago?

IV

HUSH! 'Tis the wind of the night that sings
A music wild and free;
It carries a dream on its shadowy wings,
Oh, heart of my heart, to thee!

Helen Bagg

STORIETTES

A Song of the City

BY TEMPLE BAILEY

CECILIA, coming out of the railroad-station, ran headlong into Billy Van Dorn.

"Oh, Billy," she said, with her eyes dancing, "they are making straight for the country—all of them—and they are going to hunt the wildflower on its native heath, and transfix the birds with their opera-glasses, and quote pastoral poetry; and I am going to stay in town all summer, with no one for company but Aunt Sue and Patty-cat!"

She stopped, breathless, but so radiant with joy and youth that Billy found himself smiling with her.

"Please explain," he demanded. "Who are headed for green fields, and why are you going to stay in town with your aunt?"

"I am staying in town to listen to the song of the city," Cecilia explained, "and the five teachers who do cooperative housekeeping with me in winter are on their way to woo nature—"

"Look here!" Billy said solicitously. "Don't you think you ought to go too, Cissy? You've never spent a summer in town, and it's an awfully warm proposition."

"You always spend your summers here, don't you?"

"Yes, but that is different. Most men do."

They were out in the city street now, with all the tumult of traffic about them.

"Well, I just couldn't go with that bunch," Cecilia said inelegantly. "I love nature, you know, Billy—the waves on the beach, and sunsets over a stretch of prairie, and the wind in the forest, and all that; but I don't love little poky boarding-houses, and mosquitoes, and running around in crowds to study birds. So I said I'd stay at home with Patty-cat and Aunt Sue."

"Well," Billy commented, "we will have some good times together, Cissy."

A little pink flush came into Cecilia's cheeks. "I am not sure," she said, "that—that Elizabeth would care to have you come here very often when she is out of town."

"Oh!" Billy's tone was blank. "I don't think she'd care, Cecilia."

"I shouldn't care," Cecilia emphasized, "if I were engaged to a man—I shouldn't care to have him going to places with another girl—"

"But you and I are such old friends," Billy protested.

Cecilia flashed a frank smile at him. "Indeed we are," she said heartily, "and we're always going to be that. But if we were seen much together, people would talk—and we can't have that, Billy."

"Oh, hang people!" Billy said.

"But we can't hang them," Cecilia told him cheerfully. "No, you can't come, Billy. I'm sorry, but I'm afraid it wouldn't do."

But Billy did come. "With Elizabeth's permission," was his announcement as he sauntered up the cool stone steps of the big apartment-house, and found Cecilia in a low wicker chair on the balcony, with Patty-cat purring comfortably on the broad balustrade, and with Aunt Sue just inside the lace curtains, out of the night air.

"In Elizabeth's last letter," Billy proceeded to explain, as he dropped into another low chair opposite Cecilia, "she asked if there were any girls she knew in town. If there were, she told me to ask one of them to go with me to select a hat for her. A big hat with lots of pink roses—"

"Oh, how lovely!" Cecilia said. "I have never had a pink rose hat, and it

will be a joy to see how I look in one. I'll meet you in the morning, and we will go to the best shops."

"Elizabeth seems to be cutting a wide swath at the beach," Billy confided. "She doesn't seem to mind going around with the other fellows, Cissy; so you shouldn't object to my coming here."

Cecilia's laugh rippled.

"It's different," she said evasively. "What do you think about Elizabeth's doing it, Billy?"

"Oh, I don't care," Billy admitted cheerfully, "if she has a good time. 'Live and let live' is my motto."

"I'm not sure that it would be my motto," Cecilia said. "I think I shouldn't care to be with any one but the man—I loved—"

For a moment there was silence, and then Billy said slowly:

"No, I don't believe you would, Cissy."

The next morning, in the rooms of a fashionable milliner, Cecilia tried on hats, while Billy looked and admired. There was one broad, beautiful leghorn, with roses heaped about the crown, which, set atop of Cecilia's shining coiffure, was ravishing in effect.

"That's the one!" Billy cried. "It's a beauty, Cissy."

Cecilia gazed at herself lovingly in the mirror. "Billy, did you ever see me look so nice?" she demanded as the saleswoman left them for a moment.

"Never," Billy said with emphasis. "You are sweet enough to—"

He broke off abruptly as Cecilia's cheeks flamed red. She took off the rosy hat, and pinned in its place the brown sailor that matched her quiet suit.

"I hope Elizabeth will be pleased with it," she said rather stiffly as they came out of the store. "Tell her to write and let me know whether she likes it."

"I'll come and tell you—" Billy began eagerly, but Cecilia interrupted him.

"No," she said. "No, I don't want you to come any more, Billy."

"Was it what I said in there?" Billy asked her. "Was it what I said about your being sweet enough to—?"

Cecilia's head was held high. "It wasn't *what* you said," she italicized, as she hailed a car at the corner. "It was the way you said it, Billy."

For a week after that Cecilia sat on the little stone balcony with Patty-cat for company, for Aunt Sue indulged in after-dinner naps and was useless for purposes of conversation. And on the seventh day, having listened to the ceaseless song of the city, the far-away hum of traffic, the whir of the wires overhead, the wail of whistles in the distance, she said to the emerald-eyed feline:

"Patty-cat, in all the city nobody cares—"

Patty-cat arched her back under the caressing hand. Cecilia lifted her to her lap, and the little creature cuddled against her white gown. And, presently, something bright and shining fell on Patty-cat's dark fur, and Cecilia whispered again, this time with a little sob:

"In all the big city nobody cares, Patty-cat!"

Down the street there was the sound of a quick step. Patty-cat raised her head, and Cecilia peeped over the balustrade, and there, seen plainly in the white path of the electric lights, was Billy, carrying himself jauntily, and bearing in his strong right hand a bandbox.

"Again with Elizabeth's permission," he announced, as he set the bandbox carefully on the balustrade and shook hands with Cecilia.

"Didn't she like the hat?" Cecilia questioned anxiously.

"She did *not* like the hat," Billy responded.

"Why not?"

"There's a note in the box," Billy told her, "that will give her reasons." His hands trembled a little as he untied the string. He seemed strangely excited. "There!" he said, when at last the box was opened. "There's Elizabeth's note. Read it, Cissy, and tell me the answer."

"It's too dark to see out here," Cecilia said. "We will go in with Aunt Sue."

"We will *not* go in with Aunt Sue," Billy decided imperially. "I'll light

a couple of matches, Cissy. It isn't long."

And, by the uncertain glare of the lights in Billy's nervous fingers, Cissy read:

CECILIA, DARLING:

Billy brought the hat! It's a beauty, but I don't look well in it, and Billy says you are a dream when you have it on, so I am going to bequeath it to you. And I am going to bequeath something else—something that I value, but which I cannot wear with the grace that you can; and the Something is—Billy.

Cissy, dear, won't you make him happy and me happy? Our engagement was such a mistake, and we both found it out a long time ago. Indeed, we knew it when our families made the match; but, then, neither of us loved any one else. This summer I found—the only man—and I knew even before that that Billy had found the only girl; and when he told me how you looked in the rose hat I knew it was you.

I am going to be married quietly on the 29th—and won't you come up and wear a

white gown and the rose hat and be my bridesmaid? Billy will be best man.

Always devotedly,

ELIZABETH.

"And now," Billy demanded eagerly, as the last match went out, "will you wear the hat?"

"I—I must think it over."

"Why think?" Billy argued. "Why not accept both legacies on the spot?" He lifted the hat carefully from the box. "Let me put it on you, Cissy," he pleaded, and with a little laugh she acquiesced.

And when he had crowned her with it, his hands made a frame for her flushed face.

"And now," he petitioned, "may I finish that sentence?"

"What sentence?" she asked demurely.

"That you are sweet enough to—kiss!"

And as her happy eyes answered him, he bent his head to hers.

A Model of Discipline

BY ROBERT RUSSELL

A LETTER from Margaret solved my difficulty:

DEAREST ELEANOR:

Bear with me for a hasty note, but I want to help you in your hour of need, and also to give deserved promotion to the two best servants it has ever been my good fortune to possess. Our prospective year abroad forces me to dispense with Graham and Perkins, who will bring this note to you, and I want you to take them to fill the vacancies in your establishment of which Marjorie told me. In one you will find instinctively perfect horsemanship; in the other a wonderful tact of service. That they both possess an unobtrusive sense of humor will not detract from their other qualities in your estimation.

I will see you when I sail, and you must thank me adequately.

Lovingly,
MARGARET.

I needed a coachman and a butler at once. Margaret's perfect establishment in Philadelphia I knew, though I had never seen the men she was sending me.

Both of us took pride in personal supervision of our households, and it was with a sense of relief and thorough confidence in my oldest friend's recommendation that I had the newcomers brought in.

Having ascertained which was Perkins and which Graham, I studiously noted their appearance as they stood before me. I did not wonder at Margaret's enthusiasm. The broad shoulders of the stalwart Perkins gave every indication of strength to handle the most refractory steed; while in his eyes I saw thorough understanding of the power of kindness to animals. None the less prepossessing was the smaller, more delicate-looking Graham. His alert bearing combined in perfect proportions readiness to serve with unobtrusive dignity.

"Graham and Perkins," I said, reaching my decision with little hesitation, "no inquiries concerning your character and habits are necessary on my part.

Mrs. Dorlan has sent you to me, and that is sufficient. There is one rule of my establishment, however, which I wish to impress upon you both. Every person who serves me must obey my orders implicitly. I tolerate no demurring. My instructions are always clear, and an order once given must be executed without remark or subsequent comment. Failure to adhere to this rule admits of no explanation, but merits immediate discharge. I will pay the same wages that you have been receiving. Is the situation satisfactory?"

An almost imperceptible glance of acquiescence passed between the men, and Perkins replied:

"We shall be honored to serve you, madam."

"Very well. Perkins, you are to occupy the rooms over the stable, which faces on the street directly at the rear of this house. Take your things there at once; the footman will assist you. Graham, my maid Simmons will show you your quarters up-stairs. Be prepared to serve at dinner this evening. Do not wear a white tie; I prefer black for the butler."

Perkins started to speak, but I was determined that their first orders should be received with a strict adherence to my instructions concerning silent obedience, and I said somewhat sternly:

"Remember the importance of what I have just said to you, Perkins. I have given you both certain orders. Let me see how well you comprehend my rule of unquestioning service."

They hesitatingly bowed themselves from the room, though I was certain that Perkins felt that he had something of importance to say.

The first hour of chagrin and perplexity which my new servants caused me came at dinner. Graham was an absolute sight in a dress suit several sizes too large for him. He served very well, however, except for some slight awkwardness—attributable to nervousness, I presumed. After the others had finished dining and left the room, I spoke to him on the subject.

"You must procure evening clothes of a more perfect fit, Graham. I am surprised that Mrs. Dorlan did not insist on your doing so."

In poor taste though it was, I could not resist the temptation of mentioning the first oversight I had ever known Margaret to be guilty of.

"Certainly, madam."

I realized that these were the first words I had heard him speak, and was rather curious to investigate his manner more thoroughly. Having noticed that he was apparently suffering from a slight lameness, I continued the conversation.

"Are you troubled with rheumatism, Graham?"

"I have a spavin, madam, which occasionally causes me some annoyance."

"Spavin?" I replied incredulously.

"I thought only horses had spavins."

"Your pardon, madam, my trouble comes from the kick of a horse, and for the lack of a better word I call it a spavin."

Not wishing to allow any mistaken sense of humor, which Margaret had said they both possessed, to lead the man to indulge in anything approaching familiarity, I reverted to the subject of his duties.

"I presume you are accustomed to doing the marketing? The second man will show you where I trade."

"I have purchased all the feed for Mrs. Dorlan for two years," was his ungrammatical rejoinder.

"Food, not feed, Graham."

"Certainly, madam."

While his manner of serving dinner might prove to be Graham's strong point, conversation certainly was not.

The following morning, in pursuance of my weekly custom, I visited the stables. Perkins was industriously polishing the silver of one of the harnesses as I entered. He ceased as I addressed him.

"Do you find the stables in good order, Perkins?"

"There is need of some slight dusting, madam, and the plate is a bit dingy."

Here was a prodigy indeed. A coachman whose first complaint was of the dust, and who described the harness trimmings as "plate"!

"How are the horses?"

"To tell the truth, madam, I have

not seen them as yet," was his astounding reply.

"Not seen them? I do not like your indifference, Perkins. I supposed your greatest interest would be in the horse-flesh."

"I regret, madam, that I have been remiss, but I slept poorly last night on account of the odor of the stables, and have not had my much desired opportunity to inspect the animals."

And the horses not twenty feet from where he was standing! With all his grandiloquence, he was worse than Graham.

For the next two weeks every glimpse of either of the men brought fresh cause for amazement. In all justice I must say that never had I known servants who so unhesitatingly obeyed my every order. An instruction once given was the signal for absolute and silent obedience on their part; but their consistent, constant failure to appreciate the character of their employment nearly drove me into nervous prostration. I resolved to bear it until Margaret came to see me before sailing, and then to

ask her where to send the men. Keep them I would not.

Margaret called on the morning of the day of her departure. Her sympathy at my tale of desperation was consoling, but she was utterly at a loss for an explanation. The incidents of the misfit dress suit, and of the coachman's lack of interest in the horses, puzzled her intensely.

We had tacitly left the subject of her protégés when Graham's appearance at the door, to announce luncheon, brought her close to me with a movement of evident surprise.

"What is *he* doing in the house?"

"He is announcing luncheon, which he will presently serve very poorly," I replied with some bitterness.

"And Perkins? Is he in the stable?"

"I trust so, Margaret."

A peal of laughter rang through the house.

"Great Heavens, Eleanor!" she cried. "You have put the butler in the stable, the horseman in the hall! Didn't you know?—Perkins is the butler and Graham the groom!"

The Tri-State Meet

BY MARTHA WHEELER

WHEN Gloria Kane, only child of the political boss of a Western State, decided to go to college, she selected Woodbridge partly because it was so far from home. At home she suffered from the notoriety attaching to her father's name. Not that she believed what his enemies said of him. She knew that Abraham Lincoln had been misrepresented, and she thought that Timothy Kane's public services put him into Lincoln's class. Her mother had died at Gloria's birth, and the girl lavished all her love and worship on her father.

It was a Presidential year. At Woodbridge, on the morning after election day, Jessica Radnor, looking up from a newspaper whose head-lines she was skimming, laughingly inquired:

"By the way, Gloria, is this Boss Kane any relation of yours? He's from the same State, I see."

"My father is Mr. Timothy Kane." Gloria spoke the name with the air of a patriot flinging a banner to the breeze.

"Oh!" murmured Jessica.

The door opened and Susy Pratt rushed in.

"Say, Gloria," she began, "when you're speaking of disreputable characters it's just as well to put on the soft pedal. Out in the hall just now one of the boys heard your voice, and asked me how Boss Kane managed to get solid with the coeds. I told him we wouldn't have a man like that on the premises, and—"

Jessica shot a warning glance at Susy Pratt.

"You don't understand. It's her father Gloria was referring to."

The warning glance was lost.

"And her father has the same name as that Democrat that's mixed up with

every crooked deal out West? Well, Gloria, you have my sympathy! Can't you make your father appeal to the Legislature to change his name? The complications must be awful, with that other man at large and the newspapers full of him." She laid her hand caressingly on Gloria's shoulder.

Gloria, her head raised high and the color flaming in her cheeks, flung off Susy's hand and faced her like a queen.

"You leave my father alone! He's the best man on earth. These vile newspapers—"

Her voice broke on the word and she fled from the room. In consternation the girls gazed after her, and then stared at one another helplessly. For a moment no one spoke. Susy sank down on a divan and buried her face in her hands; suddenly she looked up and solemnly declared:

"The next time I come to earth I'm going to be deaf and dumb!"

This broke the spell. One or two girls giggled nervously at the picture Susy's words called up, and all of them tried to comfort her.

"You didn't mean to," they reiterated, till Susy turned on them.

"Of course, I didn't mean to! I wouldn't have done it for anything in this world, but it's done, all the same. I have broken Gloria's heart. That girl just idolizes her father. Kane isn't an unusual name, you know. From what she said I took for granted he was a philanthropist, and never once suspected him for that notorious Boss Kane."

"But you can apologize," insisted somebody.

Susy slowly shook her head. "If I had copied her best gown I could apologize, but in a case like this—" She flung out her hands in a despairing gesture.

Thereafter Gloria avoided the girls as much as possible and devoted herself to her college work. From the start she took high rank in all her studies, but in declamation she was exceptional. When she stepped upon the stage at the Saturday morning rhetorical exercises, she left behind the shyness that ordinarily affected her. She was perfectly at home, her presence was commanding, and with the first words she spoke her listeners recognized that here was a born orator.

Woodbridge stood much in need of timber of this sort. One hundred years before, the university had inaugurated the Tri-State Meet, which still remained the foremost oratorical event of northern New England, but Woodbridge herself, the oldest as well as the smallest of the six universities in the group, had never since ante-bellum days carried off a prize. Now, academic wiseacres predicted that in the tall young coed from the Pacific slope she had at last a champion to win new laurels for her brow.

By unanimous vote of the committee, Gloria Kane was chosen to represent Woodbridge at the approaching meet. For weeks before the contest the whole college watched Gloria with the anxious scrutiny that in other communities is bent upon the football team. Here there was no squad of stalwart giants to share the responsibility, here there were no substitutes who, mayhap at the eleventh hour, might turn defeat to victory; everything depended on one girl.

Coeducation had never been popular at Woodbridge, but whatever chagrin the male students may have felt in the committee's choice was for the moment sunk in the larger claim of college spirit, while to the girls the honor conferred on them for the first time was a triumph in itself.

"Oh, Gloria, win, *win!*" cried Susy Pratt. "Win, if it's only to beat the boys!"

"I have a better reason than that," said Gloria. "My father is coming to hear me speak."

The day set for the Tri-State Meet was ushered in by the worst storm of the winter. Fortunately, the contestants had arrived the day before; but not so all the guests, and anxiety prevailed lest those from a distance should not be in time. This anxiety changed into something graver when, early in the afternoon, news came of an accident to the Montreal express. Details were meager, but it was said that many lives were lost. Later the rumor was verified, but by this time the blizzard had cut down the wires, and no list of the dead and wounded was obtainable. Gloria's father was due in Woodbridge by this train.

As soon as Susy heard the news she went straight to Gloria. The Western girl was strangely tranquil and dry-eyed,

but one look at her face told Susy that she knew. With a cry Susy threw her arms around Gloria, and, stumbling in the darkness, led her to a seat.

"Oh, if we could only *do* something!" moaned Susy.

"There's nothing to do but wait," said Gloria.

Susy nodded mutely, and there fell between them a sudden, conscious silence that was eloquent. At last the visitor plucked up all her courage:

"I told my father about what I said the day after election, and he declared that I was an ignorant girl who read nothing but the head-lines of partizan newspapers. Public men, he said, were often unfairly attacked, and people who really knew your father's character admired and honored him. I wanted to tell you this before, but I was afraid to bring up the matter after wounding you so cruelly. I did explain to all the other girls, and they understand." She paused a moment, and then pleaded: "Mayn't I sit here with you this evening, Gloria?"

Gloria lifted her white face. "Do you think I am going to desert?" she asked very quietly. "My father never was a quitter. He was always at the front, fighting for what he believed was right, and his daughter must not shirk. How long this suspense will last no one can tell, but the best way to meet"—there was a treacherous throb in Gloria's voice—"what is coming is to do my best to-night for Woodbridge, as my father expected me to do."

A log in the fireplace fell gently; the room was very still, in contrast to the fury of the storm outside. Susy rose to go, for she divined that Gloria wished to be alone.

In the intermission of the evening exercises, when three of the six speakers had been heard, the hall buzzed with talk. Gloria's place was fifth on the program. Unmindful of the voices all around her, she sat staring straight ahead when some one tapped her on the shoulder and she heard the words:

"Miss Kane, you're wanted right away."

The messenger was a stranger to Gloria; she could not see his face, and his tone gave no clue as to what the message

meant. As in a dream she followed him through the crowded hall; the door seemed miles away, and receding farther with every step she took. At last she reached it, and, just outside, she gave a little lurch and fell into her father's arms.

Of the fourth speech Gloria did not hear a word. She was laughing and crying over her father in an anteroom, and getting piecemeal the story of his miraculous escape from death. Timothy Kane had not escaped unharmed. His back was badly wrenched, but against the doctor's orders, with injuries unattended to, he had insisted on continuing the journey to Woodbridge.

Presently the messenger stuck his head inside the door.

"They're waiting for you now, Miss Kane," he said.

The girl looked at her father. "I am ready!"

That Gloria Kane's father was a passenger by the ill-fated train was known to many in the audience when the exercises began. The news of his arrival spread in her absence from the hall, and when she returned, her father limping by her side, the Woodbridge sympathizers burst into a cheer. The presiding officer advanced to the front of the platform and raised a warning hand.

"There must be no demonstration," he declared.

Gloria's natural gift of eloquence was to-night enriched by the experiences through which she had just passed. In her voice was something that went home to every heart. She was the representative of Woodbridge University, but in the last analysis she was speaking to her father, speaking for him alone who had always been her idol, and who had so narrowly escaped death on his way to her.

It was intoxicating—this intense stillness that waited on her words, this rapt gaze from the sea of faces in which only one stood out distinctly, this consciousness that she dominated the vast audience; but it made her humble, too, and when her work was done and the thunder of applause had died away she slipped her hand into her father's and two big tears trickled down her cheeks.

The pent-up feeling of the audience

burst forth when the chairman announced the judges' verdict that the first prize in the contest had been won by Woodbridge University. Through the excited throng Susy Pratt at last made her way to Gloria.

"Won't you introduce me to your father?" The slow color suffused Susy's face. "The girls delegated me to tell him how glad we are he's here."

"Thank you, Susy," said Gloria. "That's the best of all!"

Behind the Curtain

BY ELLIOT WALKER

WHERE Miss Kidder sat on the back piazza the green vines formed a curtain against intrusion. Not that the blind lady disliked society, for she loved to chat, and to hear the news; but it was a quiet spot to leave her of an afternoon, and she was always happy and satisfied with what they thought best.

A tiny silver whistle hung by its chain from her delicate wrist. That was to call the servants if she wanted anything. Miss Kidder rarely blew it; to her sensitive hearing the noise seemed horribly shrill.

Now that the sun had passed on, leaving the air soft and warm, a gentle breeze crept from the south to whisper in the leaves. A drone of little summer murmurs rose from the grass, with now and then a wandering bird-pipe. The lady nodded, settling in her chair. She must not fall asleep. She might miss some pleasant sound—something to set her wide awake again, and thinking happily. There was so much to be thankful for!

Besides, she was too young for napping. Miss Kidder's feelings were very youthful. No one had told her of the gray in her brown hair, nor of the fine wrinkles and faded rose-bloom.

A man slouched along on the turf, avoiding the graveled path. Miss Kidder heard the step. She moved her chair a trifle forward. It squeaked on the boards. That shuffling tread was unfamiliar. Perhaps it was the new gardener.

The man came closer, peering sharply at the lady who sat on the back piazza. The begging whine upon his lips was never uttered. Instead, he set his jaw, stared, shrank back, and one ill-

clad foot moved as if for a stealthy retreat.

"Who is it?" Miss Kidder's voice was gracious and welcoming. "I cannot see you. I am blind."

In the long moment of silence following, she raised her whistle to her lips.

"Don't blow that, Avis!" came a hoarse, hasty whisper. "It's Albert—Albert Leath! Blind—you?"

The whistle dropped and dangled as Miss Kidder's hands went out gropingly.

"Yes," she cried, without an instant's hesitation; "I have been blind for seven years, Albert. Where are your fingers? Oh, think of what an escape you have had."

The man's dirty paw was being cleansed on his ragged coat-sleeve. A strange smile grew on his weather-beaten face. Into his sodden brain flashed an idea. Avis could not see him!

Presently, after their hands had met, his own drew away. He blessed the breeze blowing toward him, and spoke with care.

"I cannot believe it. I am terribly shocked, Avis—too shocked and grieved for words. To meet *you*, by mere accident—for I stepped in here to ask the time. My watch has stopped, and I'm hurrying to catch a train. Dear me!"

His voice broke in all sincerity. It was a bit tremulous, at the best.

"It has just struck four. Oh, Albert, can't you stay?" she added, as his feet scraped. "I suppose I oughtn't to keep you, but I'll make the most of my minute. It's so little, when I've thought of you so much! I'm not to be pitied in the least, Albert. I have everything, and am wonderfully happy and tranquil. And twelve years is so far, far back! We can see that my father was

unconsciously a good angel when he wouldn't let us marry. Suppose you were saddled with a blind wife, dear boy? I've rejoiced for you from my heart. It has been such a comfort to feel that my affliction did not fall on you. If I could only see your face! But perhaps it is as well."

The man was decidedly of this opinion, although he made no reply. It gave him an unwonted thrill to know that in her darkness this faithful woman viewed him as he was in the days before his fall—which had been his own reckless sinking, and no fault of hers.

"You have prospered, of course?" said the woman innocently.

"To my full deserts," returned Leath with prompt steadiness.

"I'm so glad. Are—are you married?"

"No." He was very anxious to get away. "No; somehow, I've never married, Avis."

He thought her face lighted. It might have been a ray of sunshine sparkling through the lattice.

She felt her hand pressed hurriedly; a husky good-by sounded from half-way down the steps, and, before she could speak again, he was gone.

Miss Kidder sank back, smiling dreamily.

"Never married!" she murmured.

"And prosperous. He must be so handsome, too. Albert could not lose his good looks. He didn't say very much—no doubt because he was too much affected. Dear, dear, he must fully appreciate his escape. I'll go on being thankful for us both."

The new gardener, turning from his work, spied Mr. Leath making for the railroad-tracks.

"That's a pretty ugly-lookin' tramp," he grunted. "It's lucky Miss Kidder can't see anything. See nothin', fear nothin'!"

Time and a Woman

BY EDWIN BLISS

MARGARET leaned her elbows upon the dressing-table and gazed at the reflection framed in the mirror.

It was a very pretty picture—one not calculated to create aught save delight in the breast of the most flinty-hearted; but she sighed gently as, with a weary gesture, she replaced a wayward tangle of sunny hair.

"Old—old—old! Margaret, you're getting old," she murmured, whimsically tapping the faintest tracery of a wrinkle on her soft cheek. "Too old for foolish boys—but dear boys!" She laughed softly and turned to the waiting maid. "Never mind, Angé; I'll announce myself;" and she nodded dismissal.

With a last glance at the mirror, she rose and went swiftly down the broad flight of stairs. Midway she paused, one hand on the balustrade, her graceful figure—a wee bit too plump—lightly poised as she leaned over to throw a word of gracious welcome to the young man awaiting her.

"Margaret!" He advanced with boyish impetuosity to greet her. "I'm so glad I found you in! Why do you think I came to see you?"

"Fie, fie, Jack!" She laughed reprovingly. "Have all the graceful arts of etiquette I spent so long in teaching you gone for this?"

"Really, no joking!" he insisted. "You can't guess in a million years, but I'll give you just three chances."

"Naturally, my first guess would be that you came to see me for the pleasure my company afforded you, but since you—"

"Of course, it was that, too. But you know what I mean—the big thing!"

"Sha'n't we have a cup of tea while we talk it over?"

She turned her head, that he might not read the pain in her eyes at his matter-of-fact acceptance of her presence.

"Now, we're all ready." She patted out her skirts and leaned comfortably back in her chair, while she regarded him searchingly over the tea-service. "My

first guess was wrong, so I give you back the other two. I'm not good at conundrums. Don't keep me waiting long, though; this suspense is killing;" and she laughed lightly.

"I know you'll make fun of me," he sheepishly began. "I've told you the same story so often before, but this time it's the real thing!"

"What? Again?" she bantered.

"No, not again. I tell you, Margaret, I never knew what it was to love like this before!" She glanced up in surprise at the earnestness of his tone. "And now," he continued, bracing himself, "I want you to introduce me to her."

"Introduce you! My dear Jack, do you mean to say that in this day and time you are romantic enough to fall in love at first sight?"

"Well, not exactly that; but, you see—well, the fact is, I never have seen her."

"You utterly ridiculous boy—you child!"

"I'm twenty-four!" He drew himself up with a great show of dignity.

"And you're only thirty."

"And every year of those six a century!" she finished.

"Nonsense! You're always giving yourself silly airs about that," he said reprovingly. "But tell me—will you introduce me?"

"How can I, when you don't even know who she is?"

"You won't ever say a word about it?" He lowered his voice mysteriously. "Cross your heart!"

With exaggerated solemnity she complied.

"Well, then!" He whisked something from his pocket and gazed long and tenderly at it. "I've got her picture here. I came across it in an album at your sister's house, and I knew right away she was *the one*; so I took it!" he finished defiantly.

"Autographed and all, for you, I presume," she glibbed.

"With just what she would say," he agreed. "It's rather silly till you look at the picture, and then somehow it isn't. 'Always the same little Peggy'—that's all it says. Do you know her?"

She eagerly grasped the photograph

before he had well offered it, and laid it in her lap. Then she mechanically dropped two lumps of sugar into her half-emptied cup.

"One lump, isn't it?" she irrelevantly inquired.

"Do you *know* her?" he insisted, ignoring her question.

"A long time ago I knew her," she slowly admitted.

"Once! She's—she's not—" His voice quivered with anxiety.

"Yes, she's gone now." Her tone was lifeless. "Has been for ten or twelve years. Dead!" The emphasis she laid upon the ghastly word made him wince as from a blow.

"Was she married before—" he faltered helplessly.

"No. She never even loved any one during her life."

"Ah!" He breathed a long sigh of relief. "It's good of you to tell me that, Margaret. Now I can always feel just the way I do now. Some day—" He paused a moment. "Some day I want you to tell me about her. I don't think I could quite stand it now—so soon after. You won't laugh at me?" he pleaded, a pathetic look in his eyes.

"Laugh? No, Jack, it's all too sad to laugh at."

"That's good of you—awfully good. Somehow you always seem to understand a chap so well, Margaret! You're so like mother!"

She winced perceptibly, and turning to hide the agitation in her manner, made a pretense of adjusting the portières.

"Thank you, Jack. That is a very great compliment."

"Isn't it?" he responded enthusiastically. "Isn't it wonderful to grow like mother as the years go on? And some day, remember, you're to tell me all about *her*," he repeated at the door, as he held her hand.

"Some day—perhaps," she promised.

For a moment she stood at the window, gazing after his retreating form with longing eyes. Then she turned and held the picture of the young girl close to the light.

"Old—old—old, little Peggy!" she whispered. "You didn't know then that time makes little Peggys grow into Margarets, did you?"



THE PATHS OF RECTITUDE

BY HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. FOSTER LINCOLN

THREE o'clock in the sultry afternoon had come and gone before the countless small tasks were out of the way and Miss Hepzibah felt free to attend to the gooseberries. It was with a distinct sigh of relief that at last she took the big pan out under the trees near the front gate and settled herself to the task of stemming and snuffing.

From where she sat she had a view of the road that wound up from the

village, a glaring ribbon of white in the hot sun, flanked by withered, dusty weeds. A man in an empty wagon nodded to her good-naturedly as he drove by; then he went rattling down the hill, and rumbled over the little bridge across the creek, leaving behind a trail of hanging dust to drift off lazily over the pasture. Miss Hepzibah's tired eyes wandered past the moss-greened pump to where Susan was languidly chewing her cud beneath the

shade of the poplar row; thence to the old white horse with the lame foot, at the upper end of the field. A few ducks were floating about the muddy little frog-pond near the road, silently poking their broad bills among their dry feathers, or giving an occasional wiggle of their funny blunt tails. It was a very drowsy afternoon.

If everything had not seemed so abnormally quiet in the heavy heat, Miss Hepzibah might not have heard the noise in the kitchen. As it was, the clatter of a tin pan on the bare wooden floor carried out with tinny insistence to where she sat under the trees. The sound startled her foolishly, and, with a gesture of impatience, she got up. As she walked rapidly toward the house, it was with angry speculation as to what mischief those pesky cats were up to now. She could think of nothing—but, my land, the preserves!

Catching the strings of her big blue sunbonnet, one in each thin hand, Miss Hepzibah trotted around the side of the house as fast as she could go and up on the back stoop. On the doorstep she recoiled with a shriek of sudden fright.

Both doors of the old varnished side-board stood wide open. The man crouching beside them sprang half-way across the room toward her, his face distorted in a strange mixture of fear, relief, and rage.

"Shut 'up!" he hissed fiercely through set teeth. "D'you want to bring everybody within a mile—" He paused, scowling.

Still staring dumbly, Miss Hepzibah stood in the doorway. Her hand trembled pathetically as she raised it to her hot forehead. She seemed dazed as she advanced slowly into the kitchen and sank into one of the wooden chairs. Her eyes left the scowling face now, and fixed themselves in strange fascination upon the close-cropped head. Then they roved in perplexity over the clothes the man wore.

"Yes, they're dad's, Zib," he said impatiently. "I found 'em in the old trunk up in the attic. I had to have 'em."

"Danny, what—what be you a doin' here?" faltered Miss Hepzibah.

"Lookin' for somethin' t' eat. I—I ain't had a bite since night 'fore last. I—"

He staggered weakly to a chair as he spoke. Instantly Miss Hepzibah was on her feet.

"Night—afore—last!" she echoed in dismay. "Jes' set where you be, Danny, an' I'll hev a snack fer you in less'n a minute. When you've eat, you kin talk. I've got some cold johnny-cake, an' I'll make you a cup o' tea, an' there be some meat. Night afore last! Land alive!"

The good woman had hastily laid aside her bonnet, and was bustling about in a flutter. The young man's eyes wistfully followed every movement. Presently he drew his chair up to the table and wolfishly attacked the food she set before him.

Miss Hepzibah sat silently by, watching him eat. Now that she had opportunity for a closer and calmer survey, she noted with a shock of pain the gauntness of his tall frame, the hollows of his cheeks, the dark pockets under the eyes, and the strange, shifty, hunted look in the eyes themselves—blue eyes that had once known nothing but care-free laughter. His face was heavier, too—brutalized; though she did not think that thought. She only knew that a change was there—an indefinable something that had never belonged to the little boy she had mothered from babyhood, or the youth she had seen go forth into the world. She scarcely knew him for her brother, her youngest brother, her spoiled Danny; and the tears welled in her eyes as she watched the rapacity with which he ate.

"Tell me," she murmured at length, as she replenished his cup from the quaint little teapot. "Tell me all about it, Danny, boy!"

He finished buttering his sixth slice of johnny-cake before he spoke.

"Listen," he began abruptly. "I escaped night 'fore last—no matter how I did it; I ain't got time to go into details. The chance came, an' I took it. I'd been layin' low for a long time, waitin' for it; they come to look on me as a trusty, an' got kind o' careless. I got clean away, an' I'm pretty certain I wasn't missed till mornin'. By that

time I was miles on the road, headin' for home. Home!" He laughed mirthlessly. "I knew I'd get a change o' clothes hereabout an' grub enough to last me. Reached the river 'long about daylight yesterday. Thought I'd find Dave Elliot's old punt in the alders, where he always kep' it, an' my guess was all to the good. I used it to get across to the island. Once there, I reckoned I'd be safe till nightfall, an' I hid there all day yesterday. Last night I come on down here, an' I've been hidin' down in Partlo's bush, near the old swimmin'-hole, till now."

He gulped a mouthful of tea and drew his shirt-sleeve across his thick lips.

"I knew they'd be after me hotfoot once the alarm was out, for they do things thorough back at the pen'tentiary. I could reckon on a stiff run for my money if I left any trail; so I took mighty good care to make myself scarce in the sunshine, an' I reckon I got 'em guessin', darn 'em! I—I beg pardon, Zib; I didn't mean to say that. If you only knew, Zib, what it means to—to—" He hunched his shoulders. "But I ain't goin' to squeal!" he asserted grimly. "I've took my medicine up till now, an' I ain't goin' to whine now, when it'll all soon be over—if I'm lucky."

Miss Hepzibah's thin fingers picked nervously at the gingham apron on her knees.

"If—you—be—lucky!" she repeated, regarding him through brimming tears. "Oh, Danny, Danny, it—it be awful! It be—be jest awful!"

"Cut that out!" he snapped irritably. "Quit it, Zib! 'Tain't no time for cryin' over spilt milk. I'm in a mighty big hurry, an' I'll be pullin' my freight soon. 'Tain't likely I'll be seein' you again for a pretty long spell. Aw, buck up! Cut out yer cryin', I tell you! Say, this cake's great! You ain't lost none o' yer cunnin' at cookin' things, old girl. S'prised you ain't got married

'fore this. Some guy's missin' half his bloomin' life!"

Miss Hepzibah wiped her eyes on a corner of her checkered apron.

"Where be you a goin'?" she asked quietly.

"Canada. Up in the woods an' then some. Lumberin' fer mine, I reckon!"



F. ROSTER.
LINCOLN '08

"SHUT UP! D'YOU WANT TO BRING EVERYBODY WITHIN A MILE—"

"When be you a startin'?"

"To-night—soon's it gets dark enough."

She got up at that, and began to prepare a basket of food. He nodded his approval as he ate.

"That's the dope! You've always been a good sister to me, Zib, an' I ain't forgettin' it, neither."

The tears were still brimming in her eyes as she turned slowly toward him.

"It's so little—so little, Danny! I wisht there wuz more I could be doin'—"

"It'll help a whole lot, Zib. Soon's it gets dark, I'll hike. There won't be



"IT WAS SO HOT I THOUGHT I'D JEST BE BRINGIN' MY WORK OUT UNDER THE TREES FER A SPELL."

any moon, an' I can get well out o' this neighborhood, I figure. By day-break I ought to hit the old Deacon place over Beamerville way. I can hide there to-morrow, an' another night'll see me across the border."

Miss Hepzibah clenched her hands.

"Oh, the injustice of it!" she cried with sudden vehemence. "A fleein' like a thief in the night—you, Danny Peters, son o' Jeremy Peters, ez innercent o' wrong-doin' ez a babe unborn. You wrote me you never done it, Danny, boy. You do be innercent, bean't you, Danny?"

Beneath the wistful earnestness of her look his eyes fell.

"I—I can't lie to you, Zib," he muttered.

"I knew it! Oh, I knew it!" she cried gladly.

He looked up quickly, a sudden resolve in his face.

"I was goin' to say, Zib, that I won't lie to you ever again," he began, and then stopped.

She looked at him, uncomprehending.

"I got your letter, Danny. It came just after they put you in the—lock-

up; an' it comforted me so! I couldn't hev stood the disgrace, Danny, ef I hadn't known you didn't do it. There ain't never been a Peters done a thing like that. It's allus been the paths o' rectitood fer our folks; no lyin' ner deceit, an' as fer stealin'—why, Danny, boy, it warn't in you to do a thing like that! So, when you wrote—"

"I lied!" he blurted. "Lied, that's what! But I ain't ever goin'—Zib!"

He sprang to his feet in alarm. She caught at the back of a chair to steady herself, and he shrank in dismay from the sudden change in her. Beneath the shock of this revelation her face had paled; the lines about her mouth hardened as he watched, while in her eyes—he could not look into her eyes.

"You—lied—to—to me?" she gasped painfully. "You mean you—did steal it? Answer me, Danny Peters! You stole that money?"

"It was on'y three thousand, Zib. That was every red cent of it. I had to have it—oh, you can't understand how it was! Don't go actin' up over it. They got it all back, didn't they?" he objected desperately. "They—"

"An' what ef you hadn't been caught, Danny Peters?" she demanded harshly. "What ef you hadn't been caught? Oh, I'm glad they got you in time—glad for your own sake! 'A false witness shall not be unpunished, an' he that speaketh lies shall not escape.' Ah, that be it! That be it!"

Picking up her sunbonnet from the chair, she was turning toward the door.

"Where you goin'?" he cried sharply.

Miss Hepzibah whirled on him wrathfully.

"To the post-office, Danny Peters, to send a telegram to the pen'tentiary!"

He was across the room at a bound, dragging her back.

"Are you crazy?" he cried hoarsely.

He slammed the door and leaned against it, glaring angrily; but Miss Hepzibah was unperturbed.

"Come!" she said calmly, while he stared in amazement. "Come!" she repeated.

Wondering, suspicious, and alert, he followed her silently to the parlor at the front of the house. Without a word she raised the blinds and lifted a trembling hand toward the two portraits that hung just above the old-fashioned melodeon.

"There be your father an' your mother—"

She got no further. Uttering a sharp ejaculation, the fugitive was out through the parlor door in sudden panic, and clattering up the stairs to the attic. Astonished beyond measure, Miss Hepzibah turned to the window—and stood frozen with terror. A light democrat was drawn up in the road outside; a man was seated in it, and two others were at that very moment opening the gate.

It took the good woman about ten seconds to run back into the kitchen and seize a small stew-pan from its place on the rack, behind the stove. A moment later she was sauntering around the side of the house, humming a snatch of song. Within sight of the strangers she stopped short in well-feigned surprise; then tripped on to meet them with a smile of welcome.

"Good day, gentlemen," she said pleasantly. "It was so hot I thought I'd jest be bringin' my work out under

the trees fer a spell. I reckon it be a desp'rate hot day—an' desp'rate dusty drivin'," she added, nodding good-naturedly at the white on their clothes.

"We stepped in for a drink," volunteered the shorter of the two, drawing a sleeve across his reddened face. "Don't mind?"

"Mind!" cried Miss Hepzibah. "Bless you, no! There be the pump, an' our well ain't gone dry these ten years."

When they had quenched their thirst, they questioned her. One of the men was a deputy sheriff; his companions were county constables. They were out searching for a prisoner who had escaped from the penitentiary two nights before. They had traced him within a few miles of the village, and had then abruptly lost all track of him. Had she seen anything of a strange man in the neighborhood? They described him.

No, Miss Hepzibah had not. But wait! She mumbled over the description thoughtfully, while the two men eyed her keenly. At length she spoke. A friend of hers, Betsy Gillies, back on the fifth concession, had been nigh scared out of her wits yesterday by a wild-eyed man who had come to her place, asking for a bite to eat. He was tall and thin and smooth-shaven.

"It's him, Bill!" cried the deputy.

"What time was this, ma'am?"

"'Long about dark las' night, sir. Betsy wuz that scared she—"

"Which way did he go?"

"Soon's he got the parcel o' lunch, he almost ran, he wuz in sech a hurry to get away again—seemed like's ef he wuz upset, kind of. He struck straight off down the road, Betsy said, till he come to the fork. Then he turned down the bush road, south."

"Thanks!" cried the two men in a breath.

They ran out of the yard, climbed hastily into the democrat, and the next instant were off in a cloud of dust.

Miss Hepzibah leaned weakly against the gate, watching till they were out of sight. Then, turning, she ran breathlessly back to the house and burst into the kitchen.

"Danny!" she shrielled hysterically. "Run, Danny, run!"

THE STAGE

THE COMING THEATRICAL SEASON

WHILE forecasts in the theatrical world are always hazardous, they sometimes gain an added interest from their very uncertainty. When managers change their plans, significant reasons may often be read between the lines. Even when the managerial intentions are carried out, the public reception is yet to be reckoned with, and that no man can foresee. For instance, just a year ago I dilated on the fact that, in the preparations for the coming season of 1907-1908, feminine stars were in a majority; and yet they fell far behind the men in the actual showing of the year.

As to the season now in prospect, from present indications its chief tendency would seem to be toward the light and airy. In other words, comedy appears to have the call. Possibly this is but natural, following a winter of financial stress, and in anticipation of an autumn that brings a Presidential election. As a case in point, Ethel Barrymore had been slated for "As You Like It," and the necessary costumes were already under way, but late in the spring comes the announcement that she is to be seen, instead, in "Lady Frederick," the comedy by W. Somerset Maugham, which has been switched from theater to theater in London when its term at each expired, and is still running there.

Mr. Maugham's experience is singularly like that of the other young English playwright, Hubert Henry Davies, who now has four successes on his string. The latest of these, containing only four characters and called "The Mollusc," opens at the Garrick on September 1, with Joe Coyne, fresh from being *Prince Danilo* in the London "Merry Widow," and Alexandra Carlisle, lately *Portia* with Beerbohm Tree in "The Merchant of Venice." For years Davies tried in vain to market "Mrs. Gorringer's Necklace" and

"Cousin Kate," first in this country, where he had been living for some time, and then in England. At last he landed both of them, and had the pleasure of seeing each score more than a century run at two of the leading West End theaters.

It was after many rebuffs that Maugham finally induced a manager to test "Lady Frederick," which made such a hit that orders for other plays soon poured in upon him. Instead of writing something new, the young man simply reached down into his strong box and dug up other manuscripts which the managers had once spurned, but which they now eagerly accepted. One of these is "Jack Straw," with which Charles Hawtrey is making a mint of money in London, and which falls to our John Drew at the Empire here as soon as Crane moves elsewhere with "Father and the Boys," which is to be revived in August. Another is "Mrs. Dot," which Charles Frohman produced in London with Marie Tempest, after the latter had passed a sad winter in experimenting with other vehicles. Whether Miss Tempest will be sent on the sea-voyage with the comedy is not at this writing determined. I am wondering whether Mr. Frohman may not change his mind again with respect to another of his stars, and assign "Mrs. Dot" in New York to Billie Burke, instead of presenting her as *Jacqueline* in "Love Watches," a play from the French.

Otis Skinner is to be promoted to repertoire, retaining "The Honor of the Family" as a variant in a list of plays which may also include a Shakespeare offering. Maude Adams, on the other hand, will probably abandon "The Jesters," and will return to prose and to the author of her greatest successes—"The Little Minister," "Quality Street," and "Peter Pan." In other words, J. M. Barrie is preparing a new play for her use, the scenes of which are

said to be divided between England and Scotland.

In the line of musical comedy, Charles Frohman presents Hattie Williams in "Fluffy Ruffles." This was announced as long ago as last summer, but the continued success of Miss Williams in "The Little Cherub" prevented an earlier presentation of the new piece, which is a pity, as poor *Fluffy* has become something of a back number since the advent of the Merry Widow hat and the sheath skirt. But Miss Williams is a host in herself, being quite unlike any other player in her field; and if John J. McNally gives her any sort of a chance, she may be relied on to make the most of it. A novelty in "Fluffy Ruffles" will be the appearance of American actors in the first act, English players in the second, and French musical comedy "artists" in the third, the scenes being laid in the three countries respectively.

In light comedy without music, Mr. Frohman will have "Diana of Dobson's," the play by another newly discovered English dramatist—Cicely Hamilton. This lady was unearthed last winter by Lena Ashwell, who had only recently brought Anthony P.

Wharton to the fore with his "Irene Wycherley." "Diana" bears not the faintest resemblance to somber "Irene," being considerably more akin to Clyde Fitch's "Girls." In America we are to see in the title-rôle—that of a London shop-girl who suddenly comes into a small inheritance, and determines to

spend it all on a good time—Carlotta Nilsson, lately chief member of "The Three of Us."

Nothing has been said about new plays for William Collier, who is still being "Caught in the Rain," or Francis Wilson,



JULIA MARLOWE AS ROSALIND IN "AS YOU LIKE IT"

From a photograph by Sands & Brads, Providence

who continues to bluff it out in the period "When Knights Were Bold." But the coming season is to witness the return to the boards of William Gillette, booked to follow Billie Burke at the Lyceum, in "Samson," a play adapted by Gillette himself from the French of Henri Bernstein, whose

"Thief" filled out the entire year at that theater. Whether the same good fortune will attend "Samson" is, to my mind, more than an open question

early with a new comedy called "The Traveling Salesman," by James Forbes, author of "The Chorus Lady." This is scheduled to open at the Liberty on



CHARLOTTE WALKER, AS SHE APPEARS IN "THE WARRENS OF VIRGINIA"

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

after reading reports of the plot, which has many elements of strength not un-mixed with unpleasant factors.

Henry B. Harris leaps into the ring

August 10, but without a star. Thomas W. Ross filled that post when the play was produced in Washington last spring, but "The Traveling Salesman" is now



MAXINE ELLIOTT, TO STAR IN A COMEDY BY CLYDE FITCH, IN THE NEW
THEATER NAMED AFTER HER

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York



LOUISE DRESSER, WHO IS TO PLAY A LEADING COMEDY PART IN CHARLES FROHMAN'S
AMERICAN PRODUCTION OF THE ENGLISH MUSICAL COMEDY,
"THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG"

From her latest photograph by Hall, New York



to journey on its own merits, while Mr. Ross will be provided with another vehicle. Rose Stahl is to continue in "The Chorus Lady" for her third and I believe her last season, which will include a trip to the Pacific coast.

Charles Klein, having scored two failures since "The Lion and the Mouse," hopes to win out with his third essay, which he calls "The Mischief Makers." The original John Burckett Ryder of "The Lion and the Mouse," Edmund Breese, will continue in Company A,

BILLIE BURKE, TO STAR IN THE NEW COMEDY
FROM THE FRENCH, "LOVE WATCHES"

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York

has promised to star him in "The Nebraskan," written by Edith Ellis Baker, and played on the road, some time since, as "Ben of Broken Bow."

Another Western offering in the Harris list will be "Pierre of the Plains," dramatized by Edgar Selwyn from Sir Gilbert Parker's story, "Pierre of the People." In this Mr. Selwyn, ever to be remembered as *Tony* in "Arizona," is to play the chief part. Robert Edeson's new vehicle, with

which the Hudson is to reopen on August 24, seems also to smack of outdoor life, being entitled "The Call of



HATTIE WILLIAMS, TO STAR IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY,
"FLUFFY RUFFLES"

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York

the North." It is another book play, having been adapted from Stewart Edward White's "Conjuror's House" by George Broadhurst.

The Shuberts' bulletin fairly bristles with capital letters representing new productions and stars. Although E. H. Sothorn, in talking to a newspaper man last spring, bewailed the fact that "good modern plays are so hard to get," he is announced to try one by Justin Huntly McCarthy, author of "If I Were King." He will not adventure himself in this, however, until the spring, after a tour with "Lord Dundreary." Julia Marlowe, on the other hand, will give a New York test of her new play, tried on the road last year and called "Gloria," before falling back on Shakespeare; while Mary Mannering is at last willing to let the metropolis see her in "Glorious Betsy," with which she has been traveling hither and yon for the past two years.

Nazimova, undismayed by the sorry result of her first venture with an American playwright, will risk herself in another, this time by Rupert Hughes. The demolition of the Madison Square Theater will not long diminish the number of playhouses in New York, for the builders are busy with the Maxine Elliott Theater, in West Thirty-Ninth Street, and its completion is promised for the holidays, when Miss Elliott herself hopes to dedicate it with a new play by Clyde Fitch.



MARGARET ANGLIN, WHO IS PROBABLY TO STAR IN A DRAMATIZATION OF
"THE AWAKENING OF HELENA RICHIE"

From her latest photograph by the Moffett Studio, Chicago



ISABEL IRVING, TO STAR IN A NEW PLAY

From her latest photograph by Bushnell, San Francisco

De Wolf Hopper is at last to abdicate his throne in "Happyland" and essay to tell the public "What Happened Then" in a new musical comedy full of giants and dwarfs, and written by Austin Strong, whose last experience behind the footlights was rather a sad one with "The Toymaker of Nuremberg."

The Shuberts have joined the rush to Vienna, and will present Lulu Glaser in "The Girl Who Dared," with music by the Austrian Von Zieher.

Marguerite Clark, big Hopper's tiny leading woman, has again been promised that she shall be the whole thing in a piece. With the same distinction in view, Blanche Ring has left the Shuberts to become "The Wall Street Girl" at Weber's, while her place with De Angelis in "The Gay White Way" is to be taken by Camille D'Arville.

The Bijou, following the example set by the leading theaters of Paris last summer, succumbed to moving pictures during the heated term, but is scheduled to reopen on August 20 with Douglas Fairbanks as a star. Young Fairbanks was near to this distinction some three years since, when he appeared at the Princess in "Frenzied Finance." That was before he was the busy person in "The Man of the Hour," and also before he married and went into the soap business, with the intention of forswearing the stage and all its allurements. After Mr. Fairbanks comes Grace George, first in a play by Clyde Fitch, and then in one by Jerome K. Jerome; but you may be certain that if Mr. Fairbanks makes a large-sized hit, Miss George will go elsewhere. It is also probable that if her Fitch offering fulfils expectations, Mr. Jerome must wait for his innings.

While on the subject of women stars, I may mention that Bertha Galland is reported to have found the play she was looking for in an adaptation of George Eliot's poetic narrative, "The Spanish Gipsy," which she proposes to call "Fidelma." Nannette Comstock, lately leading woman with Willie Collier, will enter the sphere of the stars in a new comedy, "Jet"; but it looks as if New York must get along without two actresses who are already within that magic

region, for Annie Russell will probably appear in "Paid in Full" in London, while Virginia Harned, up to date, seems to be playless.

"The States look mighty good to me," said Henry W. Savage, fresh from London after the failure there of "The College Widow." Whether he will say the same thing next June remains to be seen. Mindful of his "Merry Widow" ten-strike, he is preparing to plunge heavily in Vienna stock. He has secured the American rights of three operettas that may be said to belong to the same family connection as the "Widow." One of these, "The Prince's Child," is the latest output of Messrs. Lehar, Leon, and Stein, the trio to whom the Marsovian relict owes her prosperous existence. Another, "The Love Cure," is the work of Leo Stein and of a composer named Edmund Eysler; while the third, "A Jolly Peasant," was written by Victor Leon and set to music by Leo Fall. Besides these, Mr. Savage has contracted for "Prince Hugo's Honeymoon," with music by the man who wrote "A Waltz Dream," and three or four Hungarian operettas, which are to be held in reserve for future use.

For the rest, Mr. Savage promises to inaugurate a stock company at his Garden Theater, to produce American plays, leading off with "Portia Perkins," by Edith Ellis Baker. He will continue "The Merry Widow" at the New Amsterdam until the holidays, when it will give way to Mabel Taliaferro in a new version of "Cinderella," under the management of her husband, Frederic Thompson. Mr. Thompson also announces a new American play called "The Test," on which he has collaborated with Irving W. Edwards, an author hitherto unknown to fame, and which is to be produced at the Liberty in November.

Extremes meet. After a disastrous experience managing the production of his "Society and the Bulldog," Paul Armstrong has gone to the head and front of the Syndicate with his new play, "In Time of Peace," which he has guaranteed to deliver to Klaw & Erlanger by September 1. Among this firm's other offerings will be Lillian Russell's first appearance in New York

with her racing drama, "Wildfire," booked for the Liberty Theater; "The Bonnie Belles of Scotland," lyrics and music by George M. Cohan; and a new star in the person of Alice Lloyd, late of vaudeville. "Little Nemo in Slumberland," with music by Victor Herbert and fun by Joe Cawthorne, will share with "Fluffy Ruffles" the distinction of being one of the only two shows transferred from newspapers to the stage during the year.

The Broadway Theater starts in again on August 31 with "Algeria," with Victor Herbert again to the fore as composer; while the Astor's opening attraction—if it can be said to have an opening when "Paid in Full" is to go straight on through the heated term—was arranged for long ago in the shape of Will T. Hodge's big Chicago hit, "The Man from Home." Just around the corner from the Astor, the new Gaiety Theater, in which Cohan and Harris are heavily interested, will follow the example of its London namesake and devote its stage to musical comedy, with a stock company in which George Beban, the funny Frenchman of "The Girl Behind the Counter," will be a leading member.

Another Cohan and Harris attraction, "Honey Boy" George Evans and his minstrel troupe, will swap pasturage with "Mary's Lamb" at the New York about the time these lines are read, to be followed there later on by Anna Held in some new piece. The inaugural attraction at Wallack's is also musical, "The Girl Question," which played at Chicago in the spring, and which will introduce Isabel D'Armond, late of "The Hoyden," in a pianologue, about August 3.

Daly's will pass from the frivolities of "Girls" to the serious doings of "The World and His Wife," set forth by William Faversham and his wife, Julie Opp. It seems that Faversham has already tried out this play, but no mention is made of its authorship. Felix Isman, the wealthy real-estate operator of Philadelphia, is to be Faversham's new manager, and has already secured for his star the American rights of Stephen Phillips's "Herod."

At the Savoy, Henry Miller will con-

trol the attractions for the next three years as a reward for the success of his Associate Players in "The Servant in the House." Two new plays by Mr. Kennedy are booked to be produced there during the season—"The Winter Feast" and "The Idol Breaker." These are to be followed by Margaret Anglin, probably in "The Awakening of Helena Richie," dramatized from Margaret Deland's well-known story; and this, in turn, will give way to "The Faith Healer," a new drama by William Vaughan Moody, author of "The Great Divide." Mr. Miller himself will probably appear in "The Great Divide" throughout the season.

It looks as if the "strong American play" announced by David Belasco for Blanche Bates at the Stuyvesant Theater in September were to be written by Eugene Walter, although Mr. Belasco, with his customary reticence, has not entered into particulars. With David Warfield in London, the Stuyvesant is left to be divided between Miss Bates and Frances Starr, as the Belasco—during the autumn months, at any rate—is to be occupied by Mrs. Fiske. Of course, should the Bates play prove as big a hit as "The Darling of the Gods" and "The Girl of the Golden West," she will remain at the Stuyvesant throughout the season, and Miss Starr will follow Mrs. Fiske at the Belasco. Up to the present writing, the usual Belascoesque mystery shrouds the nature of Miss Bates's vehicle, although I should not be surprised if it should turn out to come from the pen of Charles Klein.

Two non-official possibilities are Viola Allen in a new play by the much-besieged Eugene Walter, and Eleanor Robson in a drama by Marion Crawford, to be called "The Nun." Fritz Scheff is to have a new musical piece by Herbert and Blossom. James K. Hackett is undecided about a play for himself, beyond revivals of his old successes, but insists that he really means to produce "Three Weeks," in a dramatization dwelling upon the poetic side of the story. And Olga Nethersole says that this time she will confine herself to American plays.

Matthew White, Jr.

BARRY GORDON*

A STORY OF MODERN AMERICAN LIFE

BY WILLIAM FARQUHAR PAYSON

AUTHOR OF "OHN VYTAL," "DEBONNAIRE," ETC.

XXXII

NOW began a descent of some sharp declivity, Cassim and Achmet supporting Barry's arms and guiding his steps.

When at last they stopped and withdrew his blindfold, he found himself on a wide ledge or shelf of rock that jutted out from the mountainside. This projection was the narrowest and most dangerous pass he had ever seen. On the one hand a sheer black cliff rose seemingly to the sky; on the other, there was nothing.

Barry instinctively glanced over the edge. Far below him lay a vast chaos of moonlight and shadow, shapes of crags and ledges and giant primeval oaks; voids where gorges were and the gloom hung dense; then rolling ridges coastward. Beyond and below all this he saw the sea, laid like a sword between the sleeping continents.

He turned toward the mountainside and glanced up. Just where he stood the pass deepened considerably, but not enough to yield him a view of the town nestled amid the peaks above him.

As he lowered his glance, it fell on a patch of white wall abutting from the cliff; and in the middle of this wall he saw an oaken door. Cassim was fumbling at the lock with a large key. Beside Cassim stood Achmet, holding his candle-lantern above the keyhole. Stunned by horror at sight of this tomb-like cave, Barry stood waiting as if in a nightmare. Then at last the massive door was opened, and the two, turning, motioned him to enter.

If ever he had seen a death-trap, this

was it. If ever he had stood at the threshold of a dangerous interior, he stood there now. Yet he did not hesitate. Anguished with pity for Tom—a pity that tortured his heart and suddenly burned awake his old, long-dormant brotherly love—he passed swiftly through the doorway.

Within, he was forced to pause, checked by the gloom. At one side in the rocky wall a small, deep orifice, crossed by iron bars, formed a natural window; but the moonlight slanting in was so sickly, the one streak of it across the cave so thin and pale, that it only deepened the surrounding gloom. The darkness seemed further intensified by a silence that was not merely negative, like most silences, but positive and aggressive.

Barry's senses seemed to be stimulated abnormally. Then he knew why the silence seemed so acute. Just as the darkness was intensified by the streak of sickly moonbeams, the silence was intensified by an almost inaudible sound.

He listened. He thought he heard a breathing and a dripping—a faint, distressed breathing and a slow dripping. Straining his eyes toward the corner of the cave, he thought he saw on the ground a form blacker than the general blackness.

The sight of this stricken shape, and the sound of its breathing and the near-by drip, filled his mind with subtle horror, his heart with a pity that was agony. His nerves, greatly in need of sleep, were strained almost to breaking. In that first moment he felt sickened, as if with actual nausea. He broke into a cold sweat.

Fear? Yes, for a moment he felt an exquisite fear. For a moment he was at the mercy of imagination, in the midst of a whirl of nightmare stuff—gloom and flare, silence, breathings, drippings, and all phantasmal terrors.

Fear? Yes, but not cowardice. The fear was full of courage.

With an effort he summoned his will to his aid and drew himself up powerfully. Then the momentary chill left him—left him so sane and calm that even had some poor hideous ghost risen half fleshless from the grave, he could have comforted it with a large compassion.

Achmet brought in the lantern, handed it to Barry, and withdrew.

Barry held it aloft and looked toward the corner. He saw a man huddled there. The man lay on a ragged Moorish cloak spread on the ground. He was on his side, his back to the entrance, his knees drawn up, his arms flung out, and his face buried between them. He was dressed in an old riding-suit badly torn and worn. Every now and then his whole body twitched mechanically. Not far from where he lay the seepage of some mountain spring oozed through the rock above, and fell from a ledge in glimmering drops to the ground. Otherwise the gloom of the corner was unrelieved, save for a small patch of radiance where the lantern-light touched the man's hair.

Barry drew a step nearer, holding forward the lantern. The hair caught the light and shone like gold.

No finder of hidden treasure, no digger of buried gold, was ever more thrilled by a sudden gleam than was Barry at that moment. Impetuously he started forward; then he stopped short. The shock might be too severe. Tom's twitching was the twitching of nervous sleep. Wake him too suddenly, and his nerves might snap. In Barry's knock-about life he had seen even joy do murder.

Drawing forward the hood of his *djellab*, he set down his lantern, went quietly to Tom, and, bending over him, gently touched his shoulder without speaking.

Evidently the captive's sleep was light and feverish. Agitated even by

this soft touch, Tom shifted, woke with a groan, and looked up.

The light was behind Barry, and the hood of his Moorish mantle shaded his face. Tom saw nothing unusual in his visitor. Wearily he sank down again.

"What do you want now?" he muttered. "Can't you let a man sleep? Instead of waking me, why didn't you knock me on the head and kill me? As you didn't have the kindness to do that, for pity's sake let me sleep!"

Barry drew back, heart-sick. He was silent a moment. Then he said, all but inaudibly:

"Tom!"

Rising to one elbow, Tom stared up, here and there, toward the cavern roof, as if he thought the voice had come from a spirit hovering over him.

"Who spoke to me?" he asked. "Who—" He shook his head skeptically.

Barry moved a step closer, and again said, very low:

"Tom!"

Tom's face was haggard. His eyes were haunted and bitter.

"The same old maddening dream," he muttered to himself, staring into vacancy. "The same crazy illusion. Perhaps it comes when they're thinking of me—remembering me—trying to find me!"

Barry drew closer still.

"Tom, old man!"

Tom's eyes brightened feverishly; his cheeks reddened with a sudden hectic flush. He rose to an alert, half-sitting posture, the palm of his hand on the ground.

"Barry's voice! Yes; go on, Barry. I'm listening. Talk to me."

Apparently he thought the voice came from an unseen visitor. He did not seem to connect it with the cloaked figure beside him. Doubtless, to his dazed mind, this figure was merely one of his captors interrupting his dearest dream. Impatiently he waved away the intruder.

"Leave me alone here, won't you? My brother is speaking to me. If you've got an atom of heart, don't wake me."

"Tom, you are awake. Quick! Get up! Don't you want to be free?"

Tom smiled bitterly, still gazing into vacancy.

"Free? Oh, you're always saying that in these dreams. What's the use? Talk to me about home—about Muriel."

Barry winced, and again laid a hand on his shoulder—this time with a firm pressure.

"Tom, for Muriel's sake, believe the reality of this! Prove it! Look at me!"

Slowly, unnaturally, like a somnambulist obedient to an outer voice, Tom rose to his feet, and, nerving himself, turned to gaze at the speaker. Barry shifted his position, faced his brother, and, throwing off the *djellab*, stood fully revealed in the lantern-light.

Tom trembled. There was a silence, a moment of awakening that seemed like a second birth, full of travail and upheaval. It was nearly ten years since they had seen each other, more than two since Tom had left home.

"Give me a minute," he said feebly, "to get a grip on myself."

They stood face to face, separate and mute, waiting for the strain to slacken. Finally Tom smiled, but the smile was not the boyish smile of the old days. The sunshine in it, once cloudless, now came filtering through a mist.

"Barry," he said, "I had given up hope."

Barry's face was lined, his brows drawn, his eyes darker than the cavern.

"So had we, but it's all right now."

"Is it? Thank God! Say that again, Barry."

They moved to each other and embraced.

"It's all right now," Barry repeated quietly. "Cassim will be here in a minute. When he comes, you are free." He drew apart from Tom and glanced about at the rocky walls. "How long have they kept you in this hole?"

"Not long, I think. We are always on the move."

"Good! Then you're not prison-killed. You're well enough to ride?"

"Yes. Till recently they have treated me kindly enough. It's been a lazy, torpid life, drifting blindly from place to place with Ali Hamed." Tom's look was still dazed, his faculties inert. "All the time I've been getting stupider, duller, more despairing." He smiled

mirthlessly. "Once or twice there came a break; once or twice they cut up rough, but I brought it on myself."

Barry was thinking, planning.

"How?" he asked mechanically.

A spasm of pain crossed Tom's worn face.

"Sometimes I couldn't stand it. I'm not like you. I can't mix with these people. A little humor, a little fatalism, a mere spark of their fire, and I'd have won their friendship; but I'm too unlike them; it wasn't in me. So, one night, I tried to escape."

Barry was thinking, planning, glancing at the barred window, the massive door.

"Yes—and then?" he asked mechanically.

"Oh, then we had a mix-up. There was only one of them awake. He sat smoking kief. I must have been crazed, murderous. I sprang at him. Poor devil, his throat still looks as if I had tried to hack it with a dull knife. I had my nails buried in it, but he managed to choke out a cry. Then the rest woke up, and would have tortured me to death, but Ali Hamed came in and cursed them away. As it was, they had about done for me. I've got a lot of dagger wounds still open, a lot of black lumps where they hammered me with their gun-stocks." The shadow lifted from his face. "But what's all that as long as you have come?" His eyes brightened with affectionate fervor and admiration. He drew nearer, and grasped Barry's hand in both of his own. "I knew that if any one found me, it would be you!"

The look and tone of gratitude grated on Barry. He felt that he was utterly unworthy of it. He shifted, and gently withdrew his hand. His manner grew more curt. He stuck to his thoughts and plans.

"Have you had food regularly?"

"Yes, such as it was—gluey bread, dried figs, dates, and their sickening *cous-cous*."

"How long since did you eat?"

"Not long."

"Good! Then you can keep going. Have you had much sleep?"

"Such as it was—fever and nightmares—hideous, absurd nightmares."

One night, a week or two ago, I dreamed you had stabbed me—you, of all people—and were picking my pocket"—he put his hand on his heart—"just here. That's what comes of living with these ruffians. You get to dreaming that your own brother is a thief."

Barry winced, laughed harshly, then pursued his clean-cut course. He motioned toward the seepage in the corner. "Take a drink of water—plenty. The ride's long, the heat shriveling."

Tom, still half dazed, crossed to the damp spot, and, turning up his mouth, let the drip from the jut of rock trickle into it.

Barry went to the door and looked out into the night. Close at hand he saw a shadow. It was Achmet leaning indolently against the wall.

"Cassim is long in coming," said Barry.

"*Ihych*," said Achmet, never turning his drowsy gaze from vacancy. "The horses had to be fed and watered."

"You should watch the mountain-side," said Barry. "Some one else might descend."

Achmet, moving to a vantage-point, shrugged indifferently.

"Whoever comes—comes," he muttered. "The thing is in Allah's hands."

Barry nodded and turned back. These words, though murmured by a kief-sodden dreamer, somehow eased his mind and lightened his heart. It was true—the thing was in Allah's hands.

When Tom turned from the wet rock he looked refreshed and more alert.

"That dripping has been horrible," he said. "Sometimes it got on my brain; but the water was a Godsend. It must be a spring."

"Yes. What town are we under?"

"I don't know. I think you must have been here before. Only an hour or two ago some native woman came to the window and spoke your name."

Barry started. What ghost had risen out of his past? It seemed as if nothing he had done would ever die.

"Did she?" he said. "What was hers?"

"I think it was Naomi."

Barry looked bewildered and utterly incredulous.

"Naomi!" he exclaimed. "No, she could never again be in this region. She lives somewhere in Tangier." His brow was drawn, he bit his lip. "Where did she come from?"

"She didn't tell me," replied Tom. "When she saw her mistake, she vanished."

Barry's eyes were dark with perplexity.

"She said nothing?"

"One thing." Tom's face went a shade paler.

"What?"

"She said Ali was going to have me shot."

"When?"

"To-morrow."

A sigh like a moan of pain broke from Barry's heart. Then it was true! Ibrahim had not deceived him.

"If you hadn't come," said Tom, "I believe I'd have died gladly." He drifted to the barred orifice in the rocks where the woman had spoken to him. With his hand on the bars, he looked out into the moonlit world, as if to assure himself of wide liberty. "Tell me," he asked, without turning, "what have you done? How have you managed it? Are they getting a ransom?"

"Yes."

"What's the price?"

"Never mind, Tom. Don't worry about that."

"When's the payment? Now?"

"No—to-morrow."

Tom turned, puzzled.

"I don't understand. If they let us go to-night, how—"

He was interrupted by the appearance of a shadow in the doorway.

"Cassim is coming," said Achmet.

Barry caught up from the ground the voluminous cloak on which Tom had lain, and quickly threw it over his brother's shoulders.

"Cassim and Achmet," he said, "will take you to Tangier. When you get there, give them each fifty dollars. It's a two days' ride, but you'll have fresh horses. You'll have to keep going without sleep or food. Remember, Tom—*keep going!*"

Tom's face was clouded with bewilderment.

"What about you? Do you think I'd leave you here?"

"Why not? Of course! Don't bother about me. I have a passport."

His easy tone and mention of a passport seemed reassuring, yet it went against the grain in Tom to start first.

"Why can't we leave together?"

Barry frowned impatiently.

"Because I've got to stay and pay the ransom."

"You swear that's it?"

"Yes."

"Then why should I not wait with you? What's one day after two years?"

Barry forced a smile.

"Do you think I'm going to make the payment before you're free? Not I! If I did, they might go back on the bargain. That would be a mess. They'd have the ransom and you, too."

Tom's face hardened with resolve.

"Then let them! Blest if I leave you in this trap!"

Barry despaired. He had feared it. He knew Tom.

At this juncture Cassim hastily strode in.

"I am followed," he said, "by Ali Hamed. The thing cannot be done."

Barry swore under his breath, caught up his mantle, threw it about him, and drew the hood over his head. Then for a moment the two brothers, cloaked alike, stood face to face. Barry trembled, breathing hard, racked by the clash.

"Will you go?"

"No!"

"Don't be a fool! I tell you I have a passport."

"Are you sure they would let you follow me?"

"Tom, I shall leave here to-morrow."

"You swear it?"

"Yes."

"How can you swear it? They might keep you. What could you do alone?"

"Hark!" said Achmet suddenly.

They listened. Footsteps crunching on dry stubble came slowly down the pass. Driven desperate, Barry drew from his breast Ibrahim's letter.

"This," he whispered to Tom, "is my passport. It guarantees me a safe return. Unless you go, I destroy it!"

He held the paper in both hands as if to tear it.

"Stop!" said Tom. "You swear that that guarantees you a safe return to Tangier?"

"Yes."

"By a man whose guarantee is law to these people?"

"Yes. Do you think I'm lying?"

"No. I'll go."

Barry grasped Tom's hand and wrung it.

"Thank God! Good-by, Tom!"

Cassim drew forth the band of greasy shoddy and blindfolded Tom. Then he pulled the hood farther forward, masking his face with deep shadows. The footsteps crunching on the dry stubble drew closer to the cave.

"Save by the grace of Allah," said Achmet impassively, "it cannot be done."

"By the grace of Allah, it shall," said Barry no less calmly.

He slipped the passport into Achmet's hand. Then they started, and just outside were challenged by a low, resonant voice. Barry listened. There was a moment of dead silence, then they were evidently allowed to pass. He heard their footsteps recede and die away.

But Ali was still near. Barry, hearing him stir, crossed quickly to the window, not to look out, but to keep his back to the entrance and conceal the exchange. Entering with a lantern, Ali stood and gazed at the hooded figure.

Barry raised his hands to the bars as he had seen Tom raise his, and gazed out as he had seen Tom gaze out. The pose was excellent—typical of a man long captive. The cloak disguised his figure, its hood covered his dark hair.

Ali, instead of turning, drew slowly nearer. Barry's blood raced in his veins. His heart beat against his ribs. He broke into a cold sweat. If Ali discovered the trick before the others had a good start, Tom was lost!

Suddenly, to his amazement, Ali laughed—softly, ironically.

"Turn," he said, "or I shoot!"

The game was up. To refuse was senseless. Barry turned and faced him.

Ali raised the lantern a moment,

scrutinized his prisoner, lowered it, and again laughed.

Barry saw at once that this famous Berber rebel was still in his prime. Tall, and clad in a pure white burnoose that fell about him in shimmering folds, he looked a princely figure. The poise of his head was autocratic, but his bearing was full of ease and grace, and his eyes glowed with sardonic humor. Though he had threatened to shoot, he had drawn no weapon. If he carried one at all, it was under his burnoose.

For a moment the two stood mute, face to face. Then Ali said, in Arabic:

"Did you think I did not know? Did you think Achmet and Cassim would not tell me? Did you think they wanted to be fed to the dogs? Not they! But the event is happy, the exchange gratifying. Never have I had such good fortune. To me it means more than any ransom. Willingly I free your brother and accept you in his stead." He folded his arms with judicial calmness, and his eyes narrowed. "Some years ago," he said, "you spent an evening on a roof in Beni Aloo." His face darkened with a look of fierce hate, but his smile was ironical, his voice smooth as a cat's purr. "You spent that evening, N'zrani, with Naomi, the bride of my youth!"

XXXIII

It was the first day after Tom's arrival in Tangier, the third since he had left Barry. At a window of their room in the Grand Hotel, Mr. and Mrs. Beekman stood side by side, gazing absently toward the eastern mountains. Long they were silent and motionless.

For once Mrs. Beekman was not the creature of her nerves and her fussy intellect. When at length her husband turned to her, the change impressed him. The lines in her face were no longer puckered with irritation. They had relaxed into the symmetry of unselfish sadness. On her cheeks there was a faint color, and her mouth, though still the merest ghost of a Cupid's bow, seemed kinder. But the deepest change was in her eyes. Their icy blue seemed melted by an inner light. For once she was not petulantly repressing her latent

womanliness. Tears were falling as if from a fountain at last unsealed.

As he turned to her, she, too, noticed a change. She saw that his expression had mellowed, saw in his calm gray eyes profound feeling, and on his passionless lips a tremor.

"Nowadays," he said, "self-sacrifice is out of fashion. At any cost, says the world, grasp happiness. Greater folly hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. The world will call him a fool. Let it! As for me, I am proud to have known that fool, and the thought of losing him is more than I can bear."

Mrs. Beekman drew even closer to her husband.

"Do you think there is no hope?"

He shook his head.

"The nearest American war-ship is at Malta."

"But the native troops—"

Again he shook his head.

"They've tried for years to take Ali Hamed, and have failed."

He put an arm about his wife and drew her to him, drew her head down on his shoulder. Resting against him, she wept uncontrollably, sobbing out the heart so long stifled. It was a rare moment, a moment perhaps unprecedented in all their years of married life. As the full meaning of Barry's sacrifice came to them, they were now at last drawn together, and knew they would never again be separated. All unwittingly, the prodigal they had tried to redeem was the cause of their own redemption. He had gone to throw his life away as lightly as a boy runs to the sea and tosses in a stone, and a like elemental energy had been set working by his act.

Outward, from that central deed, circles were already widening.

When Mr. Beekman bent to his wife and she gazed up at him, their look seemed to obliterate the years. They had seen a vision of love.

Far on an eastward road Tom and Kitty were returning from a long walk toward the mountains, whence they had hoped against hope to see Barry come. It was evening, the hour between sunset and moonrise, and the dark had so deepened that even Muriel, who had

preceded them with Hicks, had now turned and was following them back to Tangier.

"Oh, if I had only guessed what he meant," said Tom, "when he told me he was going to pay them a ransom! If I had only known before I got here! Kitty, if he doesn't come by morning, I shall ride back to him. For his sake I've waited all day trying to get troops, but it's no use."

Kitty thrust her hand under Tom's arm and clung to him.

"No; if you go, you go to die," she faltered, "not to save Barry. It's futile, senseless."

"Yes, but I shall do it."

"No, Tom, no! I can't let you!" Her breath quickened, her hand quivered on his arm. She was silent a moment, struggling against feelings prematurely torn to the surface by his suicidal impulse. Then she said in a low voice, "Tom!"

"What, Kitty?"

"I can't let you!"

She assumed an incongruous lightness of manner to mask her incongruous feelings. Incongruous? Yes; to her he was still a boy, despite the wear and tear of his exile—still a boy in a world of old men. And that she, a divorced woman several years his senior, should find herself suddenly so disturbed, so desperate, seemed as incongruous as anything in life. Yet she had vaguely known it for years. For years she had dwelt on his memory, telling herself—rightly or wrongly, but at any rate successfully—that this was her first love. Into her marriage she had dashed recklessly, as if to explore married life. She had not known love. But she knew it at last; and now, as she hung on Tom's arm, this feeling went out to him—a queer, pathetic, motherly sort of passion.

"Tom, could you love twice?"

His arm did not move. Always unperceptive, and now utterly given over to the barren suicide he planned, he evidently did not suspect her.

"Never," he said mechanically, without even considering her question.

Kitty's bright face paled, and the faintest trace of wrinkles appeared at the corners of her eyes and mouth.

"But, Tom," she protested, "Muriel loves Barry, not you."

He inclined his head.

"She has always loved him."

"Yes," said Kitty, "and if by any chance he comes back to her, she'll love him till she dies, and after. If he doesn't come back, she'll love his memory. So, what about you? Are you going to try to be contented as Old Faithful—Old Trusty—Old Dog Tray? Thanking your stars when she speaks to you—smiles at you—pats you—feeds you with crusts of pity?"

"No," said Tom quietly. "If I live, I shall devote my time to my profession. I've been buried so long that every interest in life will have a new value. I shall make friends, money, a place for myself in the workshop of the world. I shall prove myself a man. Barry has set me an example that will always inspire me. For his sake and Muriel's and my own, I shall try to prove myself worthy of his sacrifice."

Kitty's heart was heavy.

"I wish you luck," she said, "but I can't bear—I can't—"

Then, for the first time, he felt the quiver of her hand and noticed the subtle discords in her voice. But he did not understand, she hid her feelings so well. "Kitty, what's the matter?" he asked.

Kitty withdrew her hand, tossed her head, and quickened her pace.

"I don't know. Oh, it's nothing," she said quickly. Though she felt weary, and life looked misty and gray and full of old men and worldly wisdom and worldly folly, she was still blessed with pluck; and now, under the moving spell cast on all of them by Barry's courageous act, this pluck of hers bloomed into the rarest bravery of woman—a bravery which, in spite of pique, could yet be kind.

"Good luck, Tom!" she said with a tone and manner full of light friendliness. "I shall always wish you happiness, and shall watch your success. Good-by, now. I think I shall go away."

"Go away?" he said in surprise.

"Yes, for many reasons. I can't stand it here much longer. The strain is too great, and nobody needs me. If I could

do anything, it would be different. I'm as fond of Barry as you are, and I can't bear to stay here and wait so helplessly. There's a train at midnight from Gibraltar to Paris. I think I shall take it to-night. If there's any news, they can telegraph to me at once. Paris, I think, will do me good. I need the life, the sparkle—the old, old sparkle of everything but tears.”

At the last there was a catch in her voice, but she laughed it down. Vaguely he remembered something preposterous that Mrs. Beekman had said years before, and the memory disturbed him.

“Were you expecting to go so soon?” he asked, bewildered.

“Half expecting,” she answered with a nonchalant shrug. “I wasn't sure. It seemed to me the chances were even, but now the die is cast.” Her warm blue eyes were tender and indulgent. She smiled at him as if at a child, the disparity of their ages seeming greater to her than ever before. Yet it was not that he seemed younger. Suddenly she stopped, and repeated her airy farewell. “Good-by, Tom—good-by!”

Stopping, too, he echoed the parting word, turned to her affectionately, and took her hand. In that moment they, too, had a vision of love; but the love was hopeless. Nevertheless, it lifted them for a moment toward the height Barry had attained.

Thus the circles ever widened outward into infinity.

Before Tom knew it, Kitty had turned to join Muriel and Hicks.

Hicks was heartbroken. For once his set face and his crabbed tone had softened. As they hastened home, thinking perhaps to find news awaiting them, he said to Kitty:

“Barry was my only friend. If I've lost him I'm utterly alone.”

XXXIV

IN winter, much to the chagrin of the Moors, Tangier was polluted by the presence of infidel tourists, and the Grand Hotel was a nest of abominable Nazarenes; but now, in summer, the place was purged of these swine.

To-night the hotel was almost empty. In the office, the Spanish landlord, a little smooth old man like a fish preserved

in oil, sat asleep in his chair, snoring. At the entrance a swarthy Moorish porter, wrapped in a splendid white burnoose, stood leaning against the door-post, crooning to himself an Arab love-lament, weird and plaintive:

My love cares nothing for me.
My love is a white cloud vanishing;
Her eyes are the eyes of a young gazelle,
timidly gazing, then hastening away.
My love is a walled garden;
Her breath is the breath of roses I cannot
pluck;
Her voice is like music heard only in a
dream;
Her kiss is withheld, and given to another.
My love is a sword that pierces my heart.

Save for this romantic porter and the Spanish host, the ground floor was deserted. Mr. and Mrs. Beekman were in their room; Hicks had gone to the cable-office; Kitty was on a small paddle-wheel steamer crossing the Straits of Gibraltar.

Out in the deserted garden of the hotel stood Muriel and Tom, still straining their eyes toward the eastern mountains. The sky was clear save for a small, far-off cloud-drift. The moon had risen and was flooding the garden. Near them were a seat and a table of stone, and all about them palms and dwarf orange-trees, the oranges glimmering vaguely in the moonlight. Below them lay the harbor and the curving shore, the white foam ever stealing against it and withdrawing. To one side rose the city, pallid and spectral on the hill, the emerald minaret of a mosque impaling the heavens.

Behind them, hidden by the palms and dwarf orange-trees, a shadow stole in from the street. It was Ibrahim. He alone had been embittered by Barry's sacrifice. At first all had gone well. He and Mr. Beekman had agreed on a ransom. Then came the news of the exchange of captives. Yet, still, all had seemed to be well. One prisoner was as valuable as another. The money lay almost within his grasp. But then came a strange message from Ali Hamed, saying that now no ransom whatever would be accepted.

“Not fifty times my debt,” Ali had written, “would buy this other man from me.”

So the game was up, the money lost. From his dreams of gain and power Ibrahim had been cruelly awakened. Usually he accepted reverses with a bowed head—the profound resignation of his race; but this reverse was so galling, he had been so cleverly tricked, that the sore began to fester, and malicious impulses seethed in his gloomy depths.

Nor was this all. He was not only revengeful, but anxious and sad. He was the victim of another misfortune, seemingly quite separate, but even worse. His heart had suffered a mysterious bereavement, even more lamentable than the loss of money.

Muriel was long silent, her anxious face subtly transfigured by a look of adoration cast toward the distant mountains. The darkness of her suffering was relieved as if by a glowing light of inspiration and pride. In the midst of her grief was joy. Her love had grown immeasurably greater. Barry's act had intensified it into a calm, white heat of worship and passion. She loved him as she had never dreamed she could love. Until to-day she had only groped in the dark, trying to find his true nature, loving him on faith, believing in his latent nobility, his hidden soul; but now his soul was no longer hidden. She seemed to see him clothed in its light—a figure imaged above the distant mountains—fair, militant, and strong.

Then she heard a stifled sigh, and her thoughts reverted to Tom.

As she turned, he saw that although her face was worn by intense anxiety, the moist light in her eyes was the light of a large tenderness. Evidently her thoughts were solicitous for him as well as for Barry. She seemed to feel compelled to speak to him against her will.

When she heard so her voice was very low, but its cool, sweet quality was like a breath from the north penetrating this sensuous African night.

"Tom, I've something to say. It may not be necessary; in fact, I'm sure it is not. But, for your sake as well as my own, it seems best. Then there can never be misunderstandings. The truth will be permanently recorded between us." Her voice softened with sympathy, her eyes overflowed with sad affection for him. "I want to tell you that I

shall never forget your old love for me—a love to which I now know I never responded. I want to tell you that always in the future, if you need me, you can count on me as a loyal friend; but as for love—whatever has happened, whatever does happen—my whole soul is Barry's."

Tom bowed his head in submission, then drew himself up, with an effort to regain his old sturdiness; but when he smiled, his smile was like the pale moonlight.

"Of course, Muriel. How could I wish it otherwise? In a way, it must be as if I had not come back."

She held out her hand to him.

"Yes, Tom; you are starting in the morning to go to him; but even if you return safely—even if we see each other every day of our lives—this is a last good-by."

He took her hand, and held it a moment; then, in spite of him, his eyes asked a favor of her.

She did not hesitate. This was a meeting and a parting—a moment to him so sharp with finality that even reluctance would have seemed ungenerous. His kiss was the kiss of a brother, hers like the touch of a snowflake, though all around them the African garden breathed warm enchantments.

They, too, had had a vision of love—and the love was hopeless.

Thus the spell of Barry's sacrifice overcame all other spells, and the circles ever widened outward into infinity.

Only Ibrahim had remained uninspired. When he saw them clasp hands he smiled, with a lewd cynicism, and shrank deeper into the shade of the orange-trees. Ah, if the American who had robbed him of his captive could come and see them now!

The smile was like black magic. Suddenly, as if in obedience to it, a shadow appeared in the arched entrance from the street. Ibrahim, seeing this new apparition, stared as if at a ghost.

The shadow at once approached behind Muriel and Tom. As they kissed each other, it stopped short; then slowly it receded to the wall, and stood there in the dark, swaying like a palm-tree blown by a wind.

As the lover-like pair withdrew to the

hotel, Ibrahim, watching the stricken ghost, again smiled, and again the smile was like black magic.

Gradually unseasonable clouds closed across the moon. The garden darkened, and softly into the night came the crooned love-lament of the porter:

My love cares nothing for me.
My love is a white cloud vanishing;
Her eyes are the eyes of a young gazelle,
timidly gazing, then hastening away.
My love is a walled garden;
Her breath is the breath of roses I cannot
pluck;
Her voice is like music heard only in a
dream;
Her kiss is withheld, and given to another.
My love is a sword that pierces my heart.

Ibrahim waited till the man came out of the shadows; then he rose, approached him, and asked impassively:

"What miracle has happened?"

The answer was casual, listless.

"None. You're outdone, Ibrahim; that's all."

There was no triumph in the voice. The speaker seemed stupefied.

"Yes," admitted Ibrahim, slightly cowering under the fact; "I am outdone. Yet it seems incredible. Did one of his men release you?"

The answer was mechanical, dull.

"No; one of his women."

"Impossible! Was there not a guard?"

Barry passed a hand across his eyes, as if to dispel the figments of a nightmare. He seemed to be replying without volition, as if for the moment mentally controlled by Ibrahim.

"Yes; but the woman had a dagger."

Ibrahim smiled ironically.

"Doubtless the stab was repaid with interest!" As he spoke, the moon came up and revealed his face. Under his coarse black brows his eyes gleamed with satisfaction; between his mustache and beard his lips were full and very pink. "Ali must have made short work of her!"

Barry shuddered, and again passed a hand across his eyes. Instinctively he drew up his sleeves and glanced at his arms. From wrists to elbows the flesh was crossed with ragged gashes. He remembered that his hands had been bound at his back, that he had hacked the

palmetto cords against the rocks behind him, and had cut himself loose; but it was all unreal.

He slipped his fingers under the neck of his shirt, and felt a furrow across his shoulder, still damp. He remembered that a woman had brought his horse; that he had caught her up with him in the saddle, to try to get her safely away; remembered that they had ridden like mad along the pass on the edge of the precipice; had swept like fury through a black void. He remembered that the gray mare was lithe as a panther, and had seemed to understand.

But then there had come a shot from behind. The bullet had plowed his shoulder. Ali must have been too much enraged to aim true; but a second shot had come lower.

Ibrahim saw beads of sweat break out on Barry's forehead and glimmer in the moonlight. His face was haggard, his eyes vacant; but Ibrahim could not surmise the picture that haunted him—could not see the wounded woman slip from his arms and go falling over the edge—down—ever down!

Barry groaned aloud.

"What a death! Poor Naomi!"

The Jew started back, stunned. His blood froze in his veins; his heart seemed to stop beating. He was suddenly filled with wild grief. This accounted for the mysterious bereavement which he had mourned far more than the loss of money. He had just been gloating over the death of his own daughter!

He drew away to hide the turmoil of his emotions. In a flash he saw it all. This was the man who, long before, had robbed Ali Hamed of Naomi. This was the man who had brought her back to Tangier three years ago. This was the man for whose sake she had left home not a week ago. And now she was dead. And this was the man for whom she had died!

Ibrahim's grief quickly gave way to blind wrath. He did not weigh the case. His grief and rage told him only that his daughter Naomi was dead, and that this man was to blame. The inner truth was unknown to him. He was ignorant of the extenuating circumstances. One night a man, at odds with himself and life, had sought oblivion in a risky ad-

venture—and had found it. His sin had been a sin of youth and despair, and there the affair would have ended. Since that one night they had not again seen each other until now; but Naomi had never forgotten him. That was the pity of it; that the immediate cause of her death.

But Ibrahim saw one cause only. His grief and rage were entirely centered on Barry. Yet he curbed himself. After the first moment, when he had turned away, he maintained his habitual appearance of unruffled calm.

Seeing that Barry knew nothing of Naomi's parentage, he thought it best not to disclose himself as her father till the moment was ripe for vengeance.

Barry, no longer heeding him, paced back and forth in the garden. At length he stopped, and stared at the doorway through which Muriel and Tom had gone.

"And now to come back to this!" he muttered brokenly to himself. "To come back to this!"

He went to the stone seat and sank down on it, fagged to the soul. It was not only the long strain of the rescue that had told on him, nor the stress and horrors of the subsequent flight. For five days and four nights he had had little food, and less sleep. Save for the dull pains in his head and the pit of the stomach, his body seemed to have ceased to exist. His will-power had left him. He was a man made entirely of brain-stuff and spirit-stuff and raw nerves. He had lost all sense of balance and proportion. Everything large in life looked trivial; everything trivial, large.

The picture of Muriel and Tom standing here in the exotic night, kissing each other, had at once branded itself on his naked soul. Instead of trying to reason, he accepted it as the crowning tragedy. When they had kissed they had put the period to his life. That was all. Tom had risen from the dead, and Muriel's love had risen, too. What else could he have expected? Always he had known she loved him—Tom the stanch, the sane, the trustworthy. All along he had known it was so, had admitted it was best.

What a fool to have fought his way back! The blood of others had been

shed for him, lives had been sacrificed—to what end?

Sitting there limply on the stone seat, staring into vacancy, he cursed the charmed life he bore, cursed the fate that so often had saved him from death. Ah, if Ali's first shot had come truer! Ah, if he had died then—or, better yet, in some earlier fight! Even better, if he had never been born!

Ibrahim drew nearer. He longed to torture this man to the very quick.

"I see you regret your escape," he said, his voice still harsh with emotion. "Doubtless you wish yourself back in the keeping of Ali Hamed—even with the prospect of immediate death. Ali could have hurt your body only; this home-coming hurts your soul."

Barry frowned up at him, anger flickering in his eyes.

"What have you to do with it?" he muttered with irritation. "By what right do you dare insinuate—"

"I insinuate nothing," said Ibrahim more smoothly. "The truth is, your courage has won my heart, and for your sake I grieve. Since your brother's return I have seen and heard much. I fear he is more welcome here than you. Every one has spoken of it. My son, I pity you."

Barry struggled to rise, but could not. He could only frown up impotently at Ibrahim.

"Pity me? No. You're pleased, curse you! I believe you're Fate in the flesh, you black crow, standing there smiling at me!"

Ibrahim raised his eyes in deprecation.

"No. Could I have done so I would have warned you before you entered this garden. It would have been more kind."

"Kind?" said Barry hoarsely. "What's the meaning of that word? It has no place in the scheme of life." His voice fell and faltered. "The end of everything is cruel." Suddenly he fumbled in his pocket, and took out a coin. "Ibrahim," he said, "if there's a drop of human blood in your veins, do me a kindness. I can't do it myself, because when I stand I feel dizzy. Go, please, and get me something to drink."

Ibrahim hesitated a moment, then took the money, and, assuming a servile air, turned to the hotel.

"Brandy!" called Barry weakly, and Ibrahim bowed.

But even as he did so a new light gleamed in his dark eyes. The chance had come. Passing through the hotel to the street, he hastened to a Spanish apothecary, and procured a powder very convenient in these emergencies. Drop this drug in a glass, and, though it would at once dissolve, it would neither cloud nor discolor any liquid. Moreover, it had no smell; yet it was even surer than dagger or bullet.

Returning to the hotel with quiet speed, Ibrahim asked the porter for a glass of brandy. Steeped in his amorous dreams, the man fetched it mechanically.

Ibrahim, paying him, took the glass out into the garden. As he went through the shadows he passed a hand over it, dropping the poison into the brandy. Then he set the glass on the table.

"My son, good night," he said.

"Thank you," replied Barry heedlessly. "Good night!"

Then Ibrahim, fearing to be found there, withdrew from the garden.

XXXV

BARRY did not balk at the breach of abstinence. For two years he had scarcely ever been tempted. Since the evening when he had returned to Muriel after his long wanderings, the old craving had subsided; and this subsidence had seemingly been rendered permanent on their wedding-day.

But now her love was gone and the fight finished. Possibly he might have fought on, but why should he? There was nothing for it now but to start out again like a lost ghost. Once more the old derelict life—the aimless drifting, the sin and pain; once more the futile attempt to lose himself somewhere in the great waste bounded by the poles and the sunrise and the sunset. But the void would be even emptier than before. In the old years Muriel had never been his, but now she had. A day and an evening she had been his—almost. But then the cup of joy had been caught away from him, and now, as if by an unseen hand, this other cup was offered in its stead.

Weakness? Then let it be. His mind and spirit were following his body into numb non-existence. He was done—done. He had no senses, no faculties. He was not a man. He was merely a vague blot on this moonlit garden—a disfiguring shadow on the earth's fair face.

How he loved her! He loved her as if with an elemental force. His love was like a thing moved by the central energy—kindled at the central flame. He loved her like a man of the Middle Ages—a fanatic—a fool!

But now he must go to far places and change his name. Perhaps she would never know he had escaped from Ali Hamed.

How long he sat in this half stupor he did not know. It might have been a moment; it might have been hours. All the lights were out in the hotel. The porter had not seen him. The door was closed, and only the gate to the street stood open.

He took up the glass of brandy, and gazed deep into its fiery depths. As he did so, he unconsciously began to move his lips, muttering. The words had little meaning to him, but as he spoke them something prompted him to rise. The thing he was muttering seemed to be a sort of toast or song—a song appropriate, but somehow dangerous. If you offered this toast, you died. The devil responded in person.

Barry laughed harshly. Nonsense! Superstition!

He tried to recall something. No, there was no music to it. The music was lost, like everything else. He was merely a poor wretch muttering a song he could not sing.

Instinctively he tried to put a little humor into it, a little conviviality and dash, but the attempt was sickly. Nevertheless, he did succeed in raising his glass, as if pledging some one:

Up, friends, up.
To-night we sup,
Though to-morrow we die of the revel.
Rise for a toast
Though to-morrow we roast.
Here's a health to—

He stopped short. Memory, awakened by the toast, suddenly flashed a scene before his eyes. He saw a man

with a glass similarly raised. The man was facing a dark and menacing portrait. The man was old and out of his mind. Suddenly Barry heard the man's voice. The voice was repeating these very words—this very same toast to evil incarnate; and it was his father's voice.

What was the meaning of this picture and this voice? It seemed a miracle.

Lowering his glass, he stood thinking. This, too, was a tragic night. This, too, was a night chaotic with shattered illusions. And the end, though it might not come for years, would be the same—if he drank. He, too, would go down to the grave—hopelessly beaten.

To do so seemed an outrage, not only against himself, but against his father. His father had forewarned him and forearmed him. His father had looked to him somehow to redeem them both.

Suddenly Barry was torn by a mortal struggle—torn as if bodily by a thousand invisible hands. He felt that he must die if he did not drink this brandy. Tremor after tremor ran through him. By turns he was cold and hot, by turns limp and tense.

Yet, through it all every faculty grew keener. It was as if a lightning-stroke had shown him the vital importance of the crisis. All at once he saw that everything depended on this terrific conflict. If he could win now, he could never be beaten as long as he lived. If he could win now, in the darkest moment of his life, that would settle it for good and all. If he could win now against this sea of troubles, he could forever captain his own fate. If he could win now, for Muriel's sake—without her love—he would prove himself worthy to have loved her. He would go into his exile a man.

Nothing in his life had ever equaled this. He had fought in battle and faced dangers, but he had never fought in a battle like this, or faced a danger as crucial. The rescue of Tom had been child's play compared to the rescue he was trying to make. Yet, the clash was without motion or sound. The fight was on a battle-ground hidden in himself. He stood mute and alone.

Since his father's death he had never once said a prayer. Whether or not he did so now, he did not know. He

seemed to seek outer aid. Something in him seemed to act independently of his mind. It seemed to send up from the depths of an abyss a dumb appeal to great heights.

Muriel! Muriel!

He did not speak her name aloud. It was merely the quick come and go of his life-breath.

He set his glass down on the table. He had won—he felt weak and inert, but he had won! This was all he knew; he had saved his soul from hell. Little did he dream he had saved his body from instant death.

His force of will now steadily grew. Turning, he crossed with slow but sure steps toward the open gate—the gate to his exile.

On the way he paused, staring. The door of the hotel had opened. A woman approached him and cried out his name. He recoiled.

"Why did you come?" he groaned. "How did you know?"

She seemed to be dazed, half in a dream. She seemed to doubt her senses.

"Barry! Oh, is it you, Barry? Can it be you? Barry! What has happened?" Her voice was hushed and unnatural. "I'm afraid the anxiety has driven me insane." She paused in her approach and stared at him unseeingly, trying to regain control of her senses. "I've been up all night; but, oh, I know I'm asleep. A man seemed to come into my room. He said he was your father. He pointed to the window. I went and looked down. I saw a shadow here in the garden." She drew a step closer to him. "Is that what you are—a mere shadow?"

"Yes," he faltered, "a mere shadow."

She closed her eyes and then reopened them, and, still seeing him, brightened. Slowly her faculties awoke. The vapors that had gathered about her in her long vigil gradually withdrew; but the invisible barrier he seemed to be raising between them kept her still half dazed and apart from him.

"Barry, no, I'm not asleep! No, I'm not dreaming," she exclaimed. "It's really you. I know it is. But, oh, what is the matter? Every minute I have been praying for you, and now

you have come back to me; and yet—oh, Barry, what is the matter?"

"Muriel, I saw you with Tom."

Her eyes were piteous with bewilderment.

"With Tom?" she asked, dazed.

Barry felt bitterly conscious that he had never loved her as he loved her now. His body, mind, and soul, seeming slowly to regain coherent life from her presence, were all being played on by the agony of his passion.

"Yes, here," he said brokenly, "telling him you were his."

Muriel looked stupefied. Then all at once she understood and saw his mistake. Instantly she was wide awake, a real woman in a real world. All her spirit and courage rushed back to her, flooding her with vivid love and life and light.

"Barry! Barry!" she cried. "I was telling Tom I loved you!" She came very close to him, and his whole body began to relax. "I was saying good-by to him," she added fervently, "*forever*—whether you had lived or died!"

Barry swayed, shaken by happiness so acute and sudden that it seemed akin to suffering. When he spoke, his voice rang with a joy pitiful to hear.

"Muriel!" he exclaimed. "Oh, Muriel!"

He relaxed utterly, and sank at her

feet in a swoon, spent by sleeplessness, starvation, and gladness.

Instinctively she glanced toward the hotel for aid. As she did so, her eye was caught by the glow of the glass of brandy. His need seemed so urgent that she did not hesitate. She knew nothing of his recent struggle, or of the secret poison in the glass. She knew only that he had fainted. He might be dying of some hidden wound. She caught up the glass, hastened to him, dropped to her knees beside him, raised his head on her arm, and held the stimulant to his lips.

He opened his eyes, saw the liquid fire, and took the glass. Muriel steadied his hand; but, instead of drinking, he poured out the brandy on the ground.

He lay back again, his eyes closed.

"It's nothing but lack of food and sleep," he said feebly. His voice fell to a whisper that was like a sigh, but she saw him smile. "It's nothing but this sudden happiness."

Happiness was hers, too. Silently it overflowed her heart and eyes in a warm rain. Sinking down beside him in the African garden, she drew him to her breast and bathed his forehead with her tears.

Gradually, to the east, over the distant Riff Mountains, over the region of his expiation, rose the light of dawn.

THE END

I HEARD A NIGHTINGALE

I HEARD a nightingale across the arc
Of evening fling its rippling rapture-strain;
No other sound save that divine refrain,
Vibrant with love and longing, did I mark.
Then silence fell a little space, when, hark,
Out of the distance, palpitant and plain,
Came the reply in accents fond and fain—
Sweet affirmation quavering down the dark.

Ah, love, my heart is like the nightingale,
And calls to thee, albeit no breathed sound
Of my impassioned worship can be heard;
How would the aura of clear joy prevail
Could I but know through time and space profound
Thy heart would answer like the answering bird!

Clinton Scollard

EDITOR'S NOTE—In MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for December, 1906, there appeared a poem entitled "A Mexican Song." We regret to find that it is a copy of a poem by Samuel Minturn Peck, called "A Spanish Song," which was included in "Rings and Love-Knots," a volume published in 1892 by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.